EX
LIBRIS

1078. m. 26

# THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND OF HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

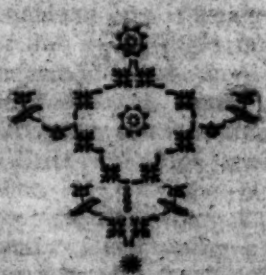
WRITTEN

IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF CERVANTES,

AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC XC.

THE

# HISTORY

OF THE

## ADVENTURES

OF

## JOSEPH ANDREWS,

AND OF

HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

WRITTEN

IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF CERVANTES,

AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



LONDON:

Printed for M. Harrison and Co. No. 17, Paternoster-Row.
M.DCC.LXXX.

THE

# PREFACE.

AS it is poſſible the mere Engliſh reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of theſe little volumes; and may conſequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages; it may not be improper to premiſe a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have ſeen hitherto attempted in our language.

The *epic*, as well as the *drama*, is divided into tragedy and comedy. Homer, who was the father of this ſpecies of poetry, gave us a pattern of both theſe, though that of the latter kind is entirely loſt; which, Ariſtotle tells us, bore the ſame relation to comedy which his Iliad bears to tragedy. And, perhaps, that we have no more inſtances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loſs of this great pattern, which, had it ſurvived, would have found it's imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not ſcruple to ſay, it may be likewiſe either in verſe or proſe: for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the conſtituent parts of an epic poem, namely, metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all it's other parts, ſuch as fable, action, characters, ſentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only; it ſeems, I think, reaſonable to refer it to the epic; at leaſt, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, or to aſſign it a particular name to itſelf.

Thus the Telemachus of the Archbiſhop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the Odyſſey of Homer: indeed, it is much fairer and more reaſonable to give it a name common with that ſpecies from which it differs only in a ſingle inſtance, than to confound it with thoſe which it reſembles in no other. Such are thoſe voluminous works commonly called *romances*, namely, Celia, Cleopatra, Aſtrea, Caſſandra, the Grand-Cyrus, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little inſtruction or entertainment.

Now a comic romance, is a comic epic-poem in proſe; differing from comedy, as the ſerious epic from tragedy: it's action being more extended and comprehenſive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the ſerious romance in it's fable and action, in this; that as in the one theſe are grave and ſolemn, ſo in the other, they are light and ridiculous; it differs in it's characters, by introducing perſons of inferior rank, and conſequently of inferior manners, whereas the grave romance ſets the higheſt before us; laſtly, in it's ſentiments and diction, by preſerving the ludicrous inſtead of the ſublime. In the diction,

I think, burleſque itſelf may be ſometimes admitted; of which many inſtances will occur in this work, as in the deſcriptions of the battles, and ſome other places, not neceſſary to be pointed out to the claſſical reader, for whoſe entertainment thoſe parodies or burleſque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But though we have ſometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our ſentiments and characters: for there it is never properly introduced, unleſs in writings of the burleſque kind; which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two ſpecies of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burleſque; for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monſtrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, ariſes from the ſurprizing abſurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the higheſt to the loweſt, or *è converſo*; ſo in the former, we ſhould ever confine ourſelves ſtrictly to nature, from the juſt imitation of which will flow all the pleaſure we can this way convey to a ſenſible reader. And perhaps there is one reaſon why a comic writer ſhould of all others be the leaſt excuſed for deviating from nature; ſince it may not be always ſo eaſy for a ſerious poet to meet with the great and the admirable, but life every where furniſhes an accurate obſerver with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little concerning burleſque, becauſe I have often heard that name given to performances which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having ſometimes admitted it in his diction only; which, as it is the dreſs of poetry, doth, like the dreſs of men, eſtabliſh characters, (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man) in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellencies. But ſurely, a certain drollery in ſtyle, where the characters and ſentiments are perfectly natural, no more conſtitutes the burleſque, than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where every thing elſe is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true ſublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shafteſbury's opinion of mere burleſque agrees with mine, when he aſſerts, 'There is no ſuch thing to be 'found in the writings of the ancients.' But, perhaps, I have leſs abhorrence than he profeſſes for it: and that not becauſe I have had ſome little ſucceſs on the ſtage this way; but rather, as it contributes more to exquiſite mirth and laughter than any other; and theſe are probably more wholeſome phyſick for the mind, and conduce better to purge away ſpleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common obſervation, whether the ſame companies are not found more full of good humour and benevolence, after they have been ſweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when ſoured by a tragedy, or a grave lecture.

But to illuſtrate all this by another ſcience, in which, perhaps, we ſhall ſee the diſtinction more clearly and plainly: let us examine the works of a comic hiſtory-painter, with thoſe performances which the Italians call *caricatura*; where we ſhall find the true excellence of the former to conſiſt in the exacteſt copying of nature; inſomuch that a judicious eye inſtantly rejects any thing *outré*; any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*. Whereas, in the caricatura we allow all licence. It's aim is to exhibit monſters, not men; and all diſtortions and exaggerations whatever are within it's proper province.

Now,

Now, what caricatura is in painting, burleſque is in writing; and in the ſame manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I ſhall obſerve, that as in the former the painter ſeems to have the advantage; ſo it is in the latter infinitely on the ſide of the writer; for the *monſtrous* is much eaſier to paint than deſcribe, and the *ridiculous* to deſcribe than paint.

And though perhaps this latter ſpecies doth not in either ſcience ſo ſtrongly affect and agitate the muſcles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and uſeful pleaſure ariſes to us from it. He who ſhould call the ingenious Hogarth a burleſque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour: for ſure it is much eaſier, much leſs the ſubject of admiration, to paint a man with a noſe or any other feature of a prepoſterous ſize, or to expoſe him in ſome abſurd or monſtrous attitude, than to expreſs the affections of men on canvas. It hath been thought a vaſt commendation of a painter, to ſay his figures *ſeem to breathe*; but ſurely it is a much greater and nobler applauſe, *that they appear to think*.

But to return.——The ridiculous only, as I have before ſaid, falls within my province in the preſent work. Nor will ſome explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he conſiders how wonderfully it hath been miſtaken, even by writers who have profeſſed it: for to what but ſuch a miſtake can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackeſt villainies; and, what is yet worſe, the moſt dreadful calamities? What could exceed the abſurdity of an author, who ſhould write *the comedy of Nero, with the merry incident of ripping up his mother's belly*; or what would give a greater ſhock to humanity, than an attempt to expoſe the miſeries of poverty and diſtreſs to ridicule? And yet, the reader will not want much learning to ſuggeſt ſuch inſtances to himſelf.

Beſides, it may ſeem remarkable, that Ariſtotle, who is ſo fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to comedy, he hath remarked, that villainy is not it's object; but he hath not, as I remember, poſitively aſſerted what is. Nor doth the Abbé Bellegarde, who hath writ a treatiſe on this ſubject, though he ſhews us many ſpecies of it, once trace it to it's fountain.

The only ſource of the true ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But though it ariſes from one ſpring only, when we conſider the infinite ſtreams into which this one branches, we ſhall preſently ceaſe to admire at the copious field it affords to an obſerver. Now affectation proceeds from one of theſe two cauſes, vanity or hypocriſy: for as vanity puts us on affecting falſe characters, in order to purchaſe applauſe; ſo hypocriſy ſets us on an endeavour to avoid cenſure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their oppoſite virtues. And though theſe two cauſes are often confounded, (for there is ſome difficulty in diſtinguiſhing them) yet, as they proceed from very different motives, ſo they are as clearly diſtinct in their operations: for indeed the affectation which ariſes from vanity is nearer to truth than the other; as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to ſtruggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewiſe noted, that affectation doth not imply an abſolute negation of thoſe qualities which are affected: and therefore, though when it proceeds from hypocriſy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity

only, it partakes of the nature of oſtentation: for inſtance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man differs viſibly from the ſame affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it ſits leſs awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverſe of what he would *ſeem* to be.

From the diſcovery of this affectation ariſes the ridiculous——which always ſtrikes the reader with ſurprize and pleaſure; and that in a higher and ſtronger degree when the affectation ariſes from hypocriſy, than when from vanity: for to diſcover any one to be the exact reverſe of what he affects, is more ſurprizing, and conſequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he deſires the reputation of. I might obſerve, that our Ben Johnſon, who of all men underſtood the *ridiculous* the beſt, hath chiefly uſed the hypocritical affectation.

Now from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed mind who can look on uglineſs, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themſelves: nor do I believe any man living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the ſtreets in a cart, is ſtruck with an idea of the ridiculous from it; but if he ſhould ſee the ſame figure deſcend from his coach and ſix, or bolt from his chair, with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with juſtice. In the ſame manner, were we to enter a poor houſe, and behold a wretched family ſhivering with cold, and languiſhing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter; (at leaſt, we muſt have very diabolical natures if it would:) but ſhould we diſcover there a grate inſtead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china diſhes on the ſide-board, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their perſons or in their furniture; we might then indeed be excuſed for ridiculing ſo fantaſtical an appearance. Much leſs are natural imperfections the objects of deriſion: but when uglineſs aims at the applauſe of beauty, or lameneſs endeavours to diſplay agility; it is then theſe unfortunate circumſtances, which at firſt moved our compaſſion, tend only to raiſe our mirth.

The poet carries this very far—

> None are for being what they are in fault,
> But for not being what they would be thought.

Where, if the metre would ſuffer the word *ridiculous* to cloſe the firſt line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our deteſtation, ſmaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to me the only true ſource of the ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have againſt my own rules introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I ſhall anſwer: Firſt, That it is very difficult to purſue a ſeries of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, That the vices to be found here, are rather the accidental conſequences of ſome human frailty or foible, than cauſes habitually exiſting in the mind. Thirdly, That they are never ſet forth as the objects of ridicule, but deteſtation. Fourthly, That they are never the principal figure at that time on the ſcene. And laſtly, They never produce the intended evil.

Having

Having thus diſtinguiſhed Joſeph Andrews from the productions of romance writers on the one hand, and burleſque writers on the other, and given ſome very few ſhort hints (for I intended no more) of this ſpecies of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I ſhall leave to my good-natured reader to apply my piece to my obſervations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I ſolemnly proteſt, I have no intention to vilify or aſperſe any one: for though every thing is copied from the book of nature, and ſcarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own obſervations and experience; yet I have uſed the utmoſt care to obſcure the perſons by ſuch different circumſtances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impoſſible to gueſs at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwiſe, it is only where the failure characterized is ſo minute, that it is a foible only which the party himſelf may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams, as it is the moſt glaring in the whole, ſo I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is deſigned a character of perfect ſimplicity: and as the goodneſs of his heart will recommend him to the good-natured; ſo I hope it will excuſe me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their ſacred order, no man can poſſibly have a greater reſpect. They will therefore excuſe me, notwithſtanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman, ſince no other office could have given him ſo many opportunities of diſplaying his worthy inclinations.

THE

# PREFACE.

# THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS.

## VOLUME THE FIRST.

## BOOK I.

### CHAP. I.

OF WRITING LIVES IN GENERAL, AND PARTICULARLY OF PAMELA; WITH A WORD BY THE BYE OF COLLEY CIBBER, AND OTHERS.

IT is a trite but true obſervation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts: and if this be juſt in what is odious and blameable, it is more ſtrongly ſo in what is amiable and praiſe-worthy. Here emulation moſt effectually operates upon us, and inſpires our imitation in an irreſiſtible manner. A good man therefore is a ſtanding leſſon to all his acquaintance, and of far greater uſe in that narrow circle than a good book.

But as it often happens that the beſt men are but little known, and conſequently cannot extend the uſefulneſs of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to ſpread their hiſtory farther, and to preſent the amiable pictures to thoſe who have not the happineſs of knowing the originals; and ſo, by communicating ſuch valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extenſive ſervice to mankind than the perſon whoſe life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded thoſe biographers, who have recorded the actions of great and worthy perſons of both ſexes. Not to mention thoſe ancient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obſolete, and, as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages, ſuch as Plutarch, Nepos, and others which I heard of in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent uſe and inſtruction, finely calculated to ſow the ſeeds of virtue in youth, and very eaſy to be comprehended by perſons of moderate capacity. Such are the hiſtory of John the Great, who, by his brave and heroick actions againſt men of large and athletick bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of Warwick, whoſe chriſtian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia; and, above all, the Hiſtory of thoſe Seven worthy perſonages, the Champions of Chriſtendom. In all theſe, delight is mixed with inſtruction, and the reader is almoſt as much improved as entertained.

But I paſs by theſe and many others, to mention two books lately publiſhed, which repreſent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either ſex. The former of theſe, which deals in male virtue

tue, was written by the great perſon himſelf, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived ſuch a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an hiſtorian who borrows his lights, as the common method is, from authentick papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the lives of Mr. Colley Cibber, and of Mrs. Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by inſinuating that he *eſcaped* being promoted to the higheſt ſtations in church and ſtate, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! How ſtrongly doth he inculcate an abſolute ſubmiſſion to our ſuperiors! Laſtly, how compleatly doth he arm us againſt ſo uneaſy, ſo wretched a paſſion, as the fear of ſhame! How clearly doth he expoſe the emptineſs and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the Memoirs of Mrs. Andrews, is ſo well ſet forth in the excellent eſſays or letters prefixed to the ſecond and ſubſequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needleſs repetition. The authentick hiſtory with which I now preſent the publick, is an inſtance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have juſt obſerved: ſince it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his ſiſter's virtues before his eyes, that Mr. Joſeph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preſerve his purity in the midſt of ſuch great temptations. I ſhall only add, that this character of male chaſtity, though doubtleſs as deſireable and becoming in one part of the human ſpecies, as in the other, is almoſt the only virtue which the great Apologiſt hath not given himſelf, for the ſake of giving the example to his readers.

## CHAP. II.

### OF MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS'S BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND GREAT ENDOWMENTS; WITH A WORD OR TWO CONCERNING ANCESTORS.

MR. Joſeph Andrews, the hero of our enſuing hiſtory, was eſteemed to be the only ſon of Gaffar and Gammar Andrews, and brother to the illuſtrious Pamela, whoſe virtue is at preſent ſo famous. As to his anceſtors, we have ſearched with great diligence, but little ſucceſs; being unable to trace them farther than his great-grandfather, who, as an elderly perſon in the pariſh remembers to have heard his father ſay, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any anceſtors before this, we muſt leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of ſufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inſerting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated—

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew
Lies, faſt aſleep, that merry man, Andrew;
When the laſt day's great ſun ſhall gild the ſkies,
Then he ſhall from his tomb get up and riſe.
Be merry while thou canſt: for ſurely thou
Shalt ſhortly be as ſad as he is now.

The words are almoſt out of the ſtone with antiquity. But it is needleſs to obſerve, that Andrew here is writ without an *s*, and is beſides a chriſtian name. My friend moreover conjectures this to have been the founder of that ſect of laughing philoſophers, ſince called Merry Andrews.

To wave therefore a circumſtance, which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more conſequence. Indeed, it is ſufficiently certain, that he had as many anceſtors as the beſt man living; and perhaps, if we look five or ſix hundred years backwards, might be related to ſome perſons of very great figure at preſent, whoſe anceſtors within half the laſt century are buried in as great obſcurity. But ſuppoſe, for argument's ſake, we ſhould admit that he had no anceſtors at all, but had ſprung up, according to the modern phraſe, out of a dunghill, as the Athenians pretended they themſelves did from the earth, would not this *autokopros** have been juſtly entitled to all the praiſe ariſing from his own virtues? Would it not be hard, that a man that hath no anceſtors, ſhould therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour! when we ſee ſo many who have no virtues enjoying the honour of their forefathers! At an

* In Engliſh, ſprung from a dunghill.

years

years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the ſtatute, to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr. Booby's by the father's ſide. Sir Thomas having then an eſtate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at firſt employed in what in the country they call *keeping birds*. His office was to perform the part the ancients aſſigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack-o-Lent; but his voice being ſo extremely muſical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was ſoon tranſplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntſman, and made what the ſportſmen term a *whipper-in*. For this place likewiſe the ſweetneſs of his voice diſqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntſman, who ſoon became ſo incenſed at it, that he deſired Sir Thomas to provide otherwiſe for him; and conſtantly laid every fault the dogs were at, to the account of the poor boy, who was now tranſplanted to the ſtable. Here he ſoon gave proofs of ſtrength and agility beyond his years, and conſtantly rode the moſt ſpirited and vicious horſes to water with an intrepidity which ſurprized every one. While he was in this ſtation, he rode ſeveral races for Sir Thomas, and this with ſuch expertneſs and ſucceſs, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently ſolicited the knight, to permit little Joey (for ſo he was called) to ride their matches. The beſt gameſters, before they laid their money, always enquired whoſe horſe little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider, than by the horſe himſelf; eſpecially after he had ſcornfully refuſed a conſiderable bribe to play booty on ſuch an occaſion. This extremely raiſed his character; and ſo pleaſed the Lady Booby, that ſhe deſired to have him (being now ſeventeen years of age) for her own foot-boy.

Joey was now preferred from the ſtable to attend on his lady, to go on her errands, ſtand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place, his voice gave him an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by ſinging pſalms; he behaved likewiſe in every other reſpect ſo well at divine ſervice, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr. Abraham Adams the curate, who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to aſk the young man ſeveral queſtions concerning religion; with his anſwers to which he was wonderfully pleaſed.

## CHAP. III.

### OF MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS THE CURATE, MRS. SLIPSLOP THE CHAMBERMAID, AND OTHERS.

MR. Abraham Adams was an excellent ſcholar. He was a perfect maſter of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great ſhare of knowledge in the Oriental tongues, and could read and tranſlate French, Italian, and Spaniſh. He had applied many years to the moſt ſevere ſtudy, and had treaſured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in an univerſity. He was beſides a man of good ſenſe, good parts, and good nature; but was at the ſame time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, as an infant juſt entered into it could poſſibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, ſo he never ſuſpected ſuch a deſign in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave, to an exceſs; but ſimplicity was his characteriſtick. He did, no more than Mr. Colley Cibber, apprehend any ſuch paſſions as malice and envy to exiſt in mankind; which was indeed leſs remarkable in a country parſon, than in a gentleman who has paſſed his life behind the ſcenes, a place which hath ſeldom been thought the ſchool of innocence, and where a very little obſervation would have convinced the great Apologiſt, that thoſe paſſions have a real exiſtence in the human mind.

His virtue and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, ſo they made him an agreeable and valuable companion; and had ſo much endeared and well recommended him to a biſhop, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handſome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he

could not make any great figure with, becauſe he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and ſix children.

It was this gentleman, who having, as I have ſaid, obſerved the ſingular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to queſtion him concerning ſeveral particulars; as how many books there were in the New Teſtament? which were they? how many chapters they contained? and ſuch like: to all which, Mr. Adams privately ſaid, he anſwered much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring juſtices of the peace, could probably have done.

Mr. Adams was wonderfully ſolicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity, the youth became acquainted with theſe matters. Joey told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodneſs of his father, who, though he had not intereſt enough to get him into a charity-ſchool, becauſe a couſin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right ſide for a church-warden in a borough-town, yet had been himſelf at the expence of ſix-pence a week for his learning. He told him likewiſe, that ever ſince he was in Sir Thomas's family, he had employed all his hours of leiſure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas á Kempis; and that, as often as he could without being perceived, he had ſtudied a great good book which lay open in the hall window, where he had read, *as how the devil carried away half a church in ſermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow.* This ſufficiently aſſured Mr. Adams, that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, ſurprized to find ſuch inſtances of induſtry and application in a young man who had never met with the leaſt encouragement, aſked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and deſire of knowledge. To which he anſwered, he hoped he had profited ſomewhat better from the books he had read, than to lament his condition in this world. That for his part, he was perfectly content with the ſtate to which he was called; that he ſhould endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at his own lot, nor envy thoſe of his betters. 'Well ſaid, my lad!' replied the curate; 'and I wiſh ſome who have 'read many more good books, nay, 'and ſome who have written good 'books themſelves, had profited ſo 'much by them.'

Adams had no nearer acceſs to Sir Thomas or my lady, than through the waiting-gentlewoman: for Sir Thomas was too apt to eſtimate men merely by their dreſs and fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been bleſſed with a town education, and never ſpoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of *the brutes*. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domeſtick only, belonging to the parſon of the pariſh, who was at that time at variance with the knight; for the parſon had for many years lived in a conſtant ſtate of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himſelf, and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by ſetting which aſide, an advantage of ſeveral ſhillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector; but he had not yet been able to accompliſh his purpoſe, and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the ſuits, than the pleaſure (which he uſed indeed frequently to ſay was no ſmall one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many poor tenants, though he had at the ſame time greatly impoveriſhed himſelf.

Mrs. Slipſlop, the waiting-gentlewoman, being herſelf the daughter of a curate, preſerved ſome reſpect for Adams; ſhe profeſſed great regard for his learning, and would frequently diſpute with him on points of theology: but always inſiſted on a deference being paid to her underſtanding, as ſhe had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parſon could pretend to.

She had in theſe diſputes a particular advantage over Adams: for ſhe was a mighty affecter of hard words, which ſhe uſed in ſuch a manner, that the parſon,

ſon, who durſt not offend her by calling her words in queſtion, was frequently at ſome loſs to gueſs her meaning, and would have been much leſs puzzled by an Arabian manuſcript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long diſcourſe with her on the *eſſence* (or, as ſhe pleaſed to term it, the *incenſe*) of matter, to mention the caſe of young Andrews; deſiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very ſuſceptible of learning, and one whoſe inſtruction in Latin he would himſelf undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher ſtation than that of a footman: and added, ſhe knew it was in his maſter's power eaſy to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore deſired, that the boy might be left behind under his care.

'La, Mr. Adams!' ſaid Mrs. Slipſlop, 'do you think my lady will ſuf-'fer any *preambles* about any ſuch 'matter? She is going to London, 'very *conciſely*, and I am *confidous* ſhe 'would not leave Joey behind her on 'any account; for he is one of the gen-'teeleſt young fellows you may ſee in 'a ſummer's day, and I am *confidous* ſhe 'would as ſoon think of parting with 'a pair of her grey mares; for ſhe 'values herſelf as much on the one 'as the other.' Adams would have interrupted, but ſhe proceeded—'And 'why is Latin more *neceſſitous* for 'a footman than a gentleman? It 'is very proper that you clergymen 'muſt learn it, becauſe you can't 'preach without it; but I have heard 'gentlemen ſay in London, that it is 'fit for nobody elſe. I am *confidous* 'my lady would be angry with me for 'mentioning it; and I ſhall draw my-'ſelf into no ſuch *delemy*.' At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr. Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a ſecond opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindneſs, which he told him he never would forget; and at the ſame time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perſeverance in innocence and induſtry.

## CHAP. IV.

### WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THEIR JOURNEY TO LONDON.

NO ſooner was young Andrews arrived at London, than he began to ſcrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him deſpiſe his former courſe of life. His hair was cut after the neweſt faſhion, and became his chief care: he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and dreſſed it out in the afternoon. They could not however teach him to game, ſwear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied moſt of his leiſure hours to muſick, in which he greatly improved himſelf; and became ſo perfect a connoiſſeur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a ſingle ſong contrary to his approbation or diſlike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houſes and aſſemblies; and when he attended his lady at church, which was but ſeldom, he behaved with leſs ſeeming devotion than formerly; however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the ſame time ſmarter and genteeler than any of the beaus in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often ſaid of him that Joey was the handſomeſt and genteeleſt footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted ſpirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, ſhe was frequently heard to cry out—'Aye, there is ſome life in 'this fellow!' She plainly ſaw the effects which the town air hath on the ſobereſt conſtitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almoſt every minute, would lean on his arm, and converſe with him in great familiarity. Whenever ſhe ſtepped out of her coach, ſhe would take him by the hand; and ſometimes, for fear of ſtumbling, preſs it very hard: ſhe admitted him to deliver meſſages at her bed-ſide in a morning, leered at him at table, and indulged him in all thoſe innocent free-

doms which women of figure may permit without the leaſt ſully of their virtue.

But though their virtue remains unſullied, yet now and then ſome ſmall arrows will glance on the ſhadow of it, their reputation; and ſo it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. 'Bleſs me!' ſays Lady Tittle, 'can I believe my eyes? Is that Lady 'Booby?'—'Surely!' ſays Tattle: 'but what makes you ſurprized?'—'Why, is not that her footman?' replied Tittle. At which Tattle laughed; and cried—'An old buſineſs, I aſſure 'you: is it poſſible you ſhould not 'have heard it? The whole town hath 'known it this half year.' The conſequence of this interview was a whiſper through an hundred viſits, which were ſeparately performed by the two ladies the ſame afternoon*, and might have had a miſchievous effect, had it not been ſtopped by two freſh reputations which were publiſhed the day afterwards, and engroſſed the whole talk of the town.

But whatever opinion or ſuſpicion the ſcandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impreſſion on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him; a behaviour which ſhe imputed to the violent reſpect he preſerved for her, and which ſerved only to heighten a ſomething ſhe began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

## CHAP. V.

### THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS BOOBY, WITH THE AFFECTIONATE AND MOURNFUL BEHAVIOUR OF HIS WIDOW, AND THE GREAT PURITY OF JOSEPH ANDREWS.

AT this time an accident happened which put a ſtop to theſe agreeable walks, which probably would have ſoon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and cauſed her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby; who, departing this life, left his diſconſolate lady confined to her houſe as cloſely as if ſhe herſelf had been attacked by ſome violent diſeaſe. During the firſt ſix days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipſlop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards: but on the ſeventh ſhe ordered Joey, whom, for a good reaſon, we ſhall hereafter call *Joſeph*, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joſeph to her, bade him ſit down, and having accidentally laid her hand on his, ſhe aſked him, if he had ever been in love. Joſeph anſwered, with ſome confuſion, it was time enough for one ſo young as himſelf to think on ſuch things. 'As 'young as you are,' replied the lady, 'I am convinced you are no ſtranger to 'that paſſion. Come Joey,' ſays ſhe; 'tell me truly, who is the happy girl 'whoſe eyes have made a conqueſt of 'you?' Joſeph returned, that all the women he had ever ſeen, were equally indifferent to him. 'O then,' ſaid the lady, 'you are a general lover. In'deed, you handſome fellows, like 'handſome women, are very long and 'difficult in fixing; but yet you ſhall 'never perſuade me that your heart is 'ſo unſuſceptible of affection: I rather 'impute what you ſay to your ſecreſy; 'a very commendable quality, and what 'I am far from being angry with you 'for. Nothing can be more unwor'thy in a young man, than to be'tray any intimacies with the ladies.' —'Ladies, Madam!' ſaid Joſeph; 'I 'am ſure I never had the impudence 'to think of any that deſerve that 'name.'—'Don't pretend to too much 'modeſty,' ſaid ſhe; 'for that ſome'times may be impertinent; but pray 'anſwer me this queſtion: ſuppoſe a 'lady ſhould happen to like you; ſup'poſe ſhe ſhould prefer you to all your 'ſex, and admit you to the ſame fami'liarities as you might have hoped for 'if you had been born her equal; are 'you certain that no vanity could 'tempt you to diſcover her? Anſwer

* It may ſeem an abſurdity, that Tattle ſhould viſit, as ſhe actually did, to ſpread a known ſcandal: but the reader may reconcile this, by ſuppoſing with me, that, notwithſtanding what ſhe ſays, this was her firſt acquaintance with it.

'me

'me honeſtly, Joſeph, have you ſo much 'more ſenſe and ſo much more virtue 'than you handſome young fellows 'generally have; who make no ſcru-'ple of ſacrificing our dear reputation 'to your pride, without conſidering 'the great obligation we lay on you, 'by our condeſcenſion and confidence? 'Can you keep a ſecret, my Joey?'— 'Madam,' ſays he, 'I hope your 'ladyſhip can't tax me with ever be-'traying the ſecrets of the family; 'and I hope, if you was to turn me 'away, I might have that character of 'you.'—'I don't intend to turn you 'away, Joey,' ſaid ſhe, and ſighed; 'I am afraid that is not in my power.' She then raiſed herſelf a little in her bed, and diſcovered one of the whiteſt necks that ever was ſeen: at which Joſeph bluſhed. 'Lal' ſays ſhe, in an affected ſurprize, 'what am I doing! 'I have truſted myſelf with a man 'alone, naked in bed. Suppoſe you 'ſhould have any wicked intentions 'upon my honour, how ſhould I 'defend myſelf!' Joſeph proteſted that he never had the leaſt evil deſign againſt her. 'No!' ſays ſhe; 'perhaps 'you may not call your deſigns wick-'ed, and perhaps they are not ſo.'— He ſwore they were not. 'You miſun-'derſtand me,' ſays ſhe; 'I mean, if 'they were againſt my honour, they 'may not be wicked; but the world 'calls them ſo. But then, ſay you, the 'world will never know any thing of 'the matter: yet would not that be 'truſting to your ſecreſy? Muſt not 'my reputation be then in your power? 'Would you not then be my maſter?' Joſeph begged her ladyſhip to be com-forted; for that he would never imagine the leaſt wicked thing againſt her, and that he had rather die a thouſand deaths than give her any reaſon to ſuſpect him. 'Yes,' ſaid ſhe, 'I muſt 'have reaſon to ſuſpect you. Are you 'not a man? and, without vanity, I 'may pretend to ſome charms. But 'perhaps you may fear I ſhould proſe-'cute you; indeed, I hope you do: and 'yet, Heaven knows, I ſhould never 'have the confidence to appear before 'a court of juſtice! and you know, 'Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. 'Tell me, Joey; don't you think I 'ſhould forgive you?'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' ſays Joſeph, 'I will never 'do any thing to diſoblige your lady-'ſhip.'—'How!' ſays ſhe, 'do you 'think it would not diſoblige me? Do 'you think I would willingly ſuffer 'you?'—'I don't underſtand you, Ma-'dam,' ſays Joſeph. 'Don't you?' ſaid ſhe; 'then you either are a fool, or pre-'tend to be ſo: I find I was miſtaken in 'you. So get you down ſtairs, and ne-'ver let me ſee your face again: your 'pretended innocence cannot impoſe 'on me.'—'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I 'would not have your ladyſhip think 'any evil of me, I have always en-'deavoured to be a dutiful ſervant, 'both to you and my maſter.'—'O 'thou villain!' anſwered my lady, 'why didſt thou mention the name 'of that dear man, unleſs to torment 'me, to bring his precious memory 'to my mind?' [And then ſhe burſt into a fit of tears.] 'Get thee from 'my ſight, I ſhall never endure thee 'more!' At which words ſhe turned away from him; and Joſeph retreated from the room in a moſt diſconſolate condition, and writ the letter which the reader will find in the next chap-ter.

## CHAP. VI.

### HOW JOSEPH ANDREWS WRIT A LETTER TO HIS SISTER PAMELA.

'*To Mrs. Pamela Andrews, living 'with Squire Booby.*

'DEAR SISTER,

'SINCE I received your letter of 'your good lady's death, we 'have had a misfortune of the ſame 'kind in our family. My worthy 'maſter, Sir Thomas, died about four 'days ago; and, what is worſe, my 'poor lady is certainly gone diſtracted. 'None of the ſervants expected her 'to take it ſo to heart, becauſe they 'quarrelled almoſt every day of their 'lives. But no more of that, becauſe 'you know, Pamela, I never loved 'to tell the ſecrets of my maſter's fa-'mily; but to be ſure you muſt have 'known they never loved one another; 'and I have heard her ladyſhip wiſh 'his honour dead above a thouſand 'times. But nobody knows what it 'is to loſe a friend till they have loſt 'him.

'Don't

'Don't tell any body what I write, 'because I ſhould not care to have 'folks ſay I diſcover what paſſes in 'our family: but if it had not been 'ſo great a lady, I ſhould have 'thought ſhe had had a mind to me. 'Dear Pamela, don't tell any body: 'but ſhe ordered me to ſit down by 'her bed-ſide, when ſhe was naked 'in bed; and ſhe held my hand, and 'talked exactly as a lady does to her 'ſweetheart in a ſtage-play, which I 'have ſeen in Covent Garden, while 'ſhe wanted him to be no better than 'he ſhould.

'If Madam be mad, I ſhall not care 'for ſtaying long in the family: ſo 'I heartily wiſh you could get me a 'place, either at the ſquire's, or ſome 'other neighbouring gentleman's; un-'leſs it be true that you are going to 'be married to Parſon Williams, as 'folks talk, and then I ſhould be 'very willing to be his clerk: for 'which you know I am qualified, 'being able to read, and to ſet a 'pſalm.

'I fancy I ſhall be diſcharged very 'ſoon; and the moment I am, unleſs 'I hear from you, I ſhall return to 'my old maſter's country ſeat, if it 'be only to ſee Parſon Adams, who is 'the beſt man in the world. Lon-'don is a bad place; and there is ſo 'little good fellowſhip, that the next-'door neighbours don't know one 'another. Pray give my ſervice to 'all friends that enquire for me; ſo 'I reſt

'Your loving brother,

'JOSEPH ANDREWS.'

As ſoon as Joſeph had ſealed and directed this letter, he walked down ſtairs, where he met Mrs. Slipſlop, with whom we ſhall take this oppor-tunity to bring the reader a little bet-ter acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who having made a ſmall ſlip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever ſince. She was not at this time remarkably handſome; being very ſhort, and rather too cor-pulent in body, and ſomewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her noſe was likewiſe rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did ſhe reſemble a cow ſo much in her breath, as in two brown globes which ſhe carried before her: one of her legs alſo was a little ſhorter than the other, which occaſioned her to limp as ſhe walked. This fair creature had long caſt the eyes of affection on Joſeph, in which ſhe had not met with quite ſo good ſucceſs as ſhe probably wiſhed, though, beſides the allurements of her native charms, ſhe had given him tea, ſweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which, by keeping the keys, ſhe had the abſolute command. Joſeph, however, had not returned the leaſt gratitude to all theſe favours, not even ſo much as a kiſs; though I would not inſinuate ſhe was ſo eaſily to be ſatisfied; for ſurely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, ſhe was arrived at an age when ſhe thought ſhe might indulge herſelf in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third perſon into the world to betray them. She ima-gined, that by ſo long a ſelf-denial, ſhe had not only made amends for the ſmall ſlip of her youth above hinted at; but had likewiſe laid up a quantity of merit to excuſe any future failings. In a word, ſhe reſolved to give a looſe to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleaſure, which ſhe found ſhe owed herſelf, as faſt as poſ-ſible.

With theſe charms of perſon, and in this diſpoſition of mind, ſhe encoun-tered poor Joſeph at the bottom of the ſtairs, and aſked him if he would drink a glaſs of ſomething good this morn-ing. Joſeph, whoſe ſpirits were not a little caſt down, very readily and thank-fully accepted the offer; and together they went into a cloſet, where having delivered him a full glaſs of ratifia, and deſired him to ſit down, Mrs. Slipſlop thus began—

'Sure nothing can be a more ſim-'ple *contract* in a woman, than to 'place her affections on a boy. If I 'had ever thought it would have been 'my fate, I ſhould have wiſhed to die 'a thouſand deaths rather than live to 'ſee that day. If we like a man, the 'ſlighteſt hints *ſophiſticates*. Whereas 'a boy *propoſes* upon us to break 'through all the *regulations* of mo-'deſty, before we can make any *op-'preſſion* upon him.' Joſeph, who

did

did not understand a word she said, answered, 'Yes, Madam.'—'Yes, Madam!' replied Mrs. Slipslop with some warmth; 'do you intend to *result* my 'passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are! to make no return to 'all the favours I have done you; 'but you must treat me with *ironing?*'— 'Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion should be *resulted* and treated with *ironing?*'— 'Madam,' answered Joseph, 'I don't 'understand your hard words; but I 'am certain you have no occasion to 'call me ungrateful: for, so far from 'intending you any wrong, I have 'always loved you as well as if you 'had been my own mother.'—'How, 'sirrah!' says Mrs. Slipslop, in a rage; 'your own mother! Do you 'insinuate that I am old enough to be 'your mother? I don't know what a 'stripling may think; but I believe a 'man would *refer* me to any green-'sickness silly girl *whatsomdever:* but 'I ought to despise you, rather than 'be angry with you, for *referring* the 'conversation of girls to that of a 'woman of sense.'—'Madam,' says Joseph, 'I am sure I have always va-'lued the honour you did me by your 'conversation; for I know you are a 'woman of learning.'—'Yes, but 'Joseph,' said she, a little softened by the compliment to her learning, 'if you 'had a value for me, you certainly 'would have found some method of 'shewing it me, for I am *convicted* you 'must see the value I have for you. 'Yes, Joseph, my eyes, whether I 'would or no, must have declared a 'passion I cannot conquer!—Oh, Jo-'seph!'—

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike, of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish; so did Mrs. Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands upon the poor Joseph; when luckily her mistress's bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the Lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Slipslop.

## CHAP. VII.

SAYINGS OF WISE MEN. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LADY AND HER MAID; AND A PANEGYRICK, OR RATHER SATIRE, ON THE PASSION OF LOVE, IN THE SUBLIME STYLE.

IT is the observation of some ancient sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness, of the one and the other.

We hope, therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love, in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs. Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object are very apt to vanish in it's presence; on both which wise sayings, the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related, than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for it's ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which, if we had no better matter for our reader, we would give him; she at last rung the bell, as above mentioned, and was presently attended by

by Mrs. Slipslop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph than the lady herself.

'Slipslop,' said Lady Booby, 'when 'did you see Joseph?' The poor woman was so surprized at the unexpected sound of his name, at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under, from her mistress, whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. 'I am afraid,' said Lady Booby, 'he is a wild young fellow.'—'That he is,' said Slipslop; 'and a wicked one too. To my 'knowledge, he games, drinks, swears, 'and fights eternally; besides, he is 'horribly *addicted* to wenching.'—— 'Aye,' said the lady, 'I never heard 'that of him.'—'O, Madam,' answered the other, 'he is so lewd a rascal, that if your ladyship keeps him 'much longer, you will not have one 'virgin in your house except myself. 'And yet I can't conceive what the 'wenches see in him, to be so foolishly 'fond as they are: in my eyes he is 'as ugly a scarecrow as I ever *upheld*. —'Nay,' said the lady, 'the boy is 'well enough.'—'La, Ma'am!' cries Slipslop, 'I think him the *ragmatical-* 'lest fellow in the family.'—'Sure, 'Slipslop,' says she, 'you are mis'taken; but which of the women do 'you most suspect?'—'Madam,' says Slipslop, 'there is Betty, the chamber-'maid, I am almost *convicted*, is with 'child by him.'—'Aye,' says the lady, 'then pray pay her her wages instantly: I will keep no such sluts in my 'family. And as for Joseph, you may 'discard him too.'—'Would your la'dyship have him paid off imme'diately?' cries Slipslop; 'for per'haps, when Betty is gone, he may 'mend; and really the boy is a good 'servant, and a strong healthy *luscious* 'boy enough.'—'This morning!' answered the lady with some vehemence. 'I wish, Madam,' cries Slipslop, 'your ladyship would be so good 'as to try him a little longer.'—'I 'will not have my commands dis'puted,' said the lady; 'sure you are 'not fond of him yourself?'—'I, 'Madam!' cries Slipslop, reddening, if not blushing; 'I should be sorry 'to think your ladyship had any reason 'to *respect* me of fondness for a fel'low; and if it be your pleasure, I 'shall fulfil it with as *much* reluctance 'as possible.'—'As *little*, I suppose 'you mean,' said the lady; 'and so 'set about it instantly.' Mrs. Slipslop went out; and the lady had scarce taken two turns, before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection with it's pernicious consequences. She therefore applied herself again to the bell, and re-summoned Mrs. Slipslop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress, that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph, which she ordered her to do immediately. Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady's business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart; in other and plainer language, the lady's passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress's temper, probably put something into the waiting gentlewoman's head, not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expence, by first insulting, and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou

thou play with thy votaries of both ſexes! How doſt thou deceive them, and make them deceive themſelves! Their follies are thy delight, their ſighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkies, wheelbarrows, and whatever elſe beſt humours his fancy, has ſo ſtrangely metamorphoſed the human ſhape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath ſo diſtorted the Engliſh language, as thou doſt metamorphoſe and diſtort the human ſenſes!

Thou putteſt out our eyes, ſtoppeſt up our ears, and takeſt away the power of our noſtrils; ſo that we can neither ſee the largeſt object, hear the loudeſt noiſe, nor ſmell the moſt poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleaſeſt, thou canſt make a mole-hill appear as a mountain, a Jew's-harp ſound like a trumpet, and a daiſy ſmell like a violet. Thou canſt make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In ſhort, thou turneſt the heart of man inſide out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringeſt whatſoever pleaſeth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

## CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH, AFTER SOME VERY FINE WRITING, THE HISTORY GOES ON, AND RELATES THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE LADY AND JOSEPH; WHERE THE LATTER HATH SET AN EXAMPLE, WHICH WE DESPAIR OF SEEING FOLLOWED BY HIS SEX IN THIS VICIOUS AGE.

NOW the rake Heſperus had called for his breeches, and having well rubbed his drowſy eyes, prepared to dreſs himſelf for all night; by whoſe example his brother rakes on earth likewiſe leave thoſe beds, in which they had ſlept away the day. Now Thetis the good houſewife began to put on the pot, in order to regale the good man Phœbus, after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language, it was in the evening when Joſeph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preſerve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderneſs for that beautiful part of the human ſpecies, called the fair-ſex; before we diſcover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vaſt temptation which overcame all the efforts of a modeſt and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good-nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themſelves will, we hope, be induced, by conſidering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's perſon, to bridle their rampant paſſion for chaſtity, and be at leaſt as mild as their violent modeſty and virtue will permit them, in cenſuring the conduct of a woman, who, perhaps, was in her own diſpoſition as chaſte as thoſe pure and ſanctified virgins, who, after a life innocently ſpent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preſerved them formerly amongſt beaus, from temptations perhaps leſs powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr. Joſeph Andrews was now in the one and twentieth year of his age. He was of the higheſt degree of middle ſtature. His limbs were put together with great elegance, and no leſs ſtrength. His legs and thighs were formed in the exacteſt proportion. His ſhoulders were broad and brawny; but yet his arms hung ſo eaſily, that he had all the ſymptoms of ſtrength without the leaſt clumſineſs. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was diſplayed in wanton ringlets down his back. His forehead was high; his eyes dark, and as full of ſweetneſs as of fire. His noſe a little inclined to the Roman. His teeth white and even. His lips full, red, and ſoft. His beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overſpread with a thick down. His countenance had a tenderneſs joined with a ſenſibility inex-

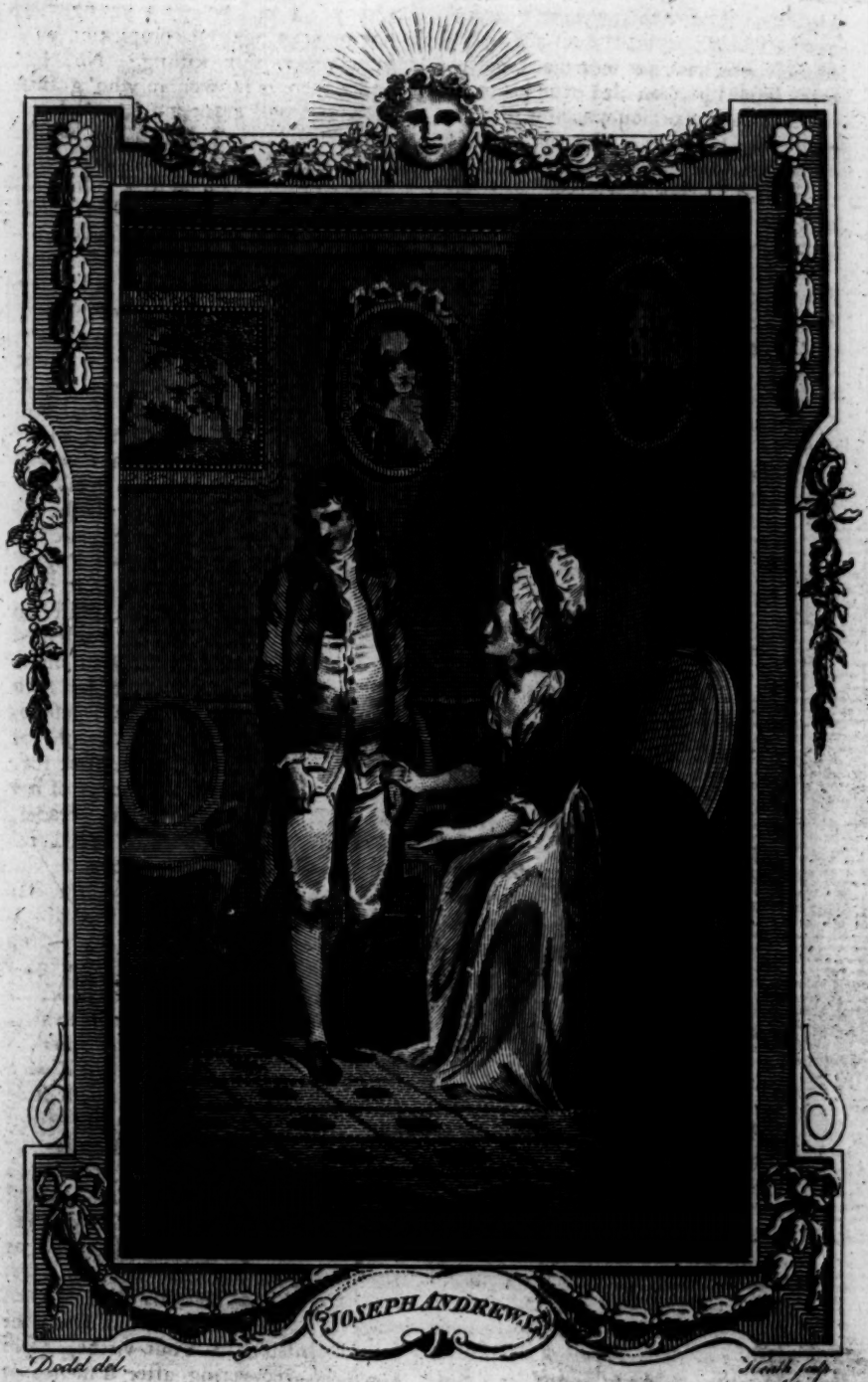
preſſible. Add to this, the moſt perfect neatneſs in his dreſs, and an air which, to thoſe who have not ſeen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the perſon who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him ſome time in ſilence, and twice or thrice before ſhe ſpake, changed her mind as to the manner in which ſhe ſhould begin. At length ſhe ſaid to him—'Joſeph, I am ſorry to hear ſuch 'complaints againſt you: I am told 'you behave ſo rudely to the maids, 'that they cannot do their buſineſs in 'quiet;—I mean, thoſe who are not 'wicked enough to hearken to your 'ſolicitations. As to others, they 'may, perhaps, not call you rude: 'for there are wicked ſluts who make 'one aſhamed of one's own ſex; and 'are as ready to admit of any nauſeous 'familiarity as fellows to offer it; nay, 'there are ſuch in my family, but they 'ſhall not ſtay in it. That impudent 'trollop, who is with child by you, is 'diſcharged by this time.'

As a perſon, who is ſtruck through the heart with a thunder-bolt, looks extremely ſurprized; nay, and perhaps is ſo too! thus the poor Joſeph received the falſe accuſation of his miſtreſs: he bluſhed and looked confounded; which ſhe miſinterpreted to be ſymptoms of his guilt, and thus went on—

'Come hither, Joſeph: another miſ'treſs might diſcard you for theſe of'fences, but I have compaſſion for 'your youth; and if I could be cer'tain you would be no more guilty '—conſider, child,' [laying her hand careleſsly upon his] 'you are a hand'ſome young fellow, and might do 'better; you might make your for'tune.'—'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I do 'aſſure your ladyſhip, I don't know 'whether any maid in the houſe is 'man or woman.'—'O fie, Joſeph!' anſwered the lady; 'don't commit 'another crime in denying the truth. 'I could pardon the firſt, but I hate 'a liar.'—'Madam,' cries Joſeph, 'I 'hope your ladyſhip will not be of'fended at my aſſerting my innocence; 'for by all that is ſacred I have never 'offered more than kiſſing.'—'Kiſ'ſing!' ſaid the lady, with great diſcompoſure of countenance, and more redneſs in her cheeks than anger in her eyes; 'do you call that no crime! 'Kiſſing, Joſeph, is as a prologue to 'a play. Can I believe a young fel'low of your age and complexion will 'be content with kiſſing? No, Jo'ſeph; there is no woman who grants 'that, but will grant more; and I am 'deceived greatly in you, if you would 'not put her cloſely to it. What would 'you think, Joſeph, if I admitted 'you to kiſs me?' Joſeph replied, he would ſooner die than have any ſuch thought. 'And yet, Joſeph,' returned ſhe, 'ladies have admitted 'their footmen to ſuch familiarities; 'and footmen, I confeſs to you, much 'leſs deſerving them; fellows without 'half your charms, for ſuch might 'almoſt excuſe the crime. Tell me, 'therefore, Joſeph, if I ſhould admit 'you to ſuch freedom, what would 'you think of me? Tell me freely.'—'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I ſhould 'think your ladyſhip condeſcended a 'great deal below yourſelf.'—'Pugh!' ſaid ſhe, 'that I am to anſwer to my'ſelf: but would not you inſiſt on 'more? Would you be contented 'with a kiſs? Would not your incli'nations be all on fire rather by ſuch 'a favour?'—'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'if they were, I hope I ſhould be 'able to controul them, without ſuf'fering them to get the better of my 'virtue.' You have heard, reader, poets talk of the Statue of Surprize; you have heard, likewiſe, or elſe you have heard very little, how ſurprize made one of the ſons of Crœſus ſpeak though he was dumb; you have ſeen the faces in the eighteen-penny gallery, when through the trap door, to ſoft or no muſick, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. William Mills, or ſome other of ghoſtly appearance, hath aſcended with a face all pale with powder, and a ſhirt all bloody with ribbands; but from none of theſe, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they ſhould return to life—no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive ſuch an idea of ſurprize, as would have entered in at your eyes, had they beheld the Lady Booby, when thoſe laſt words iſſued out from the lips of Joſeph. 'Your virtue,' (ſaid the lady, recovering after a ſilence of two minutes;) 'I ſhall never ſurvive it. 'Your virtue! intolerable confidence! 'Have you the aſſurance to pretend, 'that when a lady demeans herſelf to 'throw aſide the rules of decency, in

'order




Dodd del. Heath sculp.

Plate I. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co.ª Dec.ª 1779.

'order to honour you with the higheſt 'favour in her power, your virtue 'ſhould reſiſt her inclination? That 'when ſhe had conquered her own 'virtue, ſhe ſhould find an obſtruction 'in yours?'—'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I can't ſee why her having no virtue 'ſhould be a reaſon againſt my having 'any: or why, becauſe I am a man, 'or becauſe I am poor, my virtue muſt 'be ſubſervient to her pleaſures.'—— 'I am out of patience!' cried the lady. 'Did ever mortal hear of a man's vir-'tue! Did ever the greateſt, or the 'graveſt men, pretend to any of this 'kind! Will magiſtrates who puniſh 'lewdneſs, or parſons who preach 'againſt it, make any ſcruple of com-'mitting it! And can a boy, a ſtrip-'ling, have the confidence to talk of 'his virtue!'—'Madam,' ſays Joſeph, 'that boy is the brother of Pamela; 'and would be aſhamed, that the chaſ-'tity of his family, which is pre-'ſerved in her, ſhould be ſtained in 'him. If there are ſuch men as your 'ladyſhip mentions, I am ſorry for it; 'and I wiſh they had an opportunity 'of reading over thoſe letters, which 'my father has ſent me of my ſiſter 'Pamela's, nor do I doubt but ſuch 'an example would amend them.'— 'You impudent villain!' cries the lady in a rage, 'do you inſult me with 'the follies of my relation, who hath 'expoſed himſelf all over the country 'upon your ſiſter's account? A little 'vixen, whom I have always won-'dered my late Lady Booby ever kept 'in her houſe. Sirrah! get out of my 'ſight, and prepare to ſet out this 'night; for I will order you your 'wages immediately, and you ſhall be 'ſtripped and turned away.'—'Ma-'dam,' ſays Joſeph, 'I am ſorry I have 'offended your ladyſhip; I am ſure I 'never intended it.'—'Yes, ſirrah,' cries ſhe, 'you have had the vanity to 'miſconſtrue the little innocent freedom 'I took, in order to try whether what 'I had heard was true. O! my con-'ſcience, you have had the aſſurance 'to imagine I was fond of you myſelf!' Joſeph anſwered, he had only ſpoke out of tenderneſs for his virtue; at which words ſhe flew into a violent paſſion, and refuſing to hear more, ordered him inſtantly to leave the room.

He was no ſooner gone, than ſhe burſt forth into the following exclama-tions: 'Whither doth this violent paſ-'ſion hurry us! what meanneſſes do we 'ſubmit to from it's impulſe! Wiſely 'we reſiſt it's firſt and leaſt approaches; 'for it is then only we can aſſure our-'ſelves the victory. No woman could 'ever ſafely ſay, "So far only will I "go." Have I not expoſed myſelf to 'the refuſal of my footman! I cannot 'bear the reflection.' Upon which ſhe applied herſelf to the bell, and rung it with infinitely more violence than was neceſſary, the faithful Slipſlop attend-ing near at hand: to ſay the truth, ſhe had conceived a ſuſpicion at her laſt in-terview with her miſtreſs, and had wait-ed ever ſince in the anti-chamber, having carefully applied her ears to the key-hole during the whole time that the preceding converſation paſſed between Joſeph and the lady.

## CHAP. IX.

### WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE LADY AND MRS. SLIPSLOP; IN WHICH WE PROPHESY THERE ARE SOME STROKES WHICH EVERY ONE WILL NOT TRULY COMPREHEND AT THE FIRST READING.

'SLIPSLOP!' ſaid the lady, 'I 'find too much reaſon to believe 'all thou haſt told me of this wicked 'Joſeph. I have determined to part 'with him inſtantly: ſo go you to the 'ſteward, and bid him pay him his 'wages.' Slipſlop, who had preſerved hitherto a diſtance to her lady, rather out of neceſſity than inclination, and who thought the knowledge of this ſe-cret had thrown down all diſtinction between them, anſwered her miſtreſs very pertly. She wiſhed ſhe knew her own mind; and that ſhe was certain ſhe would call her back again before ſhe was got half way down ſtairs. The lady replied, ſhe had taken a reſolution, and was reſolved to keep it. 'I am 'ſorry for it,' cries Slipſlop; 'and if 'I had known you would have pu-'niſhed the poor lad ſo ſeverely, you 'ſhould never have heard a *particle* of 'the matter. Here's a fuſs, indeed, 'about nothing!'—'Nothing!' re-turned my lady; 'do you think I will

'countenance lewdneſs in my houſe?' —'If you will turn away every foot-'man,' ſaid Slipſlop, 'that is a lover 'of the ſport, you muſt ſoon open the 'coach-door yourſelf, or get a ſet of '*mophrodites* to wait upon you; and 'I am ſure I hated the ſight of them 'even ſinging in an opera.'—'Do as 'I bid you,' ſays my lady; 'and 'don't ſhock my ears with your 'beaſtly language.'—'Marry come-'up,' cries Slipſlop, 'people's ears 'are ſometimes the niceſt part about 'them!'

The lady, who began to admire the new ſtyle in which her waiting-gentlewoman delivered herſelf, and by the concluſion of her ſpeech, ſuſpected ſomewhat of the truth, called her back, and deſired to know what ſhe meant by the extraordinary degree of freedom in which ſhe thought proper to indulge her tongue.'—'Freedom!' ſays Slipſlop; 'I don't know what 'you call freedom, Madam; ſervants 'have tongues as well as their miſ-'treſſes.'—'Yes, and ſaucy ones too,' anſwered the lady; 'but I aſſure you 'I ſhall bear no ſuch impertinence.' —'Impertinence! I don't know that 'I am impertinent,' ſays Slipſlop. 'Yes, indeed you are,' cries my la-dy; 'and unleſs you mend your man-'ners, this houſe is no place for you.' —'Manners!' cries Slipſlop; 'I never 'was thought to want manners, 'nor *modeſty neither*: and for places, 'there are more places than one, 'and I know what I know.'—'What 'do you know, miſtreſs?' anſwered the lady. 'I am not obliged to tell 'that to every body,' ſays Slipſlop, 'any more than I am obliged to keep 'it a ſecret.'—'I deſire you would 'provide yourſelf,' anſwered the la-dy. 'With all my heart!' replied the waiting-gentlewoman: and ſo de-parted in a paſſion, and ſlapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than ſhe would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this ſhe imputed to Joſeph's having diſcovered to her what paſſed at the firſt interview. This therefore blew up a rage againſt him, and confirmed her in the reſolution of parting with him.

But the diſmiſſing Mrs. Slipſlop was a point not ſo eaſily to be reſolved upon: ſhe had the utmoſt tenderneſs for her reputation, as ſhe knew on that de-pended many of the moſt valuable bleſ-ſings of life; particularly cards, making curtſies in publick places, and above all, the pleaſure of demoliſhing the re-putation of others, in which innocent amuſement ſhe had an extraordinary de-light. She therefore determined to ſub-mit to any inſult from a ſervant, rather than run a riſque of loſing the title to ſo many great privileges.

She therefore ſent for her ſteward, Mr. Peter Pounce; and ordered him to pay Joſeph his wages, to ſtrip off his livery, and to turn him out of the houſe that evening.

She then called Slipſlop up; and after refreſhing her ſpirits with a ſmall cor-dial which ſhe kept in her cloſet, ſhe be-gan in the following manner—

'Slipſlop, why will you, who know 'my paſſionate temper, attempt to pro-'voke me by your anſwers? I am 'convinced you are an honeſt ſervant, 'and ſhould be very unwilling to part 'with you. I believe, likewiſe, you 'have found me an indulgent miſtreſs 'on many occaſions, and have as lit-'tle reaſon on your ſide to deſire a 'change. I can't help being ſurprized, 'therefore, that you will take the ſureſt 'method to offend me: I mean, repeat-'ing my words, which you know I have 'always deteſted.'

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in poſſeſſion was better than one in expectation. As ſhe found her miſtreſs therefore inclined to relent, ſhe thought proper alſo to put on ſome ſmall condeſcenſion; which was as readily accepted; and ſo the affair was recon-ciled, all offences forgiven, and a pre-ſent of a gown and petticoat made her, as an inſtance of her lady's future fa-vour.

She offered once or twice to ſpeak in favour of Joſeph; but found her lady's heart ſo obdurate, that ſhe prudently dropped all ſuch efforts. She conſidered there were more footmen in the houſe, and ſome as ſtout fellows, though not quite ſo handſome, as Joſeph: beſides, the reader hath already ſeen her tender

advances

advances had not met with the encouragement ſhe might have reaſonably expected. She thought ſhe had thrown away a great deal of ſack and ſweetmeats on an ungrateful raſcal; and being a little inclined to the opinion of that female ſect, who hold one luſty young fellow to be near as good as another luſty young fellow, ſhe at laſt gave up Joſeph and his cauſe, and, with a triumph over her paſſion highly commendable, walked off with her preſent, and with great tranquillity paid a viſit to a ſtone-bottle, which is of ſovereign uſe to a philoſophical temper.

She left not her miſtreſs ſo eaſy. The poor lady could not reflect, without agony, that her dear reputation was in the power of her ſervants. All her comfort as to Joſeph, was, that ſhe hoped he did not underſtand her meaning; at leaſt, ſhe could ſay for herſelf, ſhe had not plainly expreſſed any thing to him; and as to Mrs. Slipſlop, ſhe imagined ſhe could bribe her to ſecreſy.

But what hurt her moſt was, that in reality ſhe had not ſo entirely conquered her paſſion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and diſdain ſo hoodwinked her, that ſhe could not ſee him. She was a thouſand times on the very brink of revoking the ſentence ſhe had paſſed againſt the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whiſpered many things in his favour; Honour likewiſe endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and Pity to mitigate his puniſhment: on the other ſide, Pride and Revenge ſpoke as loudly againſt him; and thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, oppoſite paſſions diſtracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I ſeen, in the hall of Weſtminſter, where Serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right ſide, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (ſo equal were their fees) alternately incline to either ſcale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's ſcale ſtrikes the beam; again Bramble ſhares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle ſtrikes: here one has you, there t'other has you; till at laſt all becomes one ſcene of confuſion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the ſucceſs, and neither judge nor jury can poſſibly make any thing of the matter; all things are enveloped by the careful Serjeants in doubt and obſcurity.

Or, as it happens in the conſcience, where honour and honeſty pull one way, and a bribe and neceſſity another. If it was our preſent buſineſs only to make ſimilies, we could produce many more to this purpoſe: but a ſimile (as well as a word) to the wiſe. We ſhall therefore ſee a little after our hero; for whom the reader is doubtleſs in ſome pain.

## CHAP. X.

### JOSEPH WRITES ANOTHER LETTER, HIS TRANSACTIONS WITH MR. PETER POUNCE, &c. WITH HIS DEPARTURE FROM LADY BOOBY.

THE diſconſolate Joſeph would not have had an underſtanding ſufficient for the principal ſubject of ſuch a book as this, if he had any longer miſunderſtood the drift of his miſtreſs; and indeed that he did not diſcern it ſooner, the reader will be pleaſed to apply to an unwillingneſs in him to diſcover what he muſt condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her preſence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himſelf into an ejaculation on the numberleſs calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handſomer than one's neighbours.

He then ſat down and addreſſed himſelf to his ſiſter Pamela, in the following words—

'DEAR SISTER PAMELA,

'HOPING you are well, what 'news have I to tell you! O 'Pamela, my miſtreſs is fallen in love 'with me; that is, what great folks 'call falling in love, ſhe has a mind to 'ruin me: but I hope, I ſhall have 'more reſolution and more grace than 'to part with my virtue to any lady 'upon earth.

'Mr. Adams hath often told me, 'that chaſtity is as great a virtue in a 'man as in a woman. He ſays, he ne-

'ver

'ver knew any more than his wife, 'and I shall endeavour to follow his 'example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and 'advice, together with your letters, 'that I have been able to resist a temptation, which he says no man complies 'with, but he repents in this world, 'or is damned for it in the next; and 'why should I trust to repentance on 'my death-bed, since I may die in my 'sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am 'glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did: for I had once almost 'forgotten every word Parson Adams 'had ever said to me.

'I don't doubt, dear sister, but you 'will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials: and I beg you 'earnestly to pray, I may be enabled 'to preserve mine; for truly it is very 'severely attacked by more than one: 'but I hope I shall copy your example, 'and that of Joseph my name-sake, 'and maintain my virtue against all 'temptations.'

Joseph had not finished his letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr. Peter Pounce, to receive his wages: for, besides that out of eight pounds a year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter; who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages; not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty *per cent.* or a little more; by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had from nothing, in a few years, amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds, or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stript off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the servants; for he was so beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him any thing. And being told by Peter that he must not stay a moment longer in the house than was necessary to pack up his linen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass, he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and set out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets before he absolutely determined with himself whether he should leave the town that night; or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At last, the moon shining very bright, helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately; to which likewise he had some other inducements, which the reader, without being a conjuror, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those hints which it may be now proper to open.

## CHAP. XI.

### OF SEVERAL NEW MATTERS NOT EXPECTED.

IT is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say, 'He is easily 'to be seen through:' nor do I believe it a more proper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this history, where the scene opens itself by small degrees; and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto mentioned a matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shewn; and, secondly, which will be now shewn, that, instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady Booby's country-seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known, then, that in the same parish where this seat stood, there lived a young girl whom Joseph (though the best of sons and brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir Thomas's family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded

carded by Mrs. Slipſlop, on account of her extraordinary beauty; for I never could find any other reaſon.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the pariſh) had been always beloved by Joſeph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other, which had grown to ſuch a degree of affection, that Mr. Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying; and perſuaded them to wait, till a few years ſervice and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little leſs than a law in his pariſh: for as he had ſhewn his pariſhioners, by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years duration, that he had their good entirely at heart; ſo they conſulted him on every occaſion, and very ſeldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between theſe two lovers. A thouſand ſighs heaved the boſom of Joſeph; a thouſand tears diſtilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny, (for that was her name:) though her modeſty would only ſuffer her to admit his eager kiſſes, her violent love made her more than paſſive in his embraces; and ſhe often pulled him to her breaſt with a ſoft preſſure, which, though perhaps it would not have ſqueezed an inſect to death, cauſed more emotion in the heart of Joſeph than the cloſeſt Corniſh hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder that ſo fond a pair ſhould, during a twelvemonth's abſence, never converſe with one another: indeed, there was but one reaſon which did or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read; nor could ſhe be prevailed upon to tranſmit the delicacies of her tender and chaſte paſſion by the hands of an amanuenſis.

They contented themſelves, therefore, with frequent enquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the proſpect of their future happineſs.

Having explained theſe matters to our reader, and, as far as poſſible, ſatisfied all his doubts, we return to honeſt Joſeph, whom we left juſt ſet out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Thoſe who have read any romance or poetry, ancient or modern, muſt have been informed, that Love hath wings: by which they are not to underſtand, as ſome young ladies by miſtake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intended to inſinuate no more, than that lovers do not march like horſe-guards: in ſhort, that they put the beſt leg foremoſt; which our luſty youth, who could walk with any man, did ſo heartily on this occaſion, that within four hours, he reached a famous houſe of hoſpitality well known to the weſtern travellers. It preſents you a lion on a ſign-poſt; and the maſter, who was chriſtened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived, that he hath particularly choſen the lion for his ſign, as he doth in countenance greatly reſemble that magnanimous beaſt, though his diſpoſition ſavours more of the ſweetneſs of the lamb. He is a perſon well received among all ſorts of men, being qualified to render himſelf agreeable to any; as he is well verſed in hiſtory and politicks, hath a ſmattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jeſt, and plays wonderfully well on the French-horn.

A violent ſtorm of hail forced Joſeph to take ſhelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joſeph had no ſooner ſeated himſelf by the kitchen-fire, than Timotheus, obſerving his livery, began to condole the loſs of his late maſter: who was, he ſaid, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle; aye, many a dozen in his time. He then remarked, that all thoſe things were over now, all paſt, and juſt as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent obſervation on the certainty of death, which his wife ſaid was, indeed, very true. A fellow now arrived at the ſame inn with two horſes, one of which he was leading farther down into the country, to meet his maſter: theſe he put into the ſtable, and came and took his place by Joſeph's ſide, who immediately knew him to be the ſervant of a neighbouring

ing gentleman, who uſed to viſit at their houſe.

This fellow was likewiſe forced in by the ſtorm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the ſame road which Joſeph himſelf intended to take. He therefore embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his maſter's horſes, (notwithſtanding he had received expreſs commands to the contrary) which was readily accepted; and ſo, after they had drank a loving pot, and the ſtorm was over, they ſet out together.

## CHAP. XII.

### CONTAINING MANY SURPRIZING ADVENTURES WHICH JOSEPH ANDREWS MET WITH ON THE ROAD, SCARCE CREDIBLE TO THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER TRAVELLED IN A STAGE-COACH.

NOTHING remarkable happened on the road, till their arrival at the inn to which the horſes were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then ſhone very bright; and Joſeph making his friend a preſent of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horſe, notwithſtanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot,

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hopes of ſhortly ſeeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to ſtand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was ſomewhat leſs than two pounds; and told them, he hoped they would be ſo generous as to return him a few ſhillings to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians anſwered with an oath—'Yes, we'll give you ſomething 'preſently: but firſt ſtrip, and be 'd—n'd to you!'—'Strip,' cried the other, 'or I'll blow your brains to the 'devil!' Joſeph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he ſhould be aſhamed of making any excuſe for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not inſiſt on his cloaths, which were not worth much, but conſider the coldneſs of the night. 'You are cold, are 'you, you raſcal!' ſays one of the robbers; 'I'll warm you with a vengeance;' and, damning his eyes, ſnapped a piſtol at his head: which he had no ſooner done, than the other levelled a blow at him with a ſtick, which Joſeph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour ſo ſucceſsfully on his adverſary, that he laid him ſprawling at his feet; and at the ſame inſtant received a blow from behind with the but-end of a piſtol from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his ſenſes.

The thief who had been knocked down, had now recovered himſelf; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joſeph with their ſticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miſerable being: they then ſtripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionleſs a long time, juſt began to recover his ſenſes as a ſtage-coach came by. The poſtilion hearing a man's groan, ſtopped his horſes; and told the coachman, he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan. 'Go on, ſirrah!' ſays the coachman; 'we are confounded late, 'and have no time to look after dead 'men.' A lady, who heard what the poſtilion ſaid, and likewiſe heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman, to ſtop and ſee what was the matter. Upon which he bid the poſtilion alight, and look into the ditch. He did ſo; and returned, that there was a man ſitting upright, as naked as ever he was born. 'O J—ſus!' cried the lady, 'a naked man! Dear coachman, 'drive on, and leave him.' Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joſeph begged them to have mercy upon him, for that he had been robbed, and almoſt beaten to death. 'Robbed!' cries an old gentleman; 'let us make all the haſte imaginable, 'or we ſhall be robbed too.' A young man, who belonged to the law, anſwered, he wiſhed they had paſſed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been *laſt in his company*, if he ſhould die.

die, they might be called to ſome account for his murder. He therefore thought it adviſeable to ſave the poor creature's life, for their own ſakes, if poſſible: at leaſt, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding *that they fled for it*. He was therefore of *opinion*, to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn. The lady inſiſted, that he ſhould not come into the coach: that if they lifted him in, ſhe would herſelf alight; for ſhe had rather ſtay in that place to all eternity, than ride with a naked man. The coachman objected, that he could not ſuffer him to be taken in, unleſs ſomebody would pay a ſhilling for his carriage the four miles, which the two gentlemen refuſed to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of ſome miſchief happening to himſelf if the wretch was left behind in that condition; ſaying, no man could be too cautious in theſe matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary caſes in the books; threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that if he died, he ſhould be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action againſt him, he would willingly take a brief in it. Theſe words had a ſenſible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the perſon that ſpoke them; and the old gentleman above-mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of ſhewing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promiſes of the other, and being, perhaps, a *little* moved with compaſſion at the poor creature's condition, who ſtood bleeding and ſhivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joſeph was now advancing to the coach, where ſeeing the lady, who held the ſticks of her fan before her eyes, he abſolutely refuſed, miſerable as he was, to enter, unleſs he was furniſhed with ſufficient covering, to prevent giving the leaſt offence to decency. So perfectly modeſt was this young man; ſuch mighty effects had the ſpotleſs example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent ſermons of Mr. Adams, wrought upon him.

Though there were ſeveral great-coats about the coach, it was not eaſy to get over this difficulty which Joſeph had ſtarted. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not ſpare a rag; and the man of wit ſaying, with a laugh, that charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two great-coats ſpread under him, refuſed to lend either, leſt they ſhould be made bloody; the lady's footman deſired to be excuſed for the ſame reaſon, which the lady herſelf, notwithſtanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved; and it is more than probable, poor Joſeph, who obſtinately adhered to his modeſt reſolution, muſt have periſhed, unleſs the poſtilion (a lad who hath been ſince tranſported for robbing a hen-rooſt) had voluntarily ſtripped off a great-coat, his only garment, at the ſame time ſwearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the paſſengers) that he would rather ride in his ſhirt all his life, than ſuffer a fellow-creature to lie in ſo miſerable a condition.

Joſeph, having put on the great-coat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on it's journey. He declared himſelf almoſt dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occaſion to aſk the lady, if ſhe could not accommodate him with a dram. She anſwered with ſome reſentment, ſhe wondered at his aſking her ſuch a queſtion; but aſſured him ſhe never taſted any ſuch thing.

The lawyer was enquiring into the circumſtances of the robbery, when the coach ſtopped; and one of the ruffians putting a piſtol in, demanded their money of the paſſengers, who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little ſilver bottle, of about a half-pint ſize, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared held ſome of the beſt *Nantz* he had ever taſted. This the lady afterwards aſſured the company was the miſtake of her maid; for that ſhe had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary-water.

As ſoon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it ſeems, a caſe of piſtols in the ſeat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been day-light, and he could have come at his piſtols, he would not have ſubmitted to the robbery; he likewiſe ſet forth, that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horſe-

back, but none ever durſt attack him; concluding, that if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himſelf, he ſhould not have now parted with his money ſo eaſily.

As wit is generally obſerved to love to reſide in empty pockets, ſo the gentleman, whoſe ingenuity we have above remarked, as ſoon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent alluſions to Adam and Eve, and ſaid many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which, perhaps, gave more offence to Joſeph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewiſe made ſeveral very pretty jeſts, without departing from his profeſſion. He ſaid, if Joſeph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a *conveyance* to her, as his *affairs* were not *fettered* with any *incumbrance*; he'd warrant, he ſoon ſuffered a *recovery* by a writ of *entry*, which was the proper way to create *heirs in tail*; that for his own part, he would engage to make ſo *firm a ſettlement* in a coach, that there ſhould be no danger of an *ejectment*: with an inundation of the like gibberiſh, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn; where one ſervant-maid only was up in readineſs to attend the coachman, and furniſh him with cold meat and a dram. Joſeph deſired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promiſed to perform; and being a good-natured wench, and not ſo ſqueamiſh as the lady had been, ſhe clapped a large faggot on the fire, and furniſhing Joſeph with a great-coat belonging to one of the hoſtlers, deſired him to ſit down and warm himſelf, whilſt ſhe made his bed. The coachman, in the mean time, took an opportunity to call up a ſurgeon, who lived within a few doors: after which he reminded his paſſengers how late they were; and, after they had taken leave of Joſeph, hurried them off as faſt as he could.

The wench ſoon got Joſeph to bed, and promiſed to uſe her intereſt to borrow him a ſhirt; but imagining, as ſhe afterwards ſaid, by his being ſo bloody, that he muſt be a dead man, ſhe ran with all ſpeed to haſten the ſurgeon, who was more than half dreſſed, apprehending that the coach had been overturned, and ſome gentleman or lady hurt. As ſoon as the wench had informed him at his window, that it was a poor foot-paſſenger, who had been ſtripped of all he had, and almoſt murdered; he chid her for diſturbing him ſo early, ſlipped off his cloaths again, and very quietly returned to bed and to ſleep.

Aurora now began to ſhew her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilſt ten millions of feathered ſongſters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thouſand times ſweeter than thoſe of our laureat, and ſung both *the day and the ſong*; when the maſter of the inn, Mr. Tow-wouſe, aroſe, and learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the ſituation of his poor naked gueſt; he ſhook his head, and cried—'Good lack-a-'day!' and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own ſhirts.

Mrs. Tow-wouſe was juſt awake, and had ſtretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed huſband, when the maid entered the room. 'Who's there? 'Betty?'—'Yes, Madam.'—'Where's 'your maſter?'—'He's without, Ma-'dam; he hath ſent me for a a ſhirt to 'lend a poor naked man, who hath 'been robbed and murdered.'—'Touch 'one, if you dare, you ſlut!' ſaid Mrs. Tow-wouſe; 'your maſter is a pretty 'ſort of a man to take in naked vaga-'bonds, and clothe them with his own 'cloaths. I ſhall have no ſuch do-'ings. If you offer to touch any 'thing, I will throw the chamber-pot 'at your head. Go, ſend your maſ-'ter to me.'—'Yes, Madam,' anſwered Betty. As ſoon as he came in, ſhe thus began—'What the devil do 'you mean by this, Mr. Tow-wouſe? 'Am I to buy ſhirts to lend to a ſet of 'ſcabby raſcals?'—'My dear,' ſaid Mr. Tow-wouſe, 'this is a poor 'wretch.'—'Yes,' ſays ſhe, 'I know 'it is a poor wretch; but what the devil 'have we to do with poor wretches? 'The law makes us provide for too 'many already. We ſhall have thirty '-or forty poor wretches in red coats 'ſhortly.'—'My dear,' cries Tow-wouſe, 'this man hath been robbed of 'all he had.'—'Well, then,' ſaid ſhe, 'where's his money to pay his reckon-'ing? Why doth not ſuch a fellow 'go to an ale-houſe? I ſhall ſend him 'packing as ſoon as I am up, I aſſure 'you.'

'you.'—'My dear,' ſaid he, 'common charity won't ſuffer you to do 'that.'—'Common charity, a f—t!' ſays ſhe: 'common charity teaches us 'to provide for ourſelves, and our families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your charity, I aſſure you.'—'Well,' ſays he, 'my dear, do as 'you will when you are up; you know 'I never contradict you.'—'No,' ſays ſhe, 'if the devil was to contradict me, 'I would make the houſe too hot to 'hold him.'

With ſuch like diſcourſes they conſumed near half an hour, whilſt Betty provided a ſhirt from the hoſtler, who was one of her ſweethearts, and put it on poor Joſeph. The ſurgeon had likewiſe at laſt viſited him, and waſhed and dreſſed his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr. Tow-wouſe, that his gueſt was in ſuch extreme danger of his life, that he ſcarce ſaw any hopes of his recovery. 'Here's a pretty kettle of 'fiſh,' cries Mrs. Tow-wouſe, 'you 'have brought upon us! We are like 'to have a funeral at our own expence.' Tow-wouſe (who, notwithſtanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other houſe in the kingdom ſhould have quiet poſſeſſion of his gueſt) anſwered—'My dear, I am not to blame; 'he was brought hither by the ſtage-'coach; and Betty had put him to bed 'before I was ſtirring.'——'I'll Betty 'her!' ſays ſhe. At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, ſhe ſallied out in queſt of the unfortunate Betty; whilſt Tow-wouſe and the ſurgeon went to pay a viſit to poor Joſeph, and enquire into the circumſtances of this melancholy affair.

## CHAP. XIII.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO JOSEPH DURING HIS SICKNESS AT THE INN, WITH THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE BETWEEN HIM AND MR. BARNABAS, THE PARSON OF THE PARISH.

AS ſoon as Joſeph had communicated the particular hiſtory of the robbery, together with a ſhort account of himſelf and his intended journey, he aſked the ſurgeon if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the ſurgeon very honeſtly anſwered, he feared he was, for that his pulſe was very exalted and feveriſh; and if his fever ſhould prove more than *ſymptomatick*, it would be impoſſible to ſave him. Joſeph, fetching a deep ſigh, cried—'Poor Fanny, I would I could 'have lived to ſee thee! but God's will 'be done.'

The ſurgeon then adviſed him, if he had any worldly affairs to ſettle, that he would do it as ſoon as poſſible; for though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himſelf obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours ſhould cauſe a ſuſcitation of his fever, he might ſoon grow delirious, and incapable to make his will. Joſeph anſwered, that it was impoſſible for any creature in the univerſe to be in a poorer condition than himſelf; for, ſince the robbery, he had not one thing of any kind whatever, which he could call his own. 'I had,' ſaid he, 'a poor little 'piece of gold, which they took away, 'that would have been a comfort to me 'in all my afflictions: but ſurely, Fanny, 'I want nothing to remind me of thee! 'I have thy dear image in my heart, 'and no villain can ever tear it thence.'

Joſeph deſired paper and pens to write a letter; but they were refuſed him, and he was adviſed to uſe all his endeavours to compoſe himſelf. They then left him; and Mr. Tow-wouſe ſent to a clergyman to come and adminiſter his good offices to the ſoul of poor Joſeph, ſince the ſurgeon deſpaired of making any ſucceſsful applications to his body.

Mr. Barnabas (for that was the clergyman's name) came as ſoon as ſent for; and having firſt drank a diſh of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joſeph lay; but, finding him aſleep, returned to take the other ſneaker; which when he had finiſhed, he again crept ſoftly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the ſick man talking to himſelf in the following manner—

'O, moſt adorable Pamela! moſt 'virtuous ſiſter! whoſe example could 'alone enable me to withſtand all the

'temptations of riches and beauty, and 'to preſerve my virtue pure and chaſte, 'for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it 'had pleaſed Heaven that I ſhould ever 'have come unto them; what riches, 'or honours, or pleaſures, can make 'us amends for the loſs of innocence? 'Doth not that alone afford us more 'conſolation than all worldly acquiſi-'tions? What but innocence and vir-'tue could give any comfort to ſuch 'a miſerable wretch as I am? Yet 'theſe can make me prefer this ſick and 'painful bed to all the pleaſures I 'ſhould have found in my lady's. 'Theſe can make me face death without 'fear: and though I love my Fan-'ny more than ever man loved a 'woman, theſe can teach me to reſign 'myſelf to the Divine will, without re-'pining. O, thou delightful, charm-'ing creature! if Heaven had indulged 'thee to my arms, the pooreſt, hum-'bleſt ſtate, would have been a paradiſe; 'I could have lived with thee in the 'loweſt cottage, without envying the 'palaces, the dainties, or the riches, 'of any man breathing. But I muſt 'leave thee, leave thee for ever, my 'deareſt angel! I muſt think of an-'other world; and I heartily pray thou 'mayeſt meet comfort in this.' Barnabas thought he had heard enough; ſo down ſtairs he went, and told Tow-wouſe he could do his gueſt no ſervice, for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapſody of nonſenſe all the time he ſtaid in the room.

The ſurgeon returned in the after-noon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he ſaid, than when he left him, though not delirious; for, notwith-ſtanding Mr. Barnabas's opinion, he had not been once out of his ſenſes ſince his arrival at the inn.

Mr. Barnabas was again ſent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another viſit. As ſoon as he entered the room, he told Joſeph, he was come to pray by him, and to pre-pare him for another world: in the firſt place, therefore, he hoped he had re-pented of all his ſins. Joſeph anſwer-ed, he hoped he had: but there was one thing which he knew not whether he ſhould call a ſin; if it was, he feared he ſhould die in the commiſſion of it; and that was the regret of parting with a young woman, whom he loved as ten-derly as he did his heart-ſtrings. Bar-nabas bade him be aſſured, that any repining at the Divine will was one of the greateſt ſins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things. Joſeph ſaid, that neither in this world nor the next, he could forget his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half ſo tormenting, as the fear of what ſhe would ſuffer when ſhe knew his mis-fortune. Barnabas ſaid, that ſuch fears argued a diffidence and deſpondence very criminal; that he muſt diveſt him-ſelf of all human paſſions, and fix his heart above. Joſeph anſwered, that was what he deſired to do, and ſhould be obliged to him, if he would enable him to accompliſh it. Barnabas re-plied, that muſt be done by grace. Joſeph beſought him to diſcover how he might attain it. Barnabas anſwered—'By prayer and faith.' He then queſ-tioned him concerning his forgiveneſs of the thieves. Joſeph anſwered, he feared that was more than he could do: for nothing would give him more plea-ſure than to hear they were taken. 'That,' cries Barnabas, 'is for the 'ſake of juſtice?'—'Yes,' ſaid Joſeph; 'but if I was to meet them again, I 'am afraid I ſhould attack them, and 'kill them too, if I could.'—'Doubt-'leſs,' anſwered Barnabas, 'it is law-'ful to kill a thief: but can you ſay, 'you forgive them as a chriſtian 'ought?' Joſeph deſired to know what that forgiveneſs was. 'That is,' an-ſwered Barnabas, 'to forgive them as—'as—it is to forgive them as—in ſhort, 'it is to forgive them as a chriſtian.' Joſeph replied, he forgave them as much as he could. 'Well, well,' ſaid Bar-nabas, 'that will do.' He then de-manded of him, if he remembered any more ſins unrepented of; and if he did, he deſired him to make haſte and repent of them as faſt as he could, that they might repeat over a few prayers toge-ther. Joſeph anſwered, he could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that thoſe he had com-mitted he was ſincerely ſorry for. Bar-nabas ſaid that was enough: and then proceeded to prayer with all the expe-dition he was maſter of; ſome com-pany then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readineſs: but no

one

one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs. Tow-wouse, who answered, she had just done drinking it, and could not be stopping all day; but ordered Betty to carry up some small-beer.

Betty obeyed her mistress's commands; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would increase his fever, and that he longed very much for tea: to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land. She accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

## CHAP. XIV.

### BEING VERY FULL OF ADVENTURES, WHICH SUCCEEDED EACH OTHER AT THE INN.

IT was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen; and having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fire-side, where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch, who lay above in the dreadful condition in which we have already seen him. Mrs. Tow-wouse said, she wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell meant by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many ale-houses on the road proper for their reception. But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expence of the funeral. She added, nothing would serve the fellow's turn but tea, she would assure him. Betty, who was just returned from her charitable office, answered, she believed he was a gentleman, for she never saw a finer skin in her life. 'Pox on his skin!' replied Mrs. Tow-wouse; 'I suppose this is 'all we are like to have for the reckon-'ing. I desire no such gentlemen 'should ever call at the Dragon.' (which, it seems, was the sign of the inn.)

The gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed to be fallen not into the most compassionate hands. And, indeed, if Mrs. Tow-wouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peeked; and at the upper end of that skin which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this, a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say, whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady, or compassion for her unhappy guest. He enquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery. He begged him to use all possible means towards it; telling him, it was the duty of men of all professions to apply their skill *gratis* for the relief of the poor and necessitous. The surgeon answered, he should take proper care: but he defied all the surgeons in London to do him any good. 'Pray, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'what 'are his wounds?'—'Why, do you 'know any thing of wounds?' says the surgeon, (winking upon Mrs. Tow-wouse.) 'Sir, I have a small smatter-'ing in surgery,' answered the gentleman. 'A smattering—ho, ho, ho!' said the surgeon; 'I believe it is a 'smattering, indeed!'

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He

He began, therefore, with an air of triumph—'I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have 'travelled.'—'No, really, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman. 'Ho! then you have 'practiſed in the hoſpitals, perhaps.' —'No, Sir.'—'Hum! not that nei-'ther? Whence, Sir, then, if I may 'be ſo bold to enquire, have you got 'your knowledge in ſurgery?'—'Sir,' anſwered the gentleman, 'I do not 'pretend to much; but the little I 'know, I have from books.'——— 'Books!' cries the doctor: 'what, 'I ſuppoſe you have read Galen and 'Hippocrates!'——'No, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman. 'How! you underſtand 'ſurgery,' anſwers the doctor, 'and 'not read Galen and Hippocrates!'— 'Sir,' cries the other, 'I believe there 'are many ſurgeons who have never 'read theſe authors.'—'I believe ſo 'too,' ſays the doctor; 'more ſhame 'for them: but thanks to my educa-'tion, I have them by heart, and am 'very ſeldom without them both in my 'pocket.'—'They are pretty large 'books,' ſaid the gentleman. 'Aye,' ſaid the doctor, 'I believe I know how 'large they are better than you.' (At which he fell a winking, and the whole company burſt into a laugh.)

The doctor, purſuing his triumph, aſked the gentleman, if he did not underſtand phyſick as well as ſurgery. 'Rather better,' anſwered the gentleman. 'Aye, like enough,' cries the doctor, with a wink. 'Why, I know 'a little of phyſick too.'—'I wiſh I 'knew half ſo much,' ſaid Tow-wouſe, 'I'd never wear an apron again.'— 'Why, I believe, landlord,' cries the doctor, 'there are few men, though I 'ſay it, within twelve miles of the 'place, that handle a fever better. *Ve-'niente accurrite morbo*: that is my 'method. I ſuppoſe, brother, you un-'derſtand Latin?'—'A little,' ſays the gentleman. 'Aye, and Greek now, 'I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos, 'poluflosboio Thalaſſes*. But I have al-'moſt forgot theſe things; I could have 'repeated Homer by heart once.'— 'Ifags! the gentleman has caught a 'traitor,' ſays Mrs. Tow-wouſe; (at which they all fell a laughing.)

The gentleman, who had not the leaſt affection for joking, very contentedly ſuffered the doctor to enjoy his victory; which he did with no ſmall ſatisfaction: and having ſufficiently ſounded his depth, told him, he was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him, if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's caſe above ſtairs. 'Sir,' ſays the doctor, 'his caſe is that of a dead 'man. The contuſion on his head 'has *perforated* the *internal mem-'brane* of the *occiput*, and *divelli-'cated* that *radical* ſmall *minute* invi-'ſible *nerve* which *coheres* to the *peri-'cranium*; and this was attended with 'a fever at firſt *ſymptomatick*, then '*pneumatick*; and he is at length grown 'delirious; or delirious, as the vulgar 'expreſs it.'

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noiſe interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran up ſtairs with this news to Joſeph; who begged they might ſearch for a little piece of broken gold, which had a ribband tied to it, and which he could ſwear to amongſt all the hoards of the richeſt men in the univerſe.

Notwithſtanding the fellow's perſiſting in his innocence, the mob were very buſy in ſearching him, and preſently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold juſt mentioned; which Betty no ſooner ſaw, than ſhe laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joſeph, who received it with raptures of joy, and hugging it in his boſom, declared he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards, came in ſome other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch; and which was, indeed, the cloaths which had been ſtripped off from Joſeph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no ſooner ſaw the coat, than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above ſtairs, deſired he might ſee him; for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty.——But what, reader, was the ſurprize on both ſides, when he ſaw Joſeph was the perſon in bed; and when Joſeph diſcovered the face of his good friend Mr. Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to inſert a diſcourſe which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader: for as ſoon as the curate had ſatisfied Joſeph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was, on his ſide, very inquiſitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now aſſembled from all the rooms of the houſe, as well as the neighbourhood; ſo much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief!

Mr. Tow-wouſe began to rub his hands with pleaſure, at ſeeing ſo large an aſſembly; who would, he hoped, ſhortly adjourn into ſeveral apartments, in order to diſcourſe over the robbery, and drink a health to all honeſt men. But Mrs. Tow-wouſe, whoſe misfortune it was commonly to ſee things a little perverſely, began to rail at thoſe who brought the fellow into her houſe; telling her huſband, they were likely to thrive who kept a houſe of entertainment for beggars and thieves.

The mob had now finiſhed their ſearch, and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence; for as to the cloaths, though the mob were very well ſatisfied with that proof, yet, as the ſurgeon obſerved, they could not convict him, becauſe they were not found in his cuſtody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added, that theſe were *bona waviata*, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

'How,' ſays the ſurgeon, 'do you 'ſay theſe goods belong to the lord of 'the manor?'—'I do,' cried Barnabas. 'Then I deny it,' ſays the ſurgeon. 'What can the lord of the ma'nor have to do in the caſe? Will any 'one attempt to perſuade me what a 'man finds is not his own?'—'I have 'heard,' ſays an old fellow in the corner, 'Juſtice Wiſe one ſay, that if 'every man had his right, whatever is 'found belongs to the King of Lon'don.'—'That may be true,' ſays Barnabas, 'in ſome ſenſe; for the law 'makes a difference between things 'ſtolen, and things found: for a thing 'may be ſtolen that never is found; 'and a thing may be found that never 'was ſtolen. Now goods that are 'both ſtolen and found, are *wavia*'*ta*; and they belong to the lord of 'the manor.'—'So the lord of the ma'nor is the receiver of ſtolen goods,' ſays the doctor; (at which there was an univerſal laugh, being firſt begun by himſelf.)

While the priſoner, by perſiſting in his innocence, had almoſt (as there was no evidence againſt him) brought over Barnabas, the ſurgeon, Tow-wouſe, and ſeveral others, to his ſide; Betty informed them, that they had overlooked a little piece of gold, which ſhe carried up to the man in bed; and which he offered to ſwear to amongſt a million; aye, amongſt ten thouſand. This immediately turned the ſcale againſt the priſoner; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was reſolved, therefore, to keep him ſecured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a juſtice.

## CHAP. XV.

### SHEWING HOW MRS. TOW-WOUSE WAS A LITTLE MOLLIFIED; AND HOW OFFICIOUS MR. BARNABAS AND THE SURGEON WERE TO PROSECUTE THE THIEF; WITH A DISSERTATION ACCOUNTING FOR THEIR ZEAL, AND THAT OF MANY OTHER PERSONS NOT MENTIONED IN THIS HISTORY.

BETTY told her miſtreſs, ſhe believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for: for, beſides the extreme whiteneſs of his ſkin, and the ſofneſs of his hands, ſhe obſerved a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, ſhe was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This ſomewhat abated the ſeverity of Mrs. Tow-wouſe's countenance. She ſaid, God forbid ſhe ſhould not diſcharge the duty of a chriſtian, ſince the poor gentleman was brought to her houſe. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds;

vagabonds; but could pity the misfortunes of a chriſtian as ſoon as another. Tow-wouſe ſaid—'If the traveller be 'a gentleman, though he hath no mo-'ney about him now, we ſhall moſt 'likely be paid hereafter; ſo you may 'begin to ſcore whenever you will.' Mrs. Tow-wouſe anſwered—'Hold 'your ſimple tongue, and don't inſtruct 'me in my buſineſs. I am ſure I am 'ſorry for the gentleman's misfortune 'with all my heart; and I hope the 'villain who hath uſed him ſo barba-'rouſly, will be hanged.—Betty, go, 'ſee what he wants: God forbid he 'ſhould want any thing in my houſe!'

Barnabas and the ſurgeon went up to Joſeph, to ſatisfy themſelves concerning the piece of gold. Joſeph was with difficulty prevailed upon to ſhew it them; but would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own poſſeſſion. He, however, atteſted this to be the ſame which had been taken from him; and Betty was ready to ſwear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained, was how to produce this gold before the juſtice: for as to carrying Joſeph himſelf, it ſeemed impoſſible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him: for he had faſtened it with a ribband to his arm, and ſolemnly vowed, that nothing but irreſiſtible force ſhould ever ſeparate them; in which reſolution, Mr. Adams, clenching a fiſt rather leſs than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would ſupport him.

A diſpute aroſe on this occaſion concerning evidence, not very neceſſary to be related here; after which the ſurgeon dreſſed Mr. Joſeph's head; ſtill perſiſting in the immiuent danger in which his patient lay; but concluding, with a very important look, that he began to have ſome hopes: that he ſhould ſend him a *ſanative ſoporiferous* draught, and would ſee him in the morning. After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr. Joſeph and Mr. Adams together.

Adams informed Joſeph of the occaſion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publiſh three volumes of ſermons: being encouraged, as he ſaid, by an advertiſement lately ſet forth by a ſociety of booksellers, who propoſe to purchaſe any copies offered to them, at a price to be ſettled by two perſons; but though he imagined he ſhould get a conſiderable ſum of money on this occaſion, which his family were in urgent need of, he proteſted he would not leave Joſeph in his preſent condition; finally, he told him, he had nine ſhillings and three-pence halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to uſe as he pleaſed.

This goodneſs of Parſon Adams brought tears into Joſeph's eyes: he declared, he had now a ſecond reaſon to deſire life, that he might ſhew his gratitude to ſuch a friend. Adams bade him be chearful; for that he plainly ſaw the ſurgeon, beſides his ignorance, deſired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; and that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two.

Theſe words infuſed a ſpirit into Joſeph. He ſaid he found himſelf very ſore from the bruiſes, but had no reaſon to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inſide; unleſs that he felt ſomething very odd in his ſtomach; but he knew not whether that might not ariſe from not having eat one morſel for above twenty-four hours. Being then aſked, if he had any inclination to eat, he anſwered in the affirmative. Then Parſon Adams deſired him to name what he had the greateſt fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken-broth. He anſwered, he could eat both very well; but that he ſeemed to have the greateſt appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage.

Adams was pleaſed with ſo perfect a confirmation that he had not the leaſt fever; but adviſed him to a lighter diet for that evening. He accordingly eat either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty diſcover which; after this, he was, by Mrs. Tow-wouſe's order, conveyed into a better bed, and equipped with one of her huſband's ſhirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the ſurgeon came to the inn, in order to ſee the thief conveyed before the juſtice. They had conſumed the whole night in debating what meaſures they

ſhould

ſhould take to produce the piece of gold in evidence againſt him: for they were both extremely zealous in the buſineſs, though neither of them were in the leaſt intereſted in the proſecution; neither of them ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been ſuſpected of loving the publick well enough to give them a ſermon or a doſe of phyſick for nothing. To help our reader, therefore, as much as poſſible to account for this zeal, we muſt inform him, that, as this pariſh was ſo unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it, there had been a conſtant contention between the two doctors, ſpiritual and phyſical, concerning their abilities in a ſcience, in which, as neither of them profeſſed it, they had equal pretenſions to diſpute each other's opinions. Theſe diſputes were carried on with great contempt on both ſides, and had almoſt divided the pariſh; Mr. Tow-wouſe, and one half of the neighbours, inclining to the ſurgeon; and Mrs. Tow-wouſe, with the other half, to the parſon. The ſurgeon drew his knowledge from thoſe ineſtimable fountains, called the Attorney's Pocket Companion, and Mr. Jacob's Law Tables: Barnabas truſted entirely to Wood's Inſtitutes. It happened on this occaſion, as was pretty frequently the caſe, that theſe two learned men differed about the ſufficiency of evidence: the doctor being of opinion, that the maid's oath would convict the priſoner, without producing the gold; the parſon *è contra, totis viribus*. To diſplay their parts, therefore, before the juſtice and the pariſh, was the ſole motive which we can diſcover to this zeal, which both of them pretended to have for publick juſtice.

O Vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations diſcerned! how wantonly doſt thou deceive mankind under different diſguiſes! Sometimes thou doſt wear the face of pity, ſometimes of generoſity; nay, thou haſt the aſſurance even to put on thoſe glorious ornaments which belong only to heroick virtue. Thou odious, deformed monſter! whom prieſts have railed at, philoſophers deſpiſed, and poets ridiculed, is there a wretch ſo abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in publick? yet, how few will refuſe to enjoy thee in private! nay, thou art the purſuit of moſt men through their lives. The greateſt villainies are daily practiſed to pleaſe thee; nor is the meaneſt thief below, or the greateſt hero above, thy notice. Thy embraces are often the ſole aim and ſole reward of the private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withold from them what they do. All our paſſions are thy ſlaves. Avarice itſelf is often no more than thy handmaid, and even Luſt thy pimp. The bully Fear, like a coward, flies before thee; and Joy and Grief hide their heads in thy preſence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilſt I abuſe thee, I court thee; and that thy love hath inſpired me to write this ſarcaſtical panegyrick on thee: but thou art deceived, I value thee not a farthing; nor will it give me any pain, if thou ſhouldſt prevail on the reader to cenſure this digreſſion as arrant nonſenſe; for know, to thy confuſion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpoſe than to lengthen out a ſhort chapter; and ſo I return to my hiſtory.

## CHAP. XVI.

THE ESCAPE OF THE THIEF. MR. ADAMS'S DISAPPOINTMENT. THE ARRIVAL OF TWO VERY EXTRAORDINARY PERSONAGES, AND THE INTRODUCTION OF PARSON ADAMS TO PARSON BARNABAS.

BARNABAS and the ſurgeon being returned, as we have ſaid, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the juſtice, were greatly concerned to find a ſmall accident had happened, which ſomewhat diſconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's eſcape, who had modeſtly withdrawn himſelf by night, declining all oſtentation, and not chuſing, in imitation of ſome great men, to diſtinguiſh himſelf at the expence of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the conſtable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the ſecond watch, a general complaint of

drought was made both by the priſoner and his keepers; among whom it was at laſt agreed, that the conſtable ſhould remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapſter; in which diſpoſition the latter apprehended not the leaſt danger, as the conſtable was well armed, and could beſides eaſily ſummon him back to his aſſiſtance, if the priſoner made the leaſt attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room, before it came into the conſtable's head, that the priſoner might leap on him by ſurprize, and thereby, preventing him of the uſe of his weapons, eſpecially the long ſtaff, in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the ſucceſs of a ſtruggle to an equal chance. He wiſely, therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, ſlipped out of the room himſelf, and locked the door, waiting without, with his ſtaff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy priſoner, if by ill fortune he ſhould attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been diſcovered by ſome great man or other, (for I would by no means be underſtood to affect the honour of making any ſuch diſcovery) very much reſembles a game of cheſs: for, as in the latter, whilſt a gameſter is too attentive to ſecure himſelf very ſtrongly on one ſide the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; ſo doth it often happen in life, and ſo did it happen on this occaſion; for, whilſt the cautious conſtable with ſuch wonderful ſagacity had poſſeſſed himſelf of the door, he moſt unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who played on the other ſide, no ſooner perceived this opening, than he began to move that way; and finding the paſſage eaſy, he took with him the young fellow's hat; and without any ceremony ſtepped into the ſtreet, and made the beſt of his way.

The young fellow returning with a double mug of ſtrong beer, was a little ſurprized to find the conſtable at the door; but much more ſo, when, the door being opened, he perceived the priſoner had made his eſcape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and without uttering any thing to the conſtable, except a hearty curſe or two, he nimbly leaped out at the window, and went again in purſuit of his prey; being very unwilling to loſe the reward which he had aſſured himſelf of.

The conſtable hath not been diſcharged of ſuſpicion on this account: it hath been ſaid, that not being concerned in the taking of the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward, if he had been convicted; that the thief had ſeveral guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he ſhould have been guilty of ſuch an overſight; that his pretence for leaving the room was abſurd; that it was his conſtant maxim, that a wiſe man never refuſed money on any conditions; that at every election he always had ſold his vote to both parties, &c.

But notwithſtanding theſe, and many other ſuch allegations, I am ſufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been poſitively aſſured of it, by thoſe who received their information from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of ſome moderns, is the beſt, and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and, with many others, aſſembled in the kitchen, where Mr. Tow-wouſe was in ſome tribulation; the ſurgeon having declared, that by law he was liable to be indicted for the thief's eſcape, as it was out of his houſe: he was a little comforted, however, by Mr. Barnabas's opinion, that as the eſcape was by night, the indictment would not lie.

Mrs. Tow-wouſe delivered herſelf in the following words: 'Sure never 'was ſuch a fool as my huſband; 'would any other perſon living have 'left a man in the cuſtody of ſuch a 'drunken, drowſy blockhead, as Tom 'Suckbribe!' (which was the conſtable's name;) 'and if he could be in'dicted without any harm to his wife 'and children, I ſhould be glad of 'it.' [Then the bell rung in Joſeph's room.] 'Why, Betty, John, Cham'berlain! where the devil are you all? 'Have you no ears, or no conſcience, 'not to attend the ſick better? See 'what the gentleman wants.—Why 'don't you go yourſelf, Mr. Tow'wouſe? But any one may die for you; 'you have no more feeling than a 'deal board. If a man lived a fort'night in your houſe without ſpend-

'ing

'ing a penny, you would never put 'him in mind of it. See whether he 'drinks tea or coffee for breakfaſt.'—'Yes, my dear;' cried Tow-wouſe. She then aſked the doctor and Mr. Barnabas, what morning's draught they choſe; who anſwered, they had a pot of *cyder-and* at the fire: which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joſeph.

He had roſe pretty early this morning; but though his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was ſo ſore with the bruiſes, that it was impoſſible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet. Mr. Adams, therefore, whoſe ſtock was viſibly decreaſed with the expences of ſupper and breakfaſt, and which could not ſurvive that day's ſcoring, began to conſider how it was poſſible to recruit it. At laſt he cried, he had luckily hit on a ſure method; and though it would oblige him to return himſelf home, together with Joſeph, it mattered not much. He then ſent for Tow-wouſe; and taking him into another room, told him he wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample ſecurity into his hands. Tow-wouſe, who expected a watch, or ring, or ſomething of double the value, anſwered, he believed he could furniſh him. Upon which Adams, pointing to his ſaddle-bag, told him, with a face and voice full of ſolemnity, that there were in that bag no leſs than nine volumes of manuſcript ſermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a ſhilling was worth twelve-pence; and that he would depoſit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge, not doubting but that he would have the honeſty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwiſe he muſt be a very great loſer, ſeeing that every volume would at leaſt bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country. 'For,' ſaid he, 'as 'to my own part, having never yet 'dealt in printing, I do not pretend 'to aſcertain the exact value of ſuch 'things.'

Tow-wouſe, who was a little ſurprized at the pawn, ſaid, (and not without ſome truth) that he was no judge of the price of ſuch kind of goods: and as for money, he really was very ſhort. Adams anſwered, certainly he would not ſcruple to lend him three guineas on what was undoubtedly worth at leaſt ten. The landlord replied, he did not believe he had ſo much money in the houſe, and beſides he was to make up a ſum. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily ſorry it did not ſuit him. He then cried out—'Coming, Sir!' though nobody called; and ran down ſtairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this diſappointment, nor knew he what farther ſtratagem to try. He immediately applied to his pipe, his conſtant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and leaning over the rails, he devoted himſelf to meditation, aſſiſted by the inſpiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a night-cap drawn over his wig, and a ſhort great-coat, which half covered his caſſock: a dreſs which, added to ſomething comical enough in his countenance, compoſed a figure likely to attract the eyes of thoſe who were not over-given to obſervation.

Whilſt he was ſmoaking his pipe in this poſture, a coach and ſix, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow, and a brace of pointers; after which another young fellow leaped from the box, and ſhook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were inſtantly conducted by Mr. Tow-wouſe into an apartment; whither, as they paſſed, they entertained themſelves with the following ſhort facetious dialogue.

'You are a pretty fellow for a 'coachman, Jack!' ſays he from the coach; 'you had almoſt overturned 'us juſt now.'—'Pox take you,' ſays the coachman, 'if I had only broke 'your neck, it would have been ſaving 'ſomebody elſe the trouble: but I 'ſhould have been ſorry for the point-'ers.'—'Why, you ſon of a b—,' anſwered the other, 'if nobody could 'ſhoot better than you, the pointers 'would be of no uſe.'—'D—n me!' ſays the coachman, 'I will ſhoot with 'you for five guineas a ſhot.'—'You 'be hanged,' ſays the other; 'for five 'guineas you ſhall ſhoot at my a—e.' —'Done,' ſays the coachman; 'I'll 'pepper you better than ever you 'was peppered by Jenny Bouncer.'—

'Pepper your grandmother,' ſays the other; 'here's Tow-wouſe will let you 'ſhoot at him for a ſhilling a time.'—'I know his honour better,' cries Tow-wouſe; 'I never ſaw a ſurer ſhot 'at a partridge. Every man miſſes 'now and then; but if I could ſhoot 'half as well as his honour, I would 'deſire no better livelihood than I could 'get by my gun.'—'Pox on you,' ſaid the coachman, 'you demoliſh more 'game now than your head's worth. 'There's a bitch, Tow-wouſe, by G—, 'ſhe never *blinked** a bird in her life.' —'I have a puppy, not a year old, 'ſhall hunt with her for a hundred,' cries the other gentleman. 'Done,' ſays the coachman, 'but you will be 'pox'd before you make the bett.'— 'If you have a mind for a bett,' cries the coachman, 'I will match my ſpot-'ted dog with your white bitch for a 'hundred, play or pay.'—'Done,' ſays the other, 'and I'll run Baldface 'againſt Slouch with you for another.' —'No,' cries he from the box, 'but, 'I'll venture Miſs Jenny againſt Bald-'face or Hannibal either.'—'Go to the 'devil,' cries he from the coach; 'I 'will make every bett your own way, 'to be ſure! I will match Hannibal 'with Slouch for a thouſand, if you 'dare; and I ſay done firſt.'

They were now arrived; and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen, where Barnabas, the ſurgeon, and an exciſe-man, were ſmoaking their pipes over ſome *cyder-and*; and where the ſervants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have juſt ſeen alight, were now arrived.

'Tom,' cries one of the footmen, 'there's Parſon Adams ſmoaking his 'pipe in the gallery.'—'Yes,' ſays Tom, 'I pull'd off my hat to him, and 'the parſon ſpoke to me.'

'Is the gentleman a clergyman, 'then?' ſays Barnabas, for his caſſock had been tied up when firſt he arrived. 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered the foot-man, 'and one there be but few like.' —'Aye,' ſaid Barnabas, 'if I had 'known it ſooner, I ſhould have de-'ſired his company; I would always 'ſhew a proper reſpect for the cloth. '—But what ſay you, doctor? Shall we 'adjourn into a room, and invite him 'to take part of a bowl of punch?'

This propoſal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and Parſon Adams accepting the invitation, much civility paſſed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together, before they entered into a diſcourſe on ſmall tythes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciſeman's having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then propoſed to begin a general converſation, and the exciſeman opened on foreign affairs; but a word unluckily dropping from one of them, introduced a diſſertation on the hard-ſhips ſuffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of ſermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly diſcouraged poor Adams. He ſaid, the age was ſo wicked, that nobody read ſermons. 'Would you think it, Mr. Adams,' ſaid he, 'I once intended to print a 'volume of ſermons myſelf, and they 'had the approbation of two or three 'biſhops: but what do you think a 'bookſeller offered me?'—'Twelve 'guineas, perhaps,' cried Adams. 'Not twelve-pence, I aſſure you,' anſwered Barnabas; 'nay, the dog 'refuſed me a Concordance in ex-'change. At laſt I offered to give 'him the printing them, for the ſake 'of dedicating them to that very gen-'tleman who juſt now drove his own 'coach into the inn; and I aſſure 'you he had the impudence to refuſe 'my offer: by which means I loſt 'a good living, that was afterwards 'given away, in exchange for a pointer, 'to one who—but I will not ſay 'any thing againſt the cloth. So you 'may gueſs, Mr. Adams, what you 'are to expect; for if ſermons would 'have gone down, I believe—I will 'not be vain; but, to be conciſe 'with you, three biſhops ſaid, they 'were the beſt that ever were writ: 'but indeed there are a pretty moderate 'number printed already, and not all 'ſold yet.'—'Pray, Sir,' ſaid Adams, 'to what do you think the numbers 'may amount to?'—'Sir,' anſwered

* To *blink*, is a term uſed to ſignify the dog's paſſing by a bird without pointing at it.

Barnabas,

Barnabas, 'a bookſeller told me, he 'believed five thouſand volumes at 'leaſt.'—'Five thouſand!' quoth the ſurgeon, 'what can they be writ up-'on? I remember, when I was a boy, 'I uſed to read one Tillotſon's ſer-'mons; and I am ſure, if a man prac-'tiſed half ſo much as is in one of thoſe 'ſermons, he will go to heaven.'—'Doctor,' cried Barnabas, 'you have 'a profane way of talking, for which 'I muſt reprove you. A man can 'never have his duty too frequently 'inculcated into him. And as for 'Tillotſon, to be ſure he was a good 'writer, and ſaid things very well: 'but compariſons are odious; another 'man may write as well as he. I be-'lieve there are ſome of my ſermons,'—and then he applied the candle to his pipe. 'And I believe there are ſome 'of my diſcourſes,' cries Adams, 'which the biſhops would not think 'totally unworthy of being printed; and 'I have been informed, I might pro-'cure a very large ſum (indeed an im-'menſe one) on them.'—'I doubt 'that,' anſwered Barnabas: 'how-'ever, if you deſire to make ſome mo-'ney of them, perhaps you may ſell 'them, by adverti*ſ*ing *the manuſcript 'ſermons of a clergyman lately deceaſed, 'all warranted originals, and never 'printed.* And now I think of it, I 'ſhould be obliged to you, if there be 'ever a funeral one among them, to 'lend it me: for I am this very day to 'preach a funeral ſermon; for which I 'have not penned a line, though I am 'to have a double price.' Adams an-ſwered, he had but one, which he feared would not ſerve his purpoſe, being ſacred to the memory of a ma-giſtrate, who had exerted himſelf very ſingularly in the preſervation of the mo-rality of his neighbours; inſomuch that he had neither alehouſe, nor lewd wo-man, in the pariſh where he lived. 'No,' replied Barnabas, 'that will not do 'quite ſo well; for the deceaſed upon 'whoſe virtues I am to harangue, was 'a little too much addicted to liquor, 'and publickly kept a miſtreſs. I 'believe I muſt take a common ſer-'mon, and truſt to my memory to 'introduce ſomething handſome on 'him.'—'To your invention, rather,' ſaid the doctor; 'your memory will 'be apter to put you out: for no man 'living remembers any thing good of 'him.'

With ſuch kind of ſpiritual diſcourſe, they emptied the bowls of punch, paid their reckoning, and ſeparated. Adams and the doctor went up to Joſeph, Parſon Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforeſaid deceaſed, and the exciſe-man deſcended into the cellar to gauge the veſſels.

Joſeph was now ready to ſit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr. Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor having felt his pulſe, and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to *that ſanative, ſoporiferous, draught*; a me-dicine whoſe virtues, he ſaid, were never to be ſufficiently extolled. And great indeed they muſt be, if Joſeph was ſo much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; ſince nothing more than thoſe effluvia which eſcaped the cork, could have contributed to his recovery; for the medicine had ſtood untouched in the window ever ſince it's arrival.

Joſeph paſſed that day and the three following with his friend Adams, in which nothing ſo remarkable happened as the ſwift progreſs of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almoſt healed; and his bruiſes gave him ſo little un-eaſineſs, that he preſſed Mr. Adams to let him depart; told him he ſhould never be able to return ſufficient thanks for all his favours; but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithſtanding the igno-rance, as he conceived it, of Mr. Tow-wouſe, and the envy (for ſuch he thought it) of Mr. Barnabas, had great expecta-tions from his ſermons: ſeeing there-fore Joſeph in ſo good a way, he told him he would agree to his ſetting out the next morning in the ſtage-coach; that he believed he ſhould have ſufficient, after the reckoning was paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and after-wards he would be able to get on, on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in ſome neighbour's waggon, eſpecially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his pariſh reſorted. And as to himſelf, he agreed to pro-ceed to the great city.

They

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, ſhort perſon, rode in, and alighting from his horſe, went directly up to Barnabas, who was ſmoaking his pipe on a bench. The parſon and the ſtranger ſhook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joſeph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him; and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately ſhewn him, of which he ought not only to have the deepeſt inward ſenſe, but likewiſe to expreſs outward thankfulneſs for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and ſpent a conſiderable time in prayer and thankſgiving.

They had juſt finiſhed, when Betty came in, and told Mr. Adams, Mr. Barnabas deſired to ſpeak to him on ſome buſineſs of conſequence below ſtairs. Joſeph deſired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed; which Adams promiſed, and in that caſe they wiſhed one another a good night.

## CHAP. XVII.

### A PLEASANT DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE TWO PARSONS AND THE BOOKSELLER, WHICH WAS BROKE OFF BY AN UNLUCKY ACCIDENT HAPPENING IN THE INN, WHICH PRODUCED A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. TOWWOUSE AND HER MAID, OF NO GENTLE KIND.

As ſoon as Adams came into the room, Mr. Barnabas introduced him to the ſtranger, who was, he told him, a bookſeller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his ſermons as any man whatever. Adams ſaluting the ſtranger, anſwered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient; for he had no other buſineſs to the great city, and was heartily deſirous of returning with the young man who was juſt recovered of his misfortune. He then ſnapped his fingers, (as was uſual with him) and took two or three turns about the room in an extaſy. And to induce the bookſeller to be as expeditious as poſſible, as likewiſe to offer him a better price for his commodity, he aſſured him their meeting was extremely lucky to himſelf; for that he had the moſt preſſing occaſion for money at that time, his own being almoſt ſpent, and having a friend then in the ſame inn, who was juſt recovered from ſome wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a moſt indigent condition. 'So that nothing,' ſays he, 'could be ſo opportune, for the ſupplying both our neceſſities, as my 'making an immediate bargain with 'you.'

As ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf, the ſtranger began in theſe words—'Sir, I 'do not care abſolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr. Barnabas recommends: but ſermons are 'mere drugs. The trade is ſo vaſtly 'ſtocked with them, that really, unleſs 'they come out with the name of 'Whitefield or Weſley, or ſome other 'ſuch great men, or a biſhop, or thoſe 'ſort of people, I don't care to touch; 'unleſs now it was a ſermon preached 'on the 30th of January, or we could 'ſay in the title-page, publiſhed at the '*earneſt requeſt* of the congregation, or 'the inhabitants; but truly, for a dry 'piece of ſermons, I had rather be excuſed, eſpecially as my hands are ſo 'full at preſent. However, Sir, as 'Mr. Barnabas mentioned them to me, 'I will, if you pleaſe, take the manuſcript with me to town, and ſend you 'my opinion of it in a very ſhort time.'

'O,' ſaid Adams, 'if you deſire it, 'I will read two or three diſcourſes as 'a ſpecimen.' This Barnabas, who loved ſermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and adviſed Adams to let the bookſeller have his ſermons; telling him, if he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a ſpeedy anſwer: adding, he need not ſcruple truſting them in his poſſeſſion. 'No,' ſaid the bookſeller, 'if it was a play that had been acted 'twenty nights together, I believe it 'would be ſafe.'

Adams did not at all reliſh this laſt expreſſion: he ſaid, he was ſorry to hear ſermons compared to plays. 'Not 'by me, I aſſure you,' cried the bookſeller; 'though I don't know whether 'the licenſing act may not ſhortly

'bring

'bring them to the ſame footing: but 'I have formerly known a hundred 'guineas given for a play.'—'More 'ſhame for thoſe that gave it!' cried Barnabas. 'Why ſo?' ſaid the book-ſeller; 'for they got hundreds by it.' —'But is there no difference between 'conveying good and ill inſtructions to 'mankind?' ſaid Adams; 'would not 'an honeſt man rather loſe money by 'the one, than gain it by the other?' —'If you can find any ſuch, I will not 'be their hindrance,' anſwered the book-ſeller; 'but I think thoſe perſons 'who get by preaching ſermons, are 'the propereſt to loſe by printing them; 'for my part, the copy that ſells beſt 'will always be the beſt copy in my 'opinion: I am no enemy to ſermons, 'but becauſe they dont ſell; for I 'would as ſoon print one of White-'field's as any farce whatever.'

'Whoever prints ſuch heterodox ſtuff 'ought to be hanged,' ſays Barnabas. 'Sir,' ſaid he, turning to Adams, 'this fellow's writings (I know not 'whether you have ſeen them) are le-'velled at the clergy. He would re-'duce us to the example of the primi-'tive ages, forſooth! and would inſi-'nuate to the people, that a clergyman 'ought always to be preaching and 'praying. He pretends to underſtand 'the Scripture literally, and would 'make mankind believe, that the po-'verty and low eſtate, which was re-'commended to the church in it's in-'fancy, and was only a temporary doc-'trine adapted to her under perſecution, 'was to be preſerved in her flouriſhing 'and eſtabliſhed ſtate. Sir, the prin-'ciples of Toland, Woolaſton, and all 'the free-thinkers, are not calculated 'to do half the miſchief, as thoſe pro-'feſſed by this fellow and his followers.'

'Sir,' anſwered Adams, 'if Mr. 'Whitefield had carried this doctrine 'no farther than you mention, I ſhould 'have remained, as I once was, his 'well-wiſher. I am myſelf as great 'an enemy to the luxury and ſplendor 'of the clergy as he can be. I do not, 'more than he, by the flouriſhing 'eſtate of the church, underſtand the 'palaces, equipages, dreſs, furniture, 'rich dainties, and vaſt fortunes, of 'her miniſters. Surely thoſe things, 'which ſavour ſo ſtrongly of this world, 'become not the ſervants of one who 'profeſſed his kingdom was not of it; 'but when he began to call nonſenſe 'and enthuſiaſm to his aid, and ſet up 'the deteſtable doctrine of faith againſt 'good works, I was his friend no 'longer; for ſurely, that doctrine was 'coined in hell, and one would think 'none but the devil himſelf could have 'the confidence to preach it. For can 'any thing be more derogatory to the 'honour of God, than for men to ima-'gine that the All-wiſe Being will 'hereafter ſay to the good and virtu-'ous, *Notwithſtanding the purity of thy 'life, notwithſtanding that conſtant rule 'of virtue and goodneſs in which you 'walked upon earth; ſtill, as thou didſt 'not believe every thing in the true or-'thodox manner, thy want of faith ſhall 'condemn thee?* Or, on the other ſide, 'can any doctrine have a more perni-'cious influence on ſociety, than a per-'ſuaſion, that it will be a good plea for 'the villain at the laſt day—*Lord, it is 'true, I never obeyed one of thy com-'mands; yet puniſh me not, for I be-'lieve them all?*'—'I ſuppoſe, Sir,' ſaid the bookſeller, 'your ſermons are 'of a different kind.'—'Aye, Sir,' ſaid Adams, 'the contrary, I thank 'Heaven, is inculcated in almoſt every 'page, or I ſhould belye my own opi-'nion, which hath always been, that a 'virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, 'are more acceptable, in the ſight of 'their Creator, than a vicious and wicked 'Chriſtian, though his faith was as 'perfectly orthodox as St. Paul's him-'ſelf.'—'I wiſh you ſucceſs,' ſays the bookſeller, 'but muſt beg to be excuſed, 'as my hands are ſo very full at pre-'ſent; and indeed I am afraid you will 'find a backwardneſs in the trade, to 'engage in a book which the clergy 'would be certain to cry down.'—'God forbid,' ſays Adams, 'any 'book ſhould be propagated which 'the clergy would cry down: but if 'you mean by the clergy, ſome few 'deſigning, factious men, who have it 'at heart to eſtabliſh ſome favourite 'ſchemes at the price of the liberty of 'mankind, and the very eſſence of re-'ligion, it is not in the power of ſuch 'perſons to decry any book they 'pleaſe: witneſs that excellent book, 'called, A plain Account of the Na-'ture and End of the Sacrament; a 'book, written (if I may venture on

'the

'the expreſſion) with the pen of an 'angel, and calculated to reſtore the 'true uſe of Chriſtianity, and of that 'ſacred inſtitution: for what could tend 'more to the noble purpoſes of religion, 'than frequent chearful meetings among 'the members of a ſociety, in which 'they ſhould, in the preſence of one 'another, and in the ſervice of the Su-'preme Being, make promiſes of be-'ing good, friendly, and benevolent, 'to each other? Now this excellent 'book was attacked by a party, but 'unſucceſsfully.' At theſe words, Barnabas fell a ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a ſervant attending, he bid him bring a bill immediately: for that he was in com-pany, for aught he knew, with the devil himſelf; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Wool-aſton, commended, if he ſtaid a few minutes longer. Adams deſired, as he was ſo much moved at his mention-ing the book, which he did without apprehending any poſſibility of offence, that he would be ſo kind to propoſe any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to anſwer. 'I propoſe ob-'jections!' ſaid Barnabas. 'I never 'read a ſyllable in any ſuch wicked 'book; I never ſaw it in my life, I 'aſſure you.' Adams was going to anſwer, when a moſt hideous up-roar began in the inn; Mrs. Tow-wouſe, Mr. Tow-wouſe, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together: but Mrs. Tow-wouſe's voice, like a baſs-viol in a concert, was clearly and diſtinctly diſtinguiſhed among the reſt, and was heard to articulate the following ſounds—'O you d——d 'villain! is this the return to all the 'care I have taken of your family? 'is this the reward of my virtue? is 'this the manner in which you behave 'to one who brought you a fortune, 'and preferred you to ſo many matches, 'all your betters? to abuſe my bed, 'my own bed, with my own ſervant: 'but I'll maul the ſlut, I'll tear her 'naſty eyes out. Was ever ſuch a 'pitiful dog, to take up with ſuch 'a mean trollop? if ſhe had been a 'gentlewoman like myſelf, it had been 'ſome excuſe; but a beggarly, ſaucy, 'dirty ſervant-maid!—Get you out 'of my houſe, you whore!' To which ſhe added another name, which we do not care to ſtain our paper with. It was a monoſyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the ſame as if ſhe had pronounced the words *ſhe-dog*. Which term we ſhall, to avoid offence, uſe on this occaſion, though indeed both the miſtreſs and maid uttered the above-mentioned b—, a word extreme-ly diſguſtful to females of the lower ſort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamenta-tions; but the laſt appellation ſtung her to the quick: 'I am a woman as well 'as yourſelf,' ſhe roared out, 'and 'no ſhe-dog; and if I have been a lit-'tle naughty, I am not the firſt. If I 'have been no better than I ſhould be,' cries ſhe, ſobbing, 'that's no reaſon 'you ſhould call me out of my name; 'my be-betters are wo-worſe than 'me.'—'Huſſey, huſſey!' ſays Mrs. Tow-wouſe, 'have you the impudence 'to anſwer me? did I not catch you, 'you ſaucy ——?' and then again re-peated the terrible word ſo odious to fe-male ears. 'I can't bear that name,' anſwered Betty; 'if I have been wicked, 'I am to anſwer for it myſelf in the 'other world: but I have done nothing 'that's unnatural; and I will go out 'of your houſe this moment; for I 'will never be called *ſhe-dog* by any 'miſtreſs in England.' Mrs. Tow-wouſe then armed herſelf with the ſpit; but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpoſe by Mr. Adams, who confined her arms with the ſtrength of a wriſt which Hercules would not have been aſhamed of. Mr. Tow-wouſe being caught, as our lawyers expreſs it, with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently with-drew himſelf, and Betty committed her-ſelf to the protection of the hoſtler, who, though ſhe could not conceive him pleaſed with what had happened, was, in her opinion, rather a gentler beaſt than her miſtreſs.

Mrs. Tow-wouſe, at the interceſſion of Mr. Adams, and finding the ene-my vaniſhed, began to compoſe her-ſelf, and at length recovered the uſual ſerenity of her temper; in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the ſteps which led to a cataſtrophe, common enough, and comical enough oo, perhaps, in modern hiſtory, yet often fatal to the repoſe and well-being of families, and the ſub-

ject

ject of many tragedies both in life and on the ſtage.

## CHAP. XVIII.

### THE HISTORY OF BETTY THE CHAMBERMAID, AND AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT OCCASIONED THE VIOLENT SCENE IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

BETTY, who was the occaſion of all this hurry, had ſome good qualities. She had good-nature, generoſity, and compaſſion; but unfortunately her conſtitution was compoſed of thoſe warm ingredients which, though the purities of courts or nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the tickliſh ſituation of a chambermaid at an inn, who is daily liable to the ſolicitations of lovers of all complexions; to the dangerous addreſſes of fine gentlemen of the army, who ſometimes are obliged to reſide with them a whole year together; and above all, are expoſed to the careſſes of footmen, ſtage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ their whole artillery of kiſſing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, againſt them.

Betty, who was but one and twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous ſituation, during which ſhe had eſcaped pretty well. An enſign of foot was the firſt perſon who made an impreſſion on her heart; he did indeed raiſe a flame in her, which required the care of a ſurgeon to cool.

While ſhe burned for him, ſeveral others burned for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the weſtern circuit, inoffenſive ſquires, and ſome of graver character, were ſet afire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her firſt unhappy paſſion, ſhe ſeemed to have vowed a ſtate of perpetual chaſtity. She was long deaf to all the ſufferings of her lovers; till one day, at a neighbouring fair, the rhetorick of John the hoſtler, with a new ſtraw-hat, and a pint of wine, made a ſecond conqueſt over her.

She did not, however, feel any of thoſe flames on this occaſion, which had been the conſequence of her former amour; nor indeed thoſe other ill effects, which prudent young women very juſtly apprehend from too abſolute an indulgence to the preſſing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely conſtant to John, with whom ſhe permitted Tom Whipwell the ſtage-coachman, and now and then a handſome young traveller, to ſhare her favours.

Mr. Tow-wouſe had for ſome time caſt the languiſhing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of ſaying tender things to her, ſqueezing her by the hand, and ſometimes kiſſing her lips: for as the violence of his paſſion had conſiderably abated to Mrs. Tow-wouſe, ſo, like water which is ſtopped from it's uſual current in one place, it naturally ſought a vent in another. Mrs. Tow-wouſe is thought to have perceived this abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural ſweetneſs of her temper; for though ſhe was as true to her huſband as the dial to the ſun, ſhe was rather more deſirous of being ſhone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever ſince Joſeph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which diſcovered itſelf more and more, as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening when, as ſhe was warming his bed, her paſſion grew to ſuch a height, and ſo perfectly maſtered both her modeſty and her reaſon, that after many fruitleſs hints and ſly inſinuations, ſhe at laſt threw down the warming-pan, and embracing him with great eagerneſs, ſwore he was the handſomeſt creature ſhe had ever ſeen.

Joſeph in great confuſion leaped from her, and told her he was ſorry to ſee a young woman caſt off all regard to modeſty: but ſhe had gone too far to recede; and grew ſo very indecent, that Joſeph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to uſe ſome violence to her; and, taking her in his arms, he ſhut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice, that his chaſtity is always in his own power; that if he hath ſufficient ſtrength of mind, he hath always a competent ſtrength of body to defend himſelf;

and cannot, like a poor, weak woman, be ravished against his will!

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment; rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph; the next, of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself: but whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily Death presented himself to her in so many shapes of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c. that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory, that her master's bed was not made: she therefore went directly to his room; where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire; but he called her back, and taking her by the hand, squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and then pressed her so closely with his kisses, that the vanquished fair-one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though perhaps she would have rather preferred that one: the vanquished fair-one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss, when Mrs. Tow-wouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary at present to take any farther notice of; since, without the assistance of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation, or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture, that it concluded with the discharge of Betty; the submission of Mr. Tow-wouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him; with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner; and lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his transgressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a day, during the residue of his life.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# JOSEPH ANDREWS.

## BOOK II.

### CHAP. I.

#### OF DIVISIONS IN AUTHORS.

THERE are certain myſteries or ſecrets in all trades from the higheſt to the loweſt, from that of *prime miniſtering*, to this of *authoring*, which are ſeldom diſcovered, unleſs to members of the ſame calling. Among thoſe uſed by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the leaſt conſiderable. Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this ſecret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing, we mean only to ſwell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwiſe be extended to. Theſe ſeveral places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are underſtood as ſo much buckram, ſtays, and ſtay-tape, in a taylor's bill, ſerving only to make up the ſum-total, commonly found at the bottom of our firſt page, and of his laſt.

But in reality the caſe is otherwiſe; and in this, as well as all other inſtances, we conſult the advantage of our reader, not our own: and indeed many notable uſes ariſe to him from this method; for, firſt, thoſe little ſpaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or reſting-place, where he may ſtop and take a glaſs, or any other refreſhment, as it pleaſes him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be ſcarcely able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to thoſe vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as thoſe ſtages where, in long journies, the traveller ſtays ſome time to repoſe himſelf, and conſider of what he hath ſeen in the parts he hath already paſſed through; a conſideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader; for however ſwift his capacity may be, I would not adviſe him to travel through theſe pages too faſt; for if he doth, he may probably miſs the ſeeing ſome curious productions of nature, which will be obſerved by the ſlower and more accurate reader. A volume, without any ſuch places of reſt, reſembles the opening of wilds or ſeas, which tires the eye, and fatigues the ſpirit when entered upon.

Secondly, What are the contents prefixed to every chapter, but ſo many inſcriptions over the gates of inns; (to continue the ſame metaphor) informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect; which, if he like not, he may travel on to the next; for in biography, as we are not tied down to an

exact concatenation equally with other hiſtorians; ſo a chapter or two (for inſtance, this I am now writing) may be often paſſed over without any injury to the whole. And in theſe inſcriptions I have been as faithful as poſſible; not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promiſes you one thing, and gives you another; nor ſome title-page authors, who promiſe a great deal, and produce nothing at all.

There are, beſides theſe more obvious benefits, ſeveral others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing: though perhaps moſt of them too myſterious to be preſently underſtood by any who are not initiated into the ſcience of *authoring*. To mention, therefore, but one which is moſt obvious, it prevents ſpoiling the beauty of a book by turning down it's leaves; a method otherwiſe neceſſary to thoſe readers who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their ſtudy, after half an hour's abſence, to forget where they left off.

Theſe diviſions have the ſanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books, (in compliment, perhaps, to the twenty-four letters, to which he had very particular obligations) but according to the opinion of ſome very ſagacious criticks, hawked them all ſeparately, delivering only one book at a time, (probably by ſubſcription.) He was the firſt inventor of the art, which hath ſo long lain dormant, of publiſhing by numbers; an art now brought to ſuch perfection, that even Dictionaries are divided, and exhibited piecemeal to the publick; nay, one bookſeller hath *(to encourage learning, and eaſe the publick)* contrived to give them a Dictionary in this divided manner, for only fifteen ſhillings more than it would have coſt entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books; an argument of his modeſty: for by that doubtleſs he would inſinuate, that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek. For the ſame reaſon our Milton went originally no farther than ten; till being puffed up by the praiſe of his friends, he put himſelf on the ſame footing with the Roman poet.

I ſhall not, however, enter ſo deep into this matter as ſome very learned criticks have done; who have, with infinite labour and acute diſcernment, diſcovered what books are proper for embelliſhment, and what require ſimplicity only, particularly with regard to ſimilies; which, I think, are now generally agreed to become any book but the firſt.

I will diſmiſs this chapter with the following obſervation: That it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat; for ſuch aſſiſtance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now having indulged myſelf a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curioſity of my reader, who is, no doubt, impatient to know what he will find in the ſubſequent chapters of this book.

## CHAP. II.

### A SURPRIZING INSTANCE OF MR. ADAMS'S SHORT MEMORY, WITH THE UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCES WHICH IT BROUGHT ON JOSEPH.

MR. Adams and Joſeph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend; which Tow-wouſe, Barnabas, and the bookſeller, had not been able to do. This accident was, that thoſe ſermons, which the parſon was travelling to London to publiſh, were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had miſtaken for them in the ſaddle-bags, being no more than three ſhirts, a pair of ſhoes, and ſome other neceſſaries, which Mrs. Adams, who thought her huſband would want ſhirts more than ſermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This diſcovery was now luckily owing to the preſence of Joſeph at the opening the ſaddle-bags; who having heard his friend ſay he carried with him nine volumes of ſermons, and not being of that ſect of philoſophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-ſhell, ſeeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parſon had ſaid they were depoſited, had the curioſity to cry out—'Bleſs me, Sir! where are your 'ſermons?' The parſon anſwered—'There,

'There, there, child; there they are, 'under my ſhirts.' Now it happened that he had taken forth his laſt ſhirt, and the vehicle remained viſibly empty. 'Sure, Sir,' ſaid Joſeph, 'there is 'nothing in the bags.' Upon which Adams, ſtarting, and teſtifying ſome ſurprize, cried—'Hey! fie, fie, upon 'it; they are not here, ſure enough! 'Aye, they are certainly left behind.' Joſeph was greatly concerned at the uneaſineſs which he apprehended his friend muſt feel from this diſappointment. He begged him to purſue his journey, and promiſed he would himſelf return with the books to him with the utmoſt expedition. 'No, thank you, 'child,' anſwered Adams, 'it ſhall 'not be ſo. What would it avail me 'to tarry in the great city, unleſs I 'had my diſcourſes with me, which 'are, *ut ita dicam*, the ſole cauſe, the '*ditia monotate* of my peregrination? 'No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am reſolved to turn back to 'my cure, together with you; which 'indeed my inclination ſufficiently leads 'me to. This diſappointment may, 'perhaps, be intended for my good.' He concluded with a verſe out of Theocritus, which ſignifies no more than, *that ſometimes it rains, and ſometimes the ſun ſhines.*

Joſeph bowed with obedience, and thankfulneſs for the inclination which the parſon expreſſed of returning with him: and now the bill was called for; which, on examination, amounted within a ſhilling to the ſum Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a ſufficient ſum for ſo many days: that he may not be ſurprized, therefore, it cannot be unneceſſary to acquaint him, that he had borrowed a guinea of a ſervant belonging to the coach-and-ſix, who had been formerly one of his pariſhioners, and whoſe maſter, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him: for ſo good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the Lady Booby's ſteward, would have lent him a guinea with very little ſecurity.

Mr. Adams diſcharged the bill, and they were both ſetting out, having agreed *to ride and tie*: a method of travelling much uſed by perſons who have but one horſe between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers ſet out together, one on horſeback, the other on foot: now as it generally happens that he on horſeback outgoes him on foot, the cuſtom is, that when he arrives at the diſtance agreed on, he is to diſmount, tie the horſe to ſome gate, tree, poſt, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horſe, he unties him, mounts, and gallops on, till having paſſed by his fellow-traveller, he likewiſe arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling ſo much in uſe among our prudent anceſtors, who knew that horſes had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not uſe the latter without being at the expence of ſuffering the beaſts themſelves to uſe the former. This was the method in uſe in thoſe days, when, inſtead of a coach-and-ſix, a member of parliament's lady uſed to mount a pillion behind her huſband; and a grave ſerjeant-at-law condeſcended to amble to Weſtminſter on an eaſy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone ſome minutes, having inſiſted on Joſeph's beginning the journey on horſeback; and Joſeph had his foot in the ſtirrup, when the hoſtler preſented him a bill for the horſe's board during his reſidence at the inn. Joſeph ſaid Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouſe, was by him decided in favour of the hoſtler, and indeed with truth and juſtice; for this was a freſh inſtance of that ſhortneſs of memory, which did not ariſe from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parſon Adams was always involved.

Joſeph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him, The ſum due for horſe-meat was twelve ſhillings, (for Adams, who had borrowed the beaſt of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him) and the caſh in his pocket amounted to ſix-pence, (for Adams had divided the laſt ſhilling with him.) Now, though there have been ſome ingenious perſons who have contrived to pay twelve ſhillings with ſix-pence, Joſeph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was conſequently the leſs ready at an expedient to extricate himſelf. Tow-wouſe was willing to give

him

him credit till next time; to which Mrs. Tow-wouſe would probably have conſented: for ſuch was Joſeph's beauty, that it had made ſome impreſſion even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her boſom by way of heart. Joſeph would have found, therefore, very likely, the paſſage free, had he not, when he honeſtly diſcovered the nakedneſs of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This cauſed Mrs. Tow-wouſe's eyes to water: ſhe told Joſeph, ſhe did not conceive a man could want money whilſt he had gold in his pocket. Joſeph anſwered, he had ſuch a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greateſt ſquire in the country was worth. 'A very pretty way, indeed!' ſaid Mrs. Tow-wouſe; 'to run in debt, 'and then refuſe to part with your 'money, becauſe you have a value 'for it. I never knew any piece of 'gold of more value than as many 'ſhillings as it would change for.'— 'Not to preſerve my life from ſtarv-'ing, nor to redeem it from a robber, 'would I part with this dear piece!' anſwered Joſeph. 'What,' ſays Mrs. Tow-wouſe, 'I ſuppoſe it was given 'you by ſome vile trollop, ſome Miſs 'or other; if it had been the preſent 'of a virtuous woman, you would not 'have had ſuch a value for it. My 'huſband is a fool if he parts with the 'horſe without being paid for him.'— 'No, no, I can't part with the horſe, 'indeed, till I have the money!' cried Tow-wouſe. A reſolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouſe might juſtify the detainer.

As we cannot, therefore, at preſent get Mr. Joſeph out of the inn, we ſhall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parſon Adams; who, his mind being perfectly at eaſe, fell into a contemplation on a paſſage in Æſchylus, which entertained him for three miles together, without ſuffering him once to think on his fellow-traveller.

At length having ſpun out his thread, and being now at the ſummit of a hill, he caſt his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not ſee any ſign of Joſeph. As he left him ready to mount the horſe, he could not apprehend any miſchief had happened; neither could he ſuſpect that he had miſſed his way, it being ſo broad and plain. The only reaſon which preſented itſelf to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay ſome time in diſcourſe.

He therefore reſolved to proceed ſlowly forwards, not doubting but that he ſhould be ſhortly overtaken; and ſoon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he ſaw no method of paſſing, unleſs by wading through, which he accordingly did, up to his middle; but was no ſooner got to the other ſide, than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path, capable of conducting him, without wetting his ſhoes.

His ſurprize at Joſeph's not coming up grew now very troubleſome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and if he did not ſhortly overtake him, to return back, he wiſhed to find a houſe of publick entertainment, where he might dry his cloaths and refreſh himſelf with a pint: but ſeeing no ſuch, (for no other reaſon than becauſe he did not caſt his eyes a hundred yards forwards) he ſat himſelf down on a ſtile, and pulled out his Æſchylus.

A fellow paſſing preſently by, Adams aſked him if he could direct him to an alehouſe. The fellow, who had juſt left it, and perceived the houſe and ſign to be within ſight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a moroſe temper, bade him follow his noſe, and be d—d! Adams told him he was a ſaucy jackanapes: upon which the fellow turned about angrily; but perceiving Adams clench his fiſt, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horſeman following immediately after, and being aſked the ſame queſtion, anſwered—'Friend, there is one with-'in a ſtone's throw; I believe you may 'ſee it before you.' Adams, lifting up his eyes, cried—'I proteſt, and ſo 'there is!' and, thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

THE OPINION OF THE LAWYERS CONCERNING THE SAME GENTLEMAN, WITH MR. ADAMS'S ENQUIRY INTO THE RELIGION OF HIS HOST.

HE had just entered the house, had called for his pint, and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and fastening their horses to the rails, alighted. They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there; and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr. Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, if he had seen a more comical adventure a long while. Upon which the other said, he doubted whether, by law, the landlord could justify detaining the horse for his corn and hay. But the former answered—'Undoubtedly he can; 'it is an adjudged case, and I have 'known it tried.'

Adams, who though he was, as the reader may suspect, a little inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, overhearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him: which, upon enquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joseph how to procure his horse his liberty. He was, however, prevailed on to stay under cover, till the shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, enquired to whom it belonged. One of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular facts. He said, he no more regarded a field of wheat when he was at hunting, than he did the highway; that he had injured several poor farmers, by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him, with the utmost submission, to refrain, his horsewhip was always ready to do them justice. He said, that he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, though he might justify it by law; and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelvemonth. 'In his capacity as a justice,' continued he, 'he behaves so partially, 'that he commits or acquits, just as he 'is in the humour, without any regard 'to truth or evidence. The devil may 'carry any one before him for me. I 'would rather be tried before some judges 'than be a prosecutor before him. If 'I had an estate in the neighbourhood, 'I would sell it for half the value, rather 'than live near him.'

Adams shook his head, and said, he was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that riches could set any man above law. The reviler, a little after, retiring into the yard, the gentleman who had first mentioned his name to Adams, began to assure him that his companion was a prejudiced person. 'It is true,' says he, 'perhaps, that he may have sometimes 'pursued his game over a field of corn; 'but he hath always made the party 'ample satisfaction.' That so far from tyrannizing over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers, not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them. That he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them were grown old in his service. That he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom; and to his certain knowledge had decided many difficult points which were referred to him, with the greatest equity and the highest wisdom. And he verily believed, several persons would give a year's purchase more for an estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man. He had just finished his encomium, when his companion returned, and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams,

Adams, who was in the utmoſt anxiety at theſe different characters of the ſame perſon, aſked his hoſt if he knew the gentleman; for he began to imagine they had, by miſtake, been ſpeaking of two ſeveral gentlemen. 'No, no, maſter!' anſwered the hoſt, a ſhrewd, cunning fellow; 'I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been ſpeaking, as I do the gentlemen who ſpoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horſeback theſe two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not ſo free of his money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know ſeveral who have guns in their houſes; but as for killing game with them, no man is ſtricter; and, I believe, he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen ſay, he was the worſt maſter in the world, and the other that he is the beſt; but for my own part, I know all his ſervants, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other.'—'Aye, aye!' ſays Adams, 'and how doth he behave as a juſtice, pray?'—'Faith, friend,' anſwered the hoſt, 'I queſtion whether he is in the commiſſion. The only cauſe I have heard he hath decided a great while, was one between thoſe very two perſons who juſt went out of this houſe; and I am ſure he determined that juſtly, for I heard the whole matter.'—'Which did he decide it in favour of?' quoth Adams. 'I think I need not anſwer that queſtion,' cried the hoſt, 'after the different characters you have heard of him. It is not my buſineſs to contradict gentlemen, while they are drinking in my houſe; but I knew neither of them ſpoke a ſyllable of truth.'—'God forbid,' ſays Adams, 'that men ſhould arrive at ſuch a pitch of wickedneſs, to belye the character of their neighbour from a little private affection; or, what is infinitely worſe, a private ſpite! I rather believe we have miſtaken them, and they mean two other perſons; for there are many houſes on the road.'—'Why, prythee, friend,' cries the hoſt, 'doſt thou pretend never to have told a lye in thy life?'—'Never a malicious one, I am certain,' anſwered Adams; 'nor with a deſign to injure the reputation of any man living.'—'Pugh, malicious! No, no,' replied the hoſt; 'not malicious with a deſign to hang a man, or bring him into trouble: but ſurely out of love to one's ſelf, one muſt ſpeak better of a friend than an enemy.'—'Out of love to yourſelf, you ſhould confine yourſelf to truth,' ſays Adams; 'for by doing otherwiſe, you injure the nobleſt part of yourſelf, your immortal ſoul. I can hardly believe any man ſuch an idiot to riſque the loſs of that by any trifling gain, and the greateſt gain in the world is but dirt in compariſon of what ſhall be revealed hereafter.' Upon which the hoſt taking up the cup, with a ſmile drank a health to Hereafter; adding, he was for ſomething preſent. 'Why,' ſays Adams very gravely, 'do you not believe another world?' To which the hoſt anſwered, Yes, he was no Atheiſt. 'And you believe you have an immortal ſoul?' cries Adams. He anſwered, God forbid he ſhould not. 'And heaven and hell?' ſaid the parſon. The hoſt then bid him not to be profane: for thoſe were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church. Adams aſked him, why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life. 'I go to church,' anſwered the hoſt, 'to ſay my prayers, and behave godly.'—'And doſt not thou,' cried Adams, 'believe what thou heareſt at church?'—'Moſt part of it, maſter,' returned the hoſt. 'And doſt thou not then tremble,' cries Adams, 'at the thought of eternal puniſhment?'—'As for that, maſter,' ſaid he, 'I never once thought about it: but what ſignifies talking about matters ſo far off? the mug is out; ſhall I draw another?'

Whilſt he was gone for that purpoſe, a ſtage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the houſe, was aſked by the miſtreſs, what paſſengers he had got in his coach. 'A parcel of *ſquinny-gut* b——s,' ſays he: 'I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink any thing, I aſſure you.' Adams aſked him, if he had not ſeen a young man on horſeback on the road, (deſcribing

deſcribing Joſeph.) 'Aye,' ſaid the coachman, 'a gentlewoman in my coach 'that is his acquaintance, redeemed him 'and his horſe: he would have been 'here before this time, had not the 'ſtorm driven him to ſhelter.'—'God 'bleſs her!' ſaid Adams in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to ſatisfy himſelf who this charitable woman was: but what was his ſurprize, when he ſaw his old acquaintance, Madam Slipſlop! Her's, indeed, was not ſo great, becauſe ſhe had been informed by Joſeph, that he was on the road. Very civil were the ſalutations on both ſides; and Mrs. Slipſlop rebuked the hoſteſs for denying the gentleman to be there when ſhe aſked for him: but indeed the poor woman had not erred deſignedly, for Mrs. Slipſlop aſked for a clergyman; and ſhe had unhappily miſtaken Adams for a perſon travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or ſome other ſuch occupation: for he marched in a ſwingeing great, but ſhort, white coat, with black buttons, a ſhort wig, and a hat which, ſo far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joſeph was now come up, and Mrs. Slipſlop would have had him quit his horſe to the parſon, and come himſelf into the coach; but he abſolutely refuſed, ſaying, he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in the coach, while Mr. Adams was on horſeback.

Mrs. Slipſlop would have perſiſted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a ſhort end to the diſpute, by refuſing to ſuffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the ſame coach with herſelf: ſo it was at length agreed that Adams ſhould fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joſeph ſhould proceed on horſeback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs. Slipſlop, addreſſing herſelf to the parſon, ſpoke thus—'There hath been 'a ſtrange alteration in our family, 'Mr. Adams, ſince Sir Thomas's 'death.'—'A ſtrange alteration in'deed!' ſays Adams, 'as I gather 'from ſome hints which have dropped 'from Joſeph.'—'Aye,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'could never have believed it; but the 'longer one lives in the world, the 'more one ſees. So Joſeph hath given 'you hints!'—'But of what nature, 'will always remain a perfect ſecret 'with me,' cries the parſon; 'he forced 'me to promiſe before he would communicate any thing. I am, indeed, 'concerned to find her ladyſhip behave 'in ſo unbecoming a manner: I always 'thought her, in the main, a good lady; 'and ſhould never have ſuſpected her of 'thoughts ſo unworthy a Chriſtian, and 'with a young lad, her own ſervant.'—'Theſe things are no ſecrets to me, I 'aſſure you,' cries Slipſlop; 'and I 'believe they will be none any where 'ſhortly: for, ever ſince the boy's departure, ſhe hath behaved more like a 'mad woman than any thing elſe.'—'Truly I am heartily concerned,' ſays Adams; 'for ſhe was a good ſort of a 'lady: indeed, I have often wiſhed ſhe 'had attended a little more conſtantly 'at the ſervice; but ſhe hath done a 'great deal of good in the pariſh.'—'O, Mr. Adams!' ſays Slipſlop, 'people 'that don't ſee all, often know nothing. Many things have been given 'away in our family, I do aſſure you, 'without her knowledge. I have heard 'you ſay in the pulpit, we ought not to 'brag; but indeed I can't avoid ſaying, 'if ſhe had kept the keys herſelf, the 'poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As 'for my late maſter, he was as worthy 'a man as ever lived, and would have 'done infinite good if he had not been 'controuled: but he loved a quiet life, 'Heaven reſt his ſoul! I am confident 'he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, 'which ſome folks would not allow him 'here.' Adams anſwered, he had never heard this before; and was miſtaken if ſhe herſelf (for he remembered ſhe uſed to commend her miſtreſs and blame her maſter) had not formerly been of another opinion. 'I don't know,' replied ſhe, 'what I might once think, 'but now I am *confidous* matters are as 'I tell you. The world will ſhortly 'ſee who hath been deceived: for my 'part, I ſay nothing, but that it is *wonderſome* how ſome people can carry all 'things with a grave face.'

Thus Mr. Adams and ſhe diſcourſed, till they came oppoſite to a great houſe which ſtood at ſome diſtance from the road. A lady in the coach ſpying it, cried—'Yonder lives the unfortunate 'Leonora, if one may juſtly call a 'woman unfortunate, whom we muſt 'own at the ſame time guilty, and the

'author of her own calamity.' This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr. Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora's history; since it seemed, from what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many intreaties; and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company's attention, she began in the following manner.

## CHAP. IV.

### THE HISTORY OF LEONORA, OR THE UNFORTUNATE JILT.

'LEONORA was the daughter of 'a gentleman of fortune; she was 'tall and well-shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance, which often 'attracts beyond more regular features 'joined with an insipid air: nor is this 'kind of beauty less apt to deceive 'than allure; the good humour which 'it indicates being often mistaken for 'good nature, and the vivacity for true 'understanding.

'Leonora, who was now at the age 'of eighteen, lived with an aunt of 'her's in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of 'gaiety, and very rarely missed a ball, 'or any other publick assembly; where 'she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity, 'with the preference which was given 'her by the men to almost every other 'woman present.

'Among many young fellows who 'were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished 'himself in her eyes beyond all his 'competitors. She danced with more 'than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner: neither the 'fairness of the evening, nor the musick of the nightingale, could lengthen 'her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others; whilst she inclined 'so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled 'even when it was too delicate for her 'comprehension.'

'Pray, Madam,' says Adams, 'who 'was this Squire Horatio?'

'Horatio,' says the lady, 'was a 'young gentleman of a good family, 'bred to the law, and had been some 'few years called to the degree of a barrister. His face and person were such 'as the generality allowed handsome; 'but he had a dignity in his air very 'rarely to be seen. His temper was of 'the saturnine complexion, but without the least taint of moroseness. He 'had wit and humour, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

'This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived 'the probability of it's success. The 'whole town had made the match for 'him, before he himself had drawn a 'confidence from her actions sufficient 'to mention his passion to her; for it 'was his opinion (and perhaps he was 'there in the right) that it is highly impolitick to talk seriously of love to a 'woman before you have made such a 'progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

'But whatever diffidence the fears of 'a lover may create, which are apt to 'magnify every favour conferred on a 'rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other 'end of the perspective; it was impossible that Horatio's passion should so 'blind his discernment, as to prevent 'his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora; whose fondness for 'him was now as visible to an indifferent 'person in their company, as his for her.'

'I never knew any of these forward 'sluts come to good,' says the lady who refused Joseph's entrance into the coach; 'nor shall I wonder at any thing she 'doth in the sequel.'

The lady proceeded in her story thus: 'It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when 'Horatio whispered Leonora, that he 'was desirous to take a turn or two 'with her in private; for that he had 'something to communicate to her of 'great consequence. "Are you sure it "is of consequence?" said she, smiling, "I hope," answered he, "you will "think so too; since the whole future "happiness of my life must depend on "the event."

'Leonora, who very much suspected 'what was coming, would have deferred it till another time; but Horatio, 'who had more than half conquered 'the difficulty of speaking, by the first 'motion,

'motion, was so very importunate, that 'she at last yielded; and leaving the rest 'of the company, they turned aside to 'an unfrequented walk.

'They had retired far out of the 'sight of the company, both maintain-'ing a strict silence. At last Horatio 'made a full stop, and taking Leonora, 'who stood pale and trembling, gently 'by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, 'and then looking on her eyes with all 'the tenderness imaginable, he cried 'out, in a faltering accent—"O Leo-"nora! is it necessary for me to declare "to you on what the future happiness "of my life must be founded! Must "I say, there is something belonging "to you which is a bar to my happi-"ness, and which, unless you will part "with, I must be miserable?"—"What "can that be?" replied Leonora. "No "wonder," said he, "you are surprized "that I should make an objection to "any thing which is yours; yet sure "you may guess, since it is the only "one which the riches of the world, if "they were mine, should purchase of "me. O, it is that which you must "part with to bestow all the rest! Can "Leonora, or rather will she, doubt "longer? Let me then whisper it in "your ears. It is your name, Madam. "It is by parting with that, by your "condescension to be for ever mine, "which must at once prevent me from "being the most miserable, and will "render me the happiest of mankind."

'Leonora, covered with blushes, and 'with as angry a look as she could pos-'sibly put on, told him, that had she 'suspected what his declaration would 'have been, he should not have decoyed 'her from her company: that he had 'so surprized and frighted her, that she 'begged him to convey her back as 'quick as possible; which he, trembling 'very near as much as herself, did.'

'More fool he!' cried Slipslop; 'it 'is a sign he knew very little of our '*sect*.'—'Truly, Madam,' said Adams, 'I think you are in the right; 'I should have insisted to know a piece 'of her mind, when I had carried mat-'ters so far.' But Mrs. Grave-airs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story; for that it made her sick.

'Well, then, Madam, to be as 'concise as possible,' said the lady, 'many weeks had not passed after this 'interview, before Horatio and Leo-'nora were what they call on a good 'footing together. All ceremonies, 'except the last, were now over; the 'writings were now drawn, and every 'thing was in the utmost forwardness 'preparative to the putting Horatio in 'possession of all his wishes. I will, if 'you please, repeat you a letter from 'each of them, which I have got by 'heart, and which will give you no 'small idea of their passion on both 'sides.'

Mrs. Grave-airs objected to hearing these letters: but being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; Parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

"HORATIO TO LEONORA.

"HOW vain, most adorable crea-"ture! is the pursuit of plea-"sure in the absence of an object to "which the mind is entirely devoted, "unless it have some relation to that "object! I was last night condemned "to the society of men of wit and "learning, which, however agreeable "it might have formerly been to me, "now only gave me a suspicion that "they imputed my absence in conver-"sation to the true cause. For which "reason, when your engagements for-"bid me the extatick happiness of see-"ing you, I am always desirous to be "alone; since my sentiments for Leo-"nora are so delicate, that I cannot "bear the apprehension of another's "prying into those delightful endear-"ments, with which the warm imagi-"nation of a lover will sometimes in-"dulge him, and which I suspect my "eyes then betray. To fear this dis-"covery of our thoughts, may perhaps "appear too ridiculous a nicety to "minds not susceptible of all the ten-"derness of this delicate passion. And "surely we shall suspect there are few "such, when we consider that it re-"quires every human virtue to exert "itself in it's full extent. Since the "beloved, whose happiness it ultimate-"ly respects, may give us charming "opportunities of being brave in her "defence, generous to her wants, com-"passionate to her afflictions, grateful

" to her kindneſs; and in the ſame " manner, of exerciſing every other vir- " tue, which he who would not do to " any degree, and that with the utmoſt " rapture, can never deſerve the name " of a lover: it is therefore with a view " to the delicate modeſty of your mind " that I cultivate it ſo purely in my " own; and it is that which will ſuffi- " ciently ſuggeſt to you the uneaſineſs I " bear, from thoſe liberties, which men, " to whom the world allow politeneſs, " will ſometimes give themſelves on " theſe occaſions.

" Can I tell you with what eagerneſs " I expect the arrival of that bleſſed " day, when I ſhall experience the falſe- " hood of a common aſſertion, That " the greateſt human happineſs conſiſts " in hope; a doctrine which no perſon " had ever ſtronger reaſon to believe " than myſelf at preſent, ſince none " ever taſted ſuch bliſs as fires my bo- " ſom with the thoughts of ſpending my " future days with ſuch a companion, " and that every action of my life will " have the glorious ſatisfaction of con- " ducing to your happineſs."

" LEONORA TO HORATIO*.

" THE refinement of your mind has " been ſo evidently proved by " every word and action ever ſince I " had the firſt pleaſure of knowing you, " that I thought it impoſſible my good " opinion of Horatio could have been " heightened by any additional proof of " merit. This very thought was my " amuſement when I received your laſt " letter; which, when I opened, I con- " feſs I was ſurprized to find the deli- " cate ſentiments expreſſed there, ſo far " exceeded what I thought could come " even from you, (although I know " all the generous principles human " nature is capable of, are centered in " your breaſt) that words cannot paint " what I feel on the reflection that my " happineſs ſhall be the ultimate end of " all your actions.

" Oh, Horatio! what a life muſt " that be, where the meaneſt domeſtick " cares are ſweetened by the pleaſing " conſideration, that the man on earth " who beſt deſerves, and to whom you " are moſt inclined to give your affec- " tions, is to reap either profit or plea- " ſure from all you do! in ſuch a caſe, " toils muſt be turned into diverſions, " and nothing but the unavoidable in- " conveniences of life can make us re- " member that we are mortal.

" If the ſolitary turn of your thoughts, " and the deſire of keeping them undiſ- " covered, makes even the converſation " of men of wit and learning tedious to " you, what anxious hours muſt I " ſpend, who am condemned by cuſ- " tom to the converſation of women, " whoſe natural curioſity leads them to " pry into all my thoughts, and whoſe " envy can never ſuffer Horatio's heart " to be poſſeſſed by any one without " forcing them into malicious deſigns " againſt the perſon who is ſo happy as " to poſſeſs it! But, indeed, if ever " envy can poſſibly have any excuſe, " or even alleviation, it is in this caſe, " where the good is ſo great, that it " muſt be equally natural to all to wiſh " it for themſelves, nor am I aſhamed " to own it: and to your merit, Hora- " tio, I am obliged, that prevents my " being in that moſt uneaſy of all the " ſituations I can figure to my imagi- " nation, of being led by inclination to " love the perſon whom my own judg- " ment forces me to condemn."

' Matters were in ſo great forward- ' neſs between this fond couple, that ' the day was fixed for their marriage, ' and was now within a fortnight, ' when the ſeſſions chanced to be held ' for that county in a town about twenty ' miles diſtant from that which is the ' ſcene of our ſtory. It ſeems, it is ' uſual for the young gentlemen of the ' bar to repair to theſe ſeſſions, not ' ſo much for the ſake of profit, as ' to ſhew their parts, and learn the law ' of the juſtices of peace; for which ' purpoſe one of the wiſeſt and graveſt ' of all the juſtices is appointed ſpeaker ' or chairman, as they modeſtly call it; ' and he reads them a lecture, and in- ' ſtructs them in the true knowledge of ' the law.'

' You are here guilty of a little miſ- ' take,' ſays Adams; ' which, if you ' pleaſe, I will correct. I have attend- ' ed at one of theſe quarter-ſeſſions,

* This letter was written by a young lady, on reading the former.

' where

'where I obſerved the counſel taught 'the juſtices, inſtead of learning any 'thing of them.'

'It is not very material,' ſaid the lady. 'Hither repaired Horatio, who, 'as he hoped by his profeſſion to ad-'vance his fortune, which was not at 'preſent very large, for the ſake of his 'dear Leonora, he reſolved to ſpare no 'pains, nor loſe any opportunity of im-'proving or advancing himſelf in it.

'The ſame afternoon in which he 'left the town, as Leonora ſtood at her 'window, a coach and ſix paſſed by; 'which ſhe declared to be the compleat-'eſt, genteeleſt, prettieſt equipage, ſhe 'ever ſaw; adding theſe remarkable 'words—"O, I am in love with that "equipage!" which, though her friend 'Florella at that time did not greatly re-'gard, ſhe hath ſince remembered.

'In the evening an aſſembly was held, 'which Leonora honoured with her 'company: but intended to pay her dear 'Horatio the compliment of refuſing to 'dance in his abſence.

'O, why have not women as good 'reſolutions to maintain their vows, as 'they have often good inclinations in 'making them!

'The gentleman who owned the coach 'and ſix came to the aſſembly. His 'cloaths were as remarkably fine as his 'equipage could be. He ſoon attracted 'the eyes of the company; all the 'ſmarts, all the ſilk waiſtcoats with ſil-'ver and gold edgings, were eclipſed in 'an inſtant.'

'Madam,' ſaid Adams, 'if it be not 'impertinent, I ſhould be glad to know 'how this gentleman was dreſſed.'

'Sir,' anſwered the lady, 'I have 'been told he had on a cut-velvet coat 'of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink 'ſattin, embroidered all over with gold; 'his waiſtcoat, which was cloth of ſil-'ver, was embroidered with gold like-'wiſe. I cannot be particular as to the 'reſt of his dreſs: but it was all in the 'French faſhion; for Bellarmine (that 'was his name) was juſt arrived from 'Paris.

'This fine figure did not more entire-'ly engage the eyes of every lady in the 'aſſembly than Leonora did his. He 'had ſcarce beheld her, but he ſtood 'motionleſs and fixed as a ſtatue, or at 'leaſt would have done ſo if good-'breeding had permitted him. How-'ever, he carried it ſo far, before he had 'power to correct himſelf, that every 'perſon in the room eaſily diſcovered 'where his admiration was ſettled. The 'other ladies began to ſingle out their 'former partners, all perceiving who 'would be Bellarmine's choice; which 'they however endeavoured, by all poſ-'ſible means, to prevent: many of them 'ſaying to Leonora—"O, Madam, I "ſuppoſe we ſha'nt have the pleaſure "of ſeeing you dance to-night;" and 'then crying out, in Bellarmine's hear-'ing—"O, Leonora will not dance, I "aſſure you; her partner is not here." 'One maliciouſly attempted to prevent 'her, by ſending a diſagreeable fellow 'to aſk her, that ſo ſhe might be obliged 'either to dance with him, or ſit down: 'but this ſcheme proved abortive.

'Leonora ſaw herſelf admired by the 'fine ſtranger, and envied by every wo-'man preſent. Her little heart began 'to flutter within her, and her head was 'agitated with a convulſive motion: ſhe 'ſeemed as if ſhe would ſpeak to ſeveral 'of her acquaintance, but had nothing 'to ſay; for as ſhe would not mention 'her preſent triumph, ſo ſhe could not 'diſengage her thoughts one moment 'from the contemplation of it; ſhe had 'never taſted any thing like this happi-'neſs. She had before known what it 'was to torment a ſingle woman; but 'to be hated and ſecretly curſed by a 'whole aſſembly, was a joy reſerved for 'this bleſſed moment. As this vaſt pro-'fuſion of extaſy had confounded her 'underſtanding, ſo there was nothing 'ſo fooliſh as her behaviour: ſhe played 'a thouſand childiſh tricks, diſtorted 'her perſon into ſeveral ſhapes, and her 'face into ſeveral laughs, without any 'reaſon. In a word, her carriage was 'as abſurd as her deſires, which were to 'affect an inſenſibility of the ſtranger's 'admiration, and at the ſame time a tri-'umph, from that admiration, over every 'woman in the room.

'In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, 'having enquired who ſhe was, advan-'ced to her, and, with a low bow, beg-'ged the honour of dancing with her, 'which ſhe with as low a curtſey im-'mediately granted. She danced with 'him all night, and enjoyed perhaps the 'higheſt pleaſure that ſhe was capable 'of feeling.'

At theſe words Adams fetched a deep groan, which frighted the ladies, who told him, they hoped he was not ill. He anſwered,

anſwered, he groaned only for the folly of Leonora.

'Leonora retired,' continued the lady, 'about ſix in the morning, but not 'to reſt. She tumbled and toſſed in her 'bed, with very ſhort intervals of ſleep, 'and thoſe entirely filled with dreams 'of the equipage and fine cloaths ſhe 'had ſeen; and the balls, operas, and 'ridottos, which had been the ſubject 'of their converſation.

'In the afternoon, Bellarmine, in the 'dear coach and ſix, came to wait on 'her. He was, indeed, charmed with 'her perſon; and was, on enquiry, ſo 'well pleaſed with the circumſtances of 'her father, (for he himſelf, notwith-'ſtanding all his finery, was not quite 'ſo rich as a Crœſus, or an Atta-lus.') —'Attalus!' ſays Mr. Adams. 'But 'pray how came you acquainted with 'theſe names?' The lady ſmiled at the queſtion, and proceeded—'He was ſo 'pleaſed, I ſay, that he reſolved to make 'his addreſſes to her directly. He did 'ſo accordingly, and that with ſo much 'warmth and briſkneſs, that he quickly 'baffled her weak repulſes, and obliged 'the lady to refer him to her father, who 'ſhe knew would quickly declare in fa-'vour of a coach and ſix.

'Thus, what Horatio had by ſighs 'and tears, love and tenderneſs, been ſo 'long obtaining, the French Engliſh 'Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry 'poſſeſſed himſelf of in an inſtant. In 'other words, what modeſty had em-'ployed a full year in raiſing, impudence 'demoliſhed in twenty-four hours.'

Here Adams groaned a ſecond time; but the ladies, who began to ſmoke him, took no notice.

'From the opening of the aſſembly 'till the end of Bellarmine's viſit, Leo-'nora had ſcarce one thought of Ho-'ratio: but he now began, though an 'unwelcome gueſt, to enter into her 'mind. She wiſhed ſhe had ſeen the 'charming Bellarmine, and his charm-'ing equipage, before matters had gone 'ſo far. "Yet why," ſays ſhe, "ſhould "I wiſh to have ſeen him before; or "what ſignifies it that I have ſeen him "now? Is not Horatio my lover? al-"moſt my huſband? Is he not as hand-"ſome, nay handſomer, than Bellar-"mine? Aye, but Bellarmine is the "genteeler and the finer man; yes, "that he muſt be allowed. Yes, yes, "he is that certainly. But did not I, "no longer ago than yeſterday, love "Horatio more than all the world? "Aye, but yeſterday I had not ſeen "Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio "doat on me, and may he not in deſpair "break his heart, if I abandon him? "Well, and hath not Bellarmine a "heart to break too? Yes, but I pro-"miſed Horatio firſt; but that was poor "Bellarmine's misfortune: if I had "ſeen him firſt, I ſhould certainly have "preferred him. Did not the dear "creature prefer me to every woman "in the aſſembly, when every ſhe was "laying out for him? When was it in "Horatio's power to give me ſuch an "inſtance of affection? Can he give me "an equipage, or any of thoſe things "which Bellarmine will make me miſ-"treſs of? How vaſt is the difference "between being the wife of a poor "counſellor, and the wife of one of "Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry "Horatio, I ſhall triumph over no more "than one rival; but, by marrying "Bellarmine, I ſhall be the envy of all "my acquaintance. What happineſs! "—But can I ſuffer Horatio to die? for "he hath ſworn he cannot ſurvive my "loſs: but perhaps he may not die; "if he ſhould, can I prevent it? muſt "I ſacrifice myſelf to him? Beſides, "Bellarmine may be as miſerable for "me too." She was thus arguing with 'herſelf, when ſome young ladies called 'her to the walks, and a little relieved 'her anxiety for the preſent.

'The next morning Bellarmine 'breakfaſted with her in the preſence 'of her aunt, whom he had ſufficiently 'informed of his paſſion for Leonora: 'he was no ſooner withdrawn, than the 'old lady began to adviſe her niece on 'this occaſion. "You ſee, child," ſays 'ſhe, "what fortune hath thrown in your "way; and I hope you will not with-"ſtand your own preferment." Leonora 'ſighing, begged her not to mention any 'ſuch thing, when ſhe knew her engage-'ments to Horatio. "Engagements to "a fig!" cried the aunt; "you ſhould "thank Heaven on your knees, that you "have it yet in your power to break "them. Will any woman heſitate a mo-"ment, whether ſhe ſhall ride in a coach "or walk on foot all the days of her "life? But Bellarmine drives ſix, and "Horatio not even a pair."—"Yes, "but, Madam, what will the world "ſay?" anſwered Leonora; "will not

"they

" they condemn me?"—" The world " is always on the ſide of prudence," ' cries the aunt: " and would ſurely " condemn you, if you ſacrificed your " intereſt to any motive whatever. O, " I know the world very well; and you " ſhew your ignorance, my dear, by " your objections. O' my conſcience! " the world is wiſer. I have lived " longer in it than you; and I aſſure " you there is not any thing worth our " regard beſides money; nor did I ever " know any one perſon, who married " from other conſiderations, who did " not afterwards heartily repent it. " Beſides, if we examine the two men, " can you prefer a ſneaking fellow, " who hath been bred at the univer- " ſity, to a fine gentleman juſt come " from his travels? All the world " muſt allow Bellarmine to be a fine " gentleman, poſitively a fine gentle- " man, and a handſome man."—" Per- " haps, Madam, I ſhould not doubt, " if I knew how to be handſomely off " with the other."—" O leave that to " me," ſays the aunt. " You know " your father hath not been acquainted " with the affair. Indeed, for my part, " I thought it might do well enough, " not dreaming of ſuch an offer: but " I'll diſengage you; leave me to give " the fellow an anſwer, I warrant you " ſhall have no farther trouble."

' Leonora was at length ſatisfied with ' her aunt's reaſoning; and Bellarmine ' ſupping with her that evening, it was ' agreed he ſhould the next morning go ' to her father and propoſe the match, ' which ſhe conſented ſhould be con- ' ſummated at his return.

' The aunt retired ſoon after ſupper; ' and the lovers being left together, Bel- ' larmine began in the following man- ' ner—" Yes, Madam, this coat, I aſ- " ſure you, was made at Paris; and I " defy the beſt Engliſh taylor even to " imitate it. There is not one of them " can cut, Madam: they can't cut. If " you obſerve how this ſkirt is turned, " and this ſleeve, a clumſy Engliſh " raſcal can do nothing like it. Pray " how do you like my liveries?" Leo- ' nora anſwered, ſhe thought them very ' pretty. " All French," ſays he, " I " aſſure you, except the great coats; " I never truſt any thing more than a " great coat to an Engliſhman; you " know one muſt encourage our own " people what one can, eſpecially as, " before I had a place, I was in the " country intereſt: he, he, he! But for " myſelf, I would ſee the dirty iſland " at the bottom of the ſea, rather than " wear a ſingle rag of Engliſh work " about me! And I am ſure, after you " have made one tour to Paris, you " will be of the ſame opinion with re- " gard to your own cloaths. You can't " conceive what an addition a French " dreſs would be to your beauty! I " poſitively aſſure you, at the firſt opera " I ſaw ſince I came over, I miſtook the " Engliſh ladies for chamber-maids— " he, he, he!"

' With ſuch ſort of polite diſcourſe ' did the gay Bellarmine entertain his ' beloved Leonora; when the door open- ' ed on a ſudden, and Horatio entered ' the room. Here 'tis impoſſible to ex- ' preſs the ſurprize of Leonora.'

' Poor woman,' ſays Mrs. Slipſlop, ' what a terrible *quandary* ſhe muſt be ' in!'—' Not at all,' ſays Mrs. Grave- airs; ' ſuch ſluts can never be con- ' founded.'—' She muſt have, then, ' more than Corinthian aſſurance,' ſaid Adams; ' aye, more than Laïs her- ' ſelf!'

' A long ſilence,' continued the lady, ' prevailed in the whole company. If ' the familiar entrance of Horatio ſtruck ' the greateſt aſtoniſhment into Bellar- ' mine, the unexpected preſence of Bel- ' larmine no leſs ſurprized Horatio. At ' length, Leonora, collecting all the ' ſpirits ſhe was miſtreſs of, addreſſed ' herſelf to the latter, and pretended to ' wonder at the reaſon of ſo late a viſit. " I ſhould, indeed," anſwered he, " have made ſome apology for diſturb- " ing you at this hour, had not my " finding you in company aſſured me " I do not break in upon your repoſe." ' Bellarmine roſe from his chair, tra- ' verſed the room in a minuet ſtep, and ' hummed an opera tune; while Horatio ' advancing to Leonora, aſked her in a ' whiſper, if that gentleman was not a ' relation of her's; to which ſhe anſwer- ' ed with a ſmile, or rather ſneer—" No, " he is no relation of mine yet!" add- ' ing, ſhe could not gueſs the mean- ' ing of his queſtion. Horatio told her ' ſoftly, it did not ariſe from jealou- ' ſy. " Jealouſy!" cries ſhe; " I aſſure " you it would be very ſtrange in a " common acquaintance to give him- " ſelf any of thoſe airs." Theſe words ' a little ſurprized Horatio; but, before

' he

' he had time to anſwer, Bellarmine ' danced up to the lady, and told her, ' he feared he interrupted ſome buſineſs ' between her and the gentleman. " I " can have no buſineſs," ſaid ſhe, "with ' the gentleman, nor any other, which " need be any ſecret to you."

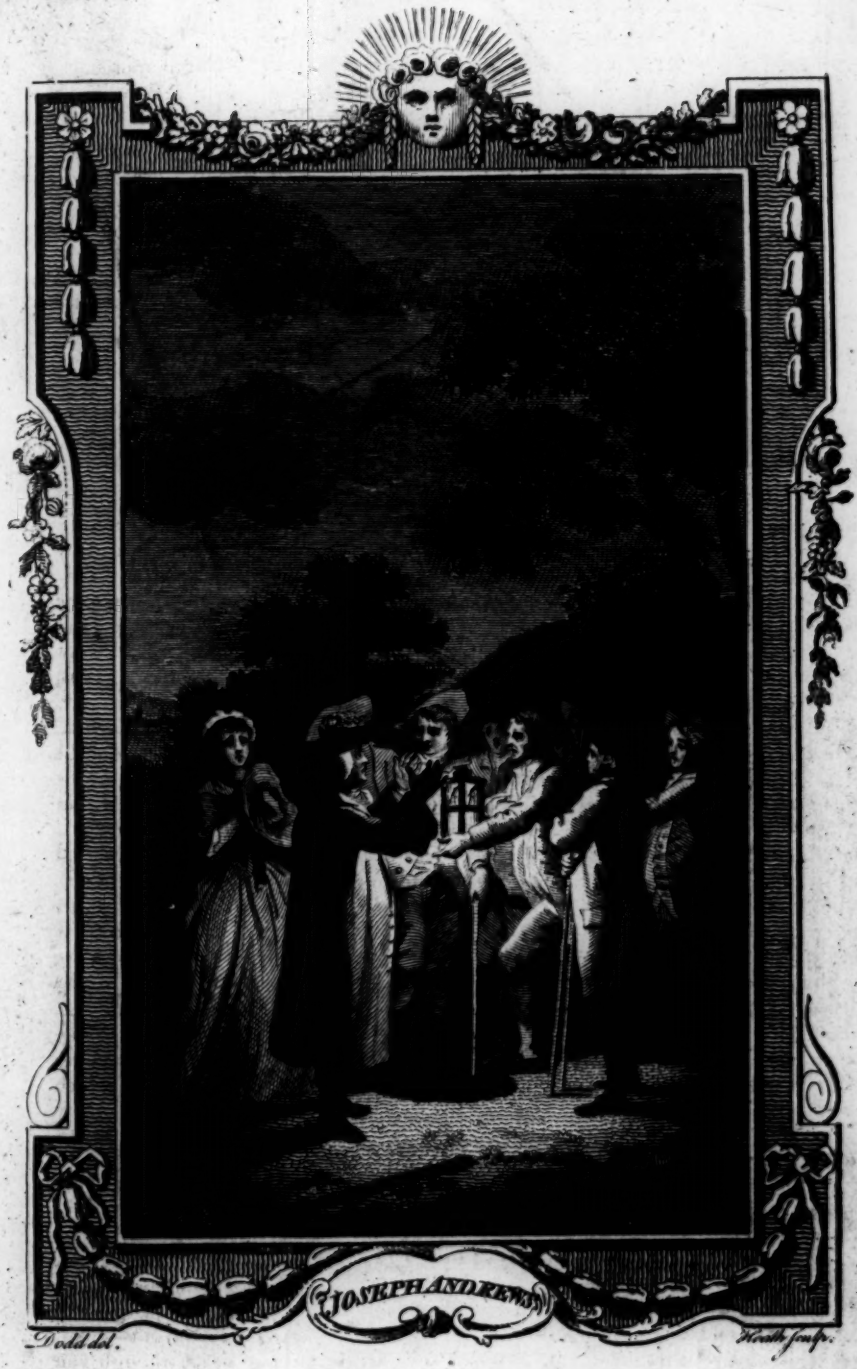
" You'll pardon me," ſaid Horatio, " if I deſire to know who this gentle- " man is, who is to be entruſted with " all our ſecrets."—" You'll know " ſoon enough," cries Leonora; " but I " can't gueſs what ſecrets can ever paſs " between us of ſuch mighty conſe- " quence."—"No, Madam!" cries Ho- ' ratio; " I'm ſure you would not have " me underſtand you in earneſt."— " 'Tis indifferent to me," ſays ſhe, " how you underſtand me; but I think " ſo unſeaſonable a viſit is difficult to " be underſtood at all, at leaſt when " people find one engaged: though one's " ſervants do not deny one, one may " expect a well-bred perſon ſhould ſoon " take the hint."—" Madam," ſaid ' Horatio, " I did not imagine any en- " gagement with a ſtranger, as it ſeems " this gentleman is, would have made " my viſit impertinent, or that any ſuch " ceremonies were to be preſerved be- " tween perſons in our ſituation."— " Sure you are in a dream," ſaid ſhe, " or would perſuade me that I am in " one. I know no pretenſions a com- " mon acquaintance can have to lay " aſide the ceremonies of good breed- " ing."—" Sure," ſaid he, " I am in a " dream; for it is impoſſible I ſhould " be really eſteemed a common ac- " quaintance by Leonora, after what " has paſſed between us!"—" Paſſed " between us! do you intend to af- " front me before this gentleman?"— " D—n me, affront the lady!" ſays Bel- ' larmine, cocking his hat, and ſtrutting ' up to Horatio: " does any man dare " affront this lady before me, d—n " me!"—" Hark'e, Sir," ſays Horatio, " I would adviſe you to lay aſide that " fierce air; for I am mightily deceived " if this lady has not a violent deſire " to get your worſhip a good drub- " bing."—" Sir," ſaid Bellarmine, " I " have the honour to be her protector; " and d—n me, if I underſtand your " meaning."—" Sir," anſwered Ho- ' ratio, " ſhe is rather your protectreſs; " but give yourſelf no more airs, for " you ſee I am prepared for you;" ' (ſhaking his whip at him.) " Oh! *ſer-* " *viteur tres humble,*" ſays Bellarmine, " *je vous entend parfaitement bien.*" ' At which time the aunt, who had ' heard of Horatio's viſit, entered the ' room, and ſoon ſatisfied all his doubts. ' She convinced him that he was never ' more awake in his life: and that no- ' thing more extraordinary had hap- ' pened in his three days abſence, than a ' ſmall alteration in the affections of ' Leonora; who now burſt into tears, ' and wondered what reaſon ſhe had ' given him to uſe her in ſo barbarous a ' manner. Horatio deſired Bellarmine ' to withdraw with him, but the ladies ' prevented it, by laying violent hands ' on the latter; upon which, the former ' took his leave without any great cere- ' mony, and departed, leaving the lady ' with his rival to conſult for his ſafety, ' which Leonora feared her indiſcretion ' might have endangered: but the aunt ' comforted her with aſſurances, that ' Horatio would not venture his perſon ' againſt ſo accompliſhed a cavalier as ' Bellarmine; and that, being a lawyer, ' he would ſeek revenge in his own ' way, and the moſt they had to appre- ' hend from him was an action.

' They at length therefore agreed to ' permit Bellarmine to retire to his ' lodgings, having firſt ſettled all mat- ' ters relating to the journey which he ' was to undertake in the morning, and ' their preparations for the nuptials at ' his return.

' But, alas! as wiſe men have ob- ' ſerved, the ſeat of valour is not the ' countenance; and many a grave and ' plain man will, on a juſt provocation, ' betake himſelf to that miſchievous me- ' tal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer ' brow, and ſometimes with that em- ' blem of courage, a cockade, will more ' prudently decline it.

' Leonora was waked in the morning ' from a viſionary coach and ſix, with ' the diſmal account that Bellarmine ' was run through the body by Horatio; ' that he lay languiſhing at an inn, and ' the ſurgeon had declared the wound ' mortal. She immediately leaped out ' of the bed, danced about the room in a ' frantick manner, tore her hair, and beat ' her breaſt in all the agonies of deſpair; ' in which ſad condition, her aunt, ' who likewiſe aroſe at the news, found ' her. The good old lady applied her ' utmoſt art to comfort her niece. She ' told her, while there was life there

' was




Dodd del. Heath sculp.

Plate II.

Published as the Act directs by J. Harrison & Co.ª 2 Jan.ʸ 1790.

'was hope: but that if he ſhould die, 'her affliction would be of no ſervice 'to Bellarmine, and would only expoſe 'herſelf, which might probably keep 'her ſome time without any future of-'fer; that as matters had happened, her 'wiſeſt way would be to think no more 'of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to 'regain the affections of Horatio. "Speak not to me," cried the diſcon-'ſolate Leonora; "is it not owing to "me, that poor Bellarmine has loſt his "life? have not theſe curſed charms" '(at which words ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly 'in the glaſs) "been the ruin of the "moſt charming man of this age? Can "I ever bear to contemplate my own "face again?" (with her eyes ſtill fixed 'on the glaſs.) "Am I not the mur-"dereſs of the fineſt gentleman? No "other woman in the town could have "made any impreſſion on him."— "Never think of things paſt," cries the 'aunt; "think of regaining the affec-"tions of Horatio."—"What rea-"ſon," ſaid the niece, "have I to hope "he would forgive me? No, I have "loſt him as well as the other, and it "was your wicked advice which was "the occaſion of all; you ſeduced "me, contrary to my inclination, to "abandon poor Horatio." At which 'words ſhe burſt into tears. "You pre-"vailed upon me, whether I would or "no, to give up my affections for him. "Had it not been for you, Bellarmine "never would have entered into my "thoughts: had not his addreſſes been "backed by your perſuaſions, they ne-"ver would have made any impreſſion "on me; I ſhould have defied all the "fortune and equipage in the world— "but it was you, it was you, who got "the better of my youth and ſimplici-"ty, and forced me to loſe my dear "Horatio for ever!"

'The aunt was almoſt borne down 'with this torrent of words; ſhe, how-'ever, rallied all the ſtrength ſhe could, 'and drawing her mouth up in a purſe, 'began—"I am not ſurprized, niece, at "this ingratitude. Thoſe who adviſe "young women for their intereſt, muſt "always expect ſuch a return: I am "convinced my brother will thank me "for breaking off your match with Ho-"ratio, at any rate."—"That may "not be in your power yet," anſwered 'Leonora; "though it is very ungrate-"ful in you to deſire or attempt it, after "the preſents you have received from "him." (For, indeed, true it is, that 'many preſents, and ſome pretty valu-'able ones, had paſſed from Horatio to 'the old lady: but as true it is, that 'Bellarmine, when he breakfaſted with 'her and her niece, had complimented 'her with a brilliant from his finger, 'of much greater value than all ſhe had 'touched of the other.)

'The aunt's gall was on float to reply, 'when a ſervant brought a letter into 'the room; which Leonora, hearing it 'came from Bellarmine, with great ea-'gerneſs opened, and read as follows—

"MOST DIVINE CREATURE!

"THE wound which I fear you "have heard I received from "my rival, is not like to be ſo fatal as "thoſe ſhot into my heart, which have "been fired from your eyes *tout bril-"liant*. Thoſe are the only cannons "by which I am to fall: for my ſur-"geon gives me hopes of being ſoon "able to attend your *ruelle*; till when, "unleſs you do me an honour which I "have ſcarce the *hardieſſe* to think of, "your abſence will be the greateſt an-"guiſh which can be felt by,

"Madam,

"*Avec toute le reſpecte* in the world,

"Your moſt obedient,

"Moſt abſolute *devoté*,

"BELLARMINE."

'As ſoon as Leonora perceived ſuch 'hopes of Bellarmine's recovery, and 'that the goſſip Fame had, according 'to cuſtom, ſo enlarged his danger, 'ſhe preſently abandoned all farther 'thoughts of Horatio, and was ſoon re-'conciled to her aunt, who received her 'again into favour, with a more chriſ-'tian forgiveneſs than we generally 'meet with. Indeed, it is poſſible ſhe 'might be a little alarmed at the hints 'which her niece had given her concern-'ing the preſents. She might apprehend 'ſuch rumours, ſhould they go abroad, 'might injure a reputation which, by 'frequenting church twice a day, and 'preſerving the utmoſt rigour and ſtrict-

'ness in her countenance and behaviour 'for many years, she had eſtabliſhed.

'Leonora's paſſion returned now for 'Bellarmine with greater force after it's 'ſmall relaxation than ever. She pro-'poſed to her aunt to make him a viſit 'in his confinement, which the old lady, 'with great and commendable prudence, 'adviſed her to decline: "For," ſays 'ſhe, "ſhould any accident intervene "to prevent your intended match, too "forward a behaviour with this lover "may injure you in the eyes of others. "Every woman, till ſhe is married, "ought to conſider of and provide "againſt the poſſibility of the affair's "breaking off." Leonora ſaid, ſhe 'ſhould be indifferent to whatever might 'happen in ſuch a caſe; for ſhe had 'now ſo abſolutely placed her affections 'on this dear man, (ſo ſhe called him) 'that if it was her misfortune to loſe 'him, ſhe ſhould for ever abandon all 'thoughts of mankind. She therefore 'reſolved to viſit him, notwithſtanding 'all the prudent advice of her aunt to 'the contrary, and that very afternoon 'executed her reſolution.'

The lady was proceeding in her ſtory, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, ſorely to the diſſatisfaction of Mr. Adams, whoſe ears were the moſt hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps gueſs, of an inſatiable curioſity, and heartily deſirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he profeſſed he could ſcarce wiſh ſucceſs to a lady of ſo inconſtant a diſpoſition.

## CHAP. V.

### A DREADFUL QUARREL WHICH HAPPENED AT THE INN WHERE THE COMPANY DINED; WITH IT'S BLOODY CONSEQUENCES TO MR. ADAMS.

As ſoon as the paſſengers had alighted from the coach, Mr. Adams, as was his cuſtom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joſeph ſitting by the fire, and the hoſteſs anointing his leg; for the horſe which Mr. Adams had borrowed of his clerk, had ſo violent a propenſity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade as well as his maſter's; nor would he always give any notice of ſuch his intention; he was often found on his knees when his rider leaſt expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parſon, who was accuſtomed to it; and, as his legs almoſt touched the ground when he beſtrode the beaſt, had but a little way to fall, and threw himſelf forward on ſuch occaſions with ſo much dexterity, that he never received any miſchief; the horſe and he frequently rolling many paces diſtance, and afterwards both getting up, and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joſeph, who had not been uſed to ſuch kind of cattle, though an excellent horſeman, did not ſo happily diſengage himſelf: but falling with his leg under the beaſt, received a violent contuſion, to which the good woman was, as we have ſaid, applying a warm hand, with ſome camphorated ſpirits, juſt at the time when the parſon entered the kitchen.

He had ſcarce expreſſed his concern for Joſeph's misfortune, before the hoſt likewiſe entered. He was by no means of Mr. Tow-wouſe's gentle diſpoſition, and was indeed perfect maſter of his houſe, and every thing in it but his gueſts.

This ſurly fellow, who always proportioned his reſpect to the appearance of a traveller, from, 'God bleſs your ho-'nour,' down to plain 'Coming preſent-'ly,' obſerving his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without conſidering his circumſtances, 'What a pox is 'the woman about? why don't you 'mind the company in the coach? Go 'and aſk them what they will have for 'dinner.'—'My dear,' ſays ſhe, 'you 'know they can have nothing but what 'is at the fire, which will be ready 'preſently; and really the poor young 'man's leg is very much bruiſed.' At which words ſhe fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damned his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not ſtand rubbing there all day; for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was ſo bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a ſurgeon to cut it off. Upon theſe words, Adams fetched two ſtrides acroſs the room; and ſnapping his fingers over his head, muttered

muttered aloud, he would excommunicate ſuch a wretch for a farthing; for he believed the devil had more humanity. Theſe words occaſioned a dialogue between Adams and the hoſt, in which there were two or three ſharp replies, till Joſeph bade the latter know how to behave himſelf to his betters. At which the hoſt (having firſt ſtrictly ſurveyed Adams) ſcornfully repeating the word *betters*, flew into a rage, and telling Joſeph he was as able to walk out of his houſe as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which Adams perceiving, dealt him ſo ſound a compliment over his face with his fiſt, that the blood immediately guſhed out of his noſe in a ſtream. The hoſt being unwilling to be out-done in courteſy, eſpecially by a perſon of Adams's figure, returned the favour with ſo much gratitude, that the parſon's noſtrils began to look a little redder than uſual. Upon which he again aſſailed his antagoniſt, and with another ſtroke laid him ſprawling on the floor.

The hoſteſs, who was a better wife than ſo ſurly a huſband deſerved, ſeeing her huſband all bloody and ſtretched along, haſtened preſently to his aſſiſtance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the laſt he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily ſtood on the dreſſer, preſented itſelf firſt to her hands. She ſeized it in her fury, and without any reflection diſcharged it into the parſon's face, and with ſo good an aim, that much the greater part firſt ſaluted his countenance, and trickled thence in ſo large a current down to his beard, and over his garments, that a more horrible ſpectacle was hardly to be ſeen, or even imagined: all which was perceived by Mrs. Slipſlop, who entered the kitchen at that inſtant. This good gentlewoman not being of a temper ſo extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to aſk many queſtions on this occaſion, flew with great impetuoſity at the hoſteſs's cap; which, together with ſome of her hair, ſhe plucked from her head in a moment, giving her at the ſame time ſeveral hearty cuffs in the face, which, by frequent practice on the inferior ſervants, ſhe had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joſeph could hardly riſe from his chair; the parſon was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him, and the landlord was but juſt beginning to ſtir; whilſt Mrs. Slipſlop, holding down the landlady's face with her left-hand, made ſo dexterous an uſe of the right, that the poor woman began to roar in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn at this time, beſides the ladies who arrived in the ſtage-coach, the two gentlemen who were preſent at Mr. Towwouſe's when Joſeph was detained for his horſe's meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have ſtopped at the alehouſe with Adams. There was likewiſe a gentleman juſt returned from his travels to Italy; all of whom the horrid outcry of murder preſently brought into the kitchen, where the ſeveral combatants were found in the poſtures already deſcribed.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being ſatisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own, and conſequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the hoſt, who had now recovered from his blow, and was riſen from the ground, ſoon delivered them from this apprehenſion, by damning his wife for waſting the hog's puddings, and telling her all would have been very well, if ſhe had not intermeddled, like a b—— as ſhe was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what ſhe deſerved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worſt, having, beſides the unmerciful cuffs received, loſt a quantity of hair, which Mrs. Slipſlop in triumph held in her left-hand.

The traveller, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Grave-airs, deſired her not to be frighted; for here had been only a little boxing, which, he ſaid, to their *diſgrazia*, the Engliſh were *accuſtumate* to; adding, it muſt be, however, a ſight ſomewhat ſtrange to him, who was juſt come from Italy, the Italians not being addicted to the *cuffardo*, but *baſtonza*,

ſays he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked like the ghoſt of *Othello*, bid him *not ſhake his gory locks at him, for he could not ſay he did it.* Adams very innocently anſwered—'Sir, I am far from accuſing you.' He then returned to the lady, and cried —'I find the bloody gentleman is *uno 'inſipido del nullo ſenſo. Damnato di 'me*, if I have ſeen ſuch a *ſpectaculo* in 'my way from *Viterbo!*'

One of the gentlemen having learned from the hoſt the occaſion of this buſtle, and being aſſured by him that Adams had ſtruck the firſt blow, whiſpered in his ear, he'd warrant he would *recover*. 'Recover, maſter!' ſaid the hoſt, ſmiling: 'Yes, yes; I am not 'afraid of dying with a blow or two 'neither; I am not ſuch a chicken as 'that.'—'Pugh!' ſaid the gentleman, 'I mean you will recover damages in 'that action which undoubtedly you 'intend to bring, as ſoon as a writ can 'be returned from London; for you 'look like a man of too much ſpirit 'and courage to ſuffer any one to beat 'you, without bringing your action 'againſt him: he muſt be a ſcandalous 'fellow indeed, who would put up a 'drubbing, whilſt the law is open to 'revenge it; beſides, he hath drawn 'blood from you, and ſpoiled your 'coat, and the jury will give damages 'for that too. An excellent new coat, 'upon my word, and now not worth a 'ſhilling!

'I don't care,' continued he, 'to 'intermeddle in theſe caſes: but you 'have a right to my evidence; and if 'I am ſworn, I muſt ſpeak the truth. 'I ſaw you ſprawling on the floor, 'and the blood guſhing from your 'noſtrils. You may take your own 'opinion; but, was I in your circum'ſtances, every drop of my blood 'ſhould convey an ounce of gold into 'my pocket. Remember I don't adviſe 'you to go to law; but, if your jury 'were Chriſtians, they muſt give 'ſwingeing damages. That's all.'—'Maſter,' cried the hoſt, ſcratching his head, 'I have no ſtomach to law, 'I thank you. I have ſeen enough of 'that in the pariſh; where two of my 'neighbours have been at law about a 'a houſe, till they have both lawed 'themſelves into a gaol.' At which words he turned about, and began to inquire again after his hog's puddings; nor would it probably have been a ſufficient excuſe for his wife, that ſhe ſpilt them in his defence, had not ſome awe of the company, eſpecially of the Italian traveller, who was a perſon of great dignity, witheld his rage. Whilſt one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have ſeen him, on the behalf of the landlord; the other was no leſs hearty on the ſide of Mr. Adams, whom he adviſed to bring his action immediately. He ſaid, the aſſault of the wife was, in law, the aſſault of the huſband; for they were but one perſon; and he was liable to pay damages; which he ſaid muſt be conſiderable, where ſo bloody a diſpoſition appeared. Adams anſwered, if it was true that they were but one perſon, he had aſſaulted the wife; for he was ſorry to own, he had ſtruck the huſband the firſt blow. 'I am ſorry you own it too,' cries the gentleman; 'for it could not poſſibly 'appear to the court: for there was no 'evidence preſent but the lame man in 'the chair, whom I ſuppoſe to be your 'friend, and would conſequently ſay 'nothing but what made for you.'—'How, Sir!' ſaid Adams, 'do you 'take me for a villain, who would 'proſecute revenge in cold blood, and 'uſe unjuſtifiable means to obtain it? 'If you knew me and my order, I 'ſhould think you affronted both.' At the word Order, the gentleman ſtared; (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights;) and turning haſtily about, ſaid, every man knew his own buſineſs.

Matters being now compoſed, the company retired to their ſeveral apartments: the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the ſucceſs of their good offices, in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repaſt, crying, as the Italian poet ſays—

'*Je voi* very well *que tutta è pace.*
'So ſend up dinner, good Boniface.'

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his paſſengers, whoſe entrance into the coach was retarded by Miſs Grave-airs inſiſting, againſt the remonſtrances of all the reſt, that ſhe would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joſeph was too lame to mount a horſe. A young lady, who

who was, it ſeems, an earl's grand-daughter, begged it with almoſt tears in her eyes. Mr. Adams prayed, and Mrs. Slipſlop ſcolded; but all to no purpoſe. She ſaid ſhe would not demean herſelf to ride with a footman; that there were waggons on the road; that if the maſter of the coach deſired it, ſhe would pay for two places; but would ſuffer no ſuch fellow to come in. 'Madam,' ſays Slipſlop, 'I am ſure no one can 'refuſe another coming into a ſtage-'coach.'—'I don't know, Madam,' ſays the lady; 'I am not much uſed to 'ſtage-coaches, I ſeldom travel in 'them.'—'That may be, Madam,' replied Slipſlop; 'very good people do, 'and ſome people's betters, for aught I 'know.' Miſs Grave-airs ſaid, ſome folks might ſometimes give their tongues a liberty to ſome people that were their betters, which did not become them: for her part, ſhe was not uſed to converſe with ſervants. Slipſlop returned, ſome people kept no ſervants to converſe with: for her part, ſhe thanked Heaven, ſhe lived in a family where there were a great many; and had more under her own command than any paltry little gentlewoman in the kingdom. Miſs Grave-airs cried, ſhe believed her miſtreſs would not encourage ſuch ſaucineſs to her betters. 'My betters!' ſays Slipſlop; 'who is my betters, pray?'—'I am your betters,' anſwered Miſs Grave-airs, 'and I'll acquaint your 'miſtreſs.' At which Mrs. Slipſlop laughed aloud, and told her, her lady was one of the great gentry, and ſuch little paltry gentlewomen, as ſome folks who travelled in ſtage-coaches, would not eaſily come at her.

This ſmart dialogue, between ſome people, and ſome folks, was going on, at the coach-door, when a ſolemn perſon riding into the inn, and ſeeing Miſs Grave-airs, immediately accoſted her with—'Dear child, how do you do?' She preſently anſwered—'O! papa, I am 'glad you have overtaken me.'—'So 'am I,' anſwered he: 'for one of our 'coaches is juſt at hand, and there being 'room for you in it, you ſhall go no 'farther in the ſtage, unleſs you deſire 'it.'—'How can you imagine I ſhould 'deſire it?' ſays ſhe: ſo bidding Slipſlop ride with her fellow, if ſhe pleaſed, ſhe took her father by the hand, who was juſt alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams inſtantly aſked the coachman, in a whiſper, if he knew who the gentleman was. The coachman anſwered, he was now a gentleman, and kept his horſe and man: 'But times are altered, maſ-'ter,' ſaid he; 'I remember when he 'was no better born than myſelf.'—'Aye! aye!' ſays Adams. 'My fa-'ther drove the ſquire's coach,' anſwered he, 'when that very man rode poſtilion: 'but he is now his ſteward, and a great 'gentleman.' Adams then ſnapped his fingers, and cried, he thought ſhe was ſome ſuch trollop.

Adams made haſte to acquaint Mrs. Slipſlop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who deſpiſed the anger of Miſs Grave-airs, whilſt ſhe conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of ſmall fortune, now ſhe heard her alliance with the upper ſervants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her intereſt with the miſtreſs. She wiſhed ſhe had not carried the diſpute ſo far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herſelf to the young lady before ſhe left the inn; when luckily the ſcene at London, which the reader can ſcarce have forgotten, preſented itſelf to her mind, and comforted her with ſuch aſſurance, that ſhe no longer apprehended any enemy with her miſtreſs.

Every thing being now adjuſted, the company entered the coach, which was juſt on it's departure, when one lady recollected ſhe had left her fan, a ſecond her gloves, a third her ſnuff-box, and a fourth a ſmelling-bottle, behind her: to find all which occaſioned ſome delay, and much ſwearing, to the coachman.

As ſoon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miſs Grave-airs, whom one of them declared ſhe had ſuſpected to be ſome low creature, from the beginning of their journey; and another affirmed, had not even the looks of a gentlewoman; a third warranted ſhe was no better than ſhe ſhould be; and turning to the lady, who had related the ſtory in the coach, ſaid—'Did you ever 'hear, Madam, any thing ſo prudiſh 'as her remarks? Well, deliver me

'from

'from the cenſoriouſneſs of ſuch a 'prude!' The fourth added—'O 'Madam! all theſe creatures are cen-'ſorious; but, for my part, I won-'der where the wretch was bred; in-'deed, I muſt own, I have ſeldom con-'verſed with theſe mean kind of people, 'ſo that it may appear ſtranger to me; 'but to refuſe the general deſire of a 'whole company, hath ſomething in 'it ſo aſtoniſhing, that, for my part, 'I own, I ſhould hardly believe it, if 'my own ears had not been witneſſes 'to it.'—'Yes, and ſo handſome a 'young fellow!' cries Slipſlop: 'the 'woman muſt have no compaſſion in 'her; I believe ſhe is more of a Turk 'than a Chriſtian. I am certain, if ſhe 'had any Chriſtian woman's blood in 'her veins, the ſight of ſuch a young 'fellow muſt have warmed it. Indeed, 'there are ſome wretched, miſerable old 'objects, that turn's one's ſtomach: I 'ſhould not wonder if ſhe had refuſed 'ſuch a one. I am as nice as herſelf; 'and ſhould have cared no more than 'herſelf for the company of *ſtinking* 'old fellows.—But hold up thy head, 'Joſeph, thou art none of thoſe: 'and ſhe who hath no *compulſion* for 'thee is a *Mybummetman*, and I will 'maintain it.' This converſation made Joſeph uneaſy, as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the ſpirits which Mrs. Slipſlop was in, (for, indeed, ſhe was not a cup too low) began to fear the conſequence: one of them therefore deſired the lady to conclude the ſtory. 'Aye, Madam,' ſaid Slipſlop, 'I beg 'your ladyſhip to give us that ſtory you '*commenſated* in the morning;' which requeſt that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

## CHAP. VI.

### CONCLUSION OF THE UNFORTUNATE JILT.

'LEONORA having once broke 'through the bounds which cuſ-'tom and modeſty impoſe on her ſex, 'ſoon gave an unbridled indulgence to 'her paſſion. Her viſits to Bellarmine 'were more conſtant as well as longer 'than his ſurgeon's: in a word, ſhe be-'came abſolutely his nurſe, made his 'water-gruel, adminiſtered him his me-'dicines; and, notwithſtanding the pru-'dent advice of her aunt to the contra-'ry, almoſt entirely reſided in her wound-'ed lover's apartment.

'The ladies of the town began to 'take her conduct under conſideration; 'it was the chief topick of diſcourſe at 'their tea-tables, and was very ſeverely 'cenſured by the moſt part; eſpecially 'by Lindamira, a lady whoſe diſcreet 'and ſtarch carriage, together with a 'conſtant attendance at church three 'times a day, had utterly defeated many 'malicious attacks on her own reputa-'tion: for ſuch was the envy that Lin-'damira's virtue had attracted, that 'notwithſtanding her own ſtrict beha-'viour, and ſtrict enquiry into the lives 'of others, ſhe had not been able to 'eſcape being the mark of ſome arrows 'herſelf, which, however, did her no 'injury; a bleſſing perhaps owed by 'her to the clergy, who were her chief 'male companions, and with two or 'three of whom ſhe had been barba-'rouſly and unjuſtly calumniated.'

'Not ſo unjuſtly neither, perhaps,' ſays Slipſlop, 'for the clergy are men 'as well as other folks.'

'The extreme delicacy of Lindami-'ra's virtue was cruelly hurt by thoſe 'freedoms which Leonora allowed her-'ſelf: ſhe ſaid it was an affront to her 'ſex; that ſhe did not imagine it con-'ſiſtent with any woman's honour to 'ſpeak to the creature, or to be ſeen in 'her company; and that, for her part, 'ſhe ſhould always refuſe to dance at an 'aſſembly with her, for fear of conta-'mination, by taking her by the hand.

'But to return to my ſtory. As ſoon 'as Bellarmine was recovered, which 'was ſomewhat within a month from 'his receiving the wound, he ſet out, 'according to agreement, for Leono-'ra's father's, in order to propoſe the 'match, and ſettle all matters with 'him, touching ſettlements, and the 'like.

'A little before his arrival, the old 'gentleman had received an intimation 'of the affair by the following letter; 'which I can repeat *verbatim*, and 'which they ſay was written neither by 'Leonora nor her aunt, though it was 'in a woman's hand. The letter was 'in theſe words—

"SIR,

" SIR,

" I Am ſorry to acquaint you, that " your daughter, Leonora, hath " acted one of the baſeſt, as well as " moſt ſimple parts, with a young " gentleman to whom ſhe had engaged " herſelf, and whom ſhe hath (pardon " the word) jilted for another of in- " ferior fortune, notwithſtanding his " ſuperior figure. You may take what " meaſure you pleaſe on this occaſion: " I have performed what I thought my " duty; as I have, though unknown " to you, a very great reſpect for your " family."

' The old gentleman did not give himſelf the trouble to anſwer this kind epiſtle; nor did he take any notice of it, after he had read it, till he ſaw Bellarmine. He was, to ſay the truth, one of thoſe fathers who look on children as an unhappy conſequence of their youthful pleaſures; which as he would have been delighted not to have attended them, ſo was he no leſs pleaſed with any opportunity to rid himſelf of the incumbrance. He paſſed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father, being not only ſo rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmoſt of his power, but even to deny himſelf the conveniences and almoſt neceſſaries of life; which the neighbours attributed to a deſire of raiſing immenſe fortunes for his children; but in fact it was not ſo; he heaped up money for it's own ſake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved miſtreſs when he was incapable of poſſeſſing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him: nor had his children any other ſecurity of being his heirs, than that the law would conſtitute them ſuch without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

' To this gentleman came Bellarmine on the errand I have mentioned. His perſon, his equipage, his family, and his eſtate, ſeemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter; he therefore very readily accepted his propoſals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of fortune, the old gentleman preſently changed his countenance, ſaying, he reſolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her, would, when he died, find her ſhare of his fortune in his coffers: but he had ſeen ſuch examples of undutifulneſs happen from the too early generoſity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a ſhilling whilſt he lived. He commended the ſaying of Solomon, *He that ſpareth the rod, ſpoileth the child*: but added, he might have likewiſe aſſerted, that *He that ſpareth the purſe, ſaveth the child*. He then ran into a diſcourſe on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a diſſertation on horſes, and came at length to commend thoſe Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who, at another ſeaſon, would have been well enough pleaſed to dwell a little on that ſubject, was now very eager to reſume the circumſtance of fortune. He ſaid, he had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with leſs than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made ſome regard to worldly matters neceſſary; for it would be a moſt diſtracting ſight for him to ſee her, when he had the honour to be her huſband, in leſs than a coach and ſix. The old gentleman anſwered—" Four will do! four will " do!" and then took a turn from horſes to extravagance, and from extravagance to horſes, till he came round to the equipage again; whither he was no ſooner arrived, than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpoſe; he made his eſcape from that ſubject in a minute; till at laſt the lover declared, that in the preſent ſituation of his affairs, it was impoſſible for him, though he loved Leonora more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any fortune. To which the father anſwered, he was ſorry that his daughter muſt loſe ſo valuable a match; that if he had an inclination, at preſent it was not in his power to advance a ſhilling; that he had had great loſſes, and been at great expences on projects; which, though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that

' he

'he did not know what might happen 'hereafter, as on the birth of a ſon, or 'ſuch accident; but he would make no 'promiſe, or enter into any article; for 'he would not break his vow for all the 'daughters in the world.

'In ſhort, ladies, to keep you no lon-'ger in ſuſpenſe, Bellarmine having 'tried every argument and perſuaſion 'which he could invent, and finding 'them all ineffectual, at length took 'his leave, but not in order to return to 'Leonora: he proceeded directly to his 'own ſeat; whence, after a few days 'ſtay, he returned to Paris, to the great 'delight of the French, and the honour 'of the Engliſh nation.

'But, as ſoon as he arrived at his 'home, he preſently diſpatched a meſ-'ſenger with the following epiſtle to 'Leonora—

"ADORABLE AND CHARMANTE!

"I Am ſorry to have the honour to "tell you, I am not the *heureux* "perſon deſtined for your divine arms. "Your papa hath told me ſo with a *po-"liteſſe* not often ſeen on this ſide Paris. "You may perhaps gueſs his manner "of refuſing me. *Ah, mon Dieu!* "You will certainly believe me, Ma-"dam, incapable myſelf of delivering "this *triſte* meſſage, which I intend "to try the French air to cure the con-"ſequences of — *A jamais! Cœur! "Ange! — Au diable!* If your papa "obliges you to a marriage, I hope "we ſhall ſee you at Paris; till when, "the wind that flows from thence will "be the warmeſt *dans le monde*; for "it will conſiſt almoſt entirely of my "ſighs. *Adieu, ma princeſſe! Ah, "l'Amour!*

"BELLARMINE."

'I ſhall not attempt, ladies, to de-'ſcribe Leonora's condition, when ſhe 'received this letter. It is a picture of 'horror, which I ſhould have as little 'pleaſure in drawing, as you in behold-'ing. She immediately left the place, 'where ſhe was the ſubject of converſa-'tion and ridicule, and retired to that 'houſe I ſhewed you when I began the 'ſtory; where ſhe hath ever ſince led a 'diſconſolate life; and deſerves, perhaps, 'pity for her misfortunes more than our 'cenſure for a behaviour to which the 'artifices of her aunt very probably 'contributed, and to which very young 'women are often rendered too liable, 'by that blameable levity in the educa-'tion of our ſex.'

'If I was inclined to pity her,' ſaid a young lady in the coach, 'it 'would be for the loſs of Horatio; 'for I cannot diſcern any misfortune 'in her miſſing ſuch a huſband as Bel-'larmine.'

'Why, I muſt own,' ſays Slipſlop, 'the gentlewoman was a little falle-'hearted: but *howſumever* it was hard 'to have two lovers, and get never a 'huſband at all.—But pray, Madam, 'what became of *Our aſhoe?*'

'He remains,' ſaid the lady, 'ſtill 'unmarried; and hath applied himſelf 'ſo cloſely to his buſineſs, that he hath 'raiſed, I hear, a very conſiderable 'fortune. And, what is remarkable, 'they ſay, he never hears the name of 'Leonora without a ſigh, nor hath ever 'uttered one ſyllable to charge her with 'her ill conduct towards him.'

## CHAP. VII.

### A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, IN WHICH PARSON ADAMS WENT A GREAT WAY.

THE lady having finiſhed her ſtory, received the thanks of the com-pany; and now Joſeph putting his head out of the coach, cried out—'Never 'believe me, if yonder be not our Par-'ſon Adams walking along without 'his horſe.'—'On my word, and ſo 'he is!' ſays Slipſlop; 'and as ſure as 'two-pence, he hath left him behind 'at the inn.' Indeed, true it is, the parſon had exhibited a freſh inſtance of his abſence of mind: for he was ſo pleaſed with having got Joſeph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beaſt in the ſtable; and finding his legs as nimble as he deſired, he ſallied out, brandiſhing a crab-ſtick, and had kept on before the coach, mend-ing and ſlackening his pace occaſionally, ſo that he had never been much more or leſs than a quarter of a mile diſtant from it.

Mrs. Slipſlop deſired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain: for the faſter he drove, the faſter ran the parſon, often crying out—'Aye, aye, catch me if you can;'

till

till at length the coachman ſwore he would as ſoon attempt to drive after a greyhound; and giving the parſon two or three hearty curſes, he cried—'Softly, ſoftly, boys!' to his horſes, which the civil beaſts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader, than he was to Mrs. Slipſlop; and, leaving the coach and it's company to purſue their journey, we will carry our reader on after parſon Adams, who ſtretched forward without once looking behind him; till, having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place, where, by keeping the extremeſt track to the right, it was juſt barely poſſible for a human creature to miſs his way. This track, however, did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at theſe kinds of bare poſſibilities; and travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the ſummit of a hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in ſight, he ſat himſelf down on the turf, and pulling out his Æſchylus, determined to wait here for it's arrival.

He had not ſat long here, before a gun going off very near, a little ſtartled him: he looked up, and ſaw a gentleman within a hundred paces, taking up a partridge which he had juſt ſhot.

Adams ſtood up, and preſented a figure to the gentleman, which would have moved laughter in many; for his caſſock had juſt again fallen down below his great-coat, that is to ſay, it reached his knees, whereas the ſkirts of his great-coat deſcended no lower than half way down his thighs: but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his ſurprize, at beholding ſuch a perſonage in ſuch a place.

Adams advancing to the gentleman, told him, he hoped he had good ſport; to which the other anſwered—'Very 'little.'—'I ſee, Sir,' ſays Adams, 'you have *ſmote* one partridge.' To which the ſportſman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilſt the gun was charging, Adams remained in ſilence, which he at laſt broke, by obſerving, that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at firſt ſight conceived a very diſtaſteful opinion of the parſon, began, on perceiving a book in his hand, and ſmoking likewiſe the information of the caſſock, to change his thoughts, and made a ſmall advance to converſation on his ſide, by ſaying, 'Sir, I ſuppoſe 'you are not one of theſe parts?'

Adams immediately told him, 'No:' that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening, and the place, to repoſe a little, and amuſe himſelf with reading. 'I may as well repoſe 'myſelf too,' ſaid the ſportſman; 'for 'I have been out this whole afternoon, 'and the devil a bird have I ſeen till I 'came hither.'

'Perhaps, then, the game is not very 'plenty hereabouts,' cries Adams. 'No, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman; 'the 'ſoldiers who are quartered in the 'neighbourhood have killed it all.' —'It is very probable,' cried Adams; 'for ſhooting is their profeſſion.'—'Aye, ſhooting the game,' anſwered the other; 'but I don't ſee they are 'ſo forward to ſhoot our enemies. I 'don't like that affair of Carthagena; 'if I had been there, I believe I 'ſhould have done other gueſs things; 'd—n me! what's a man's life when 'his country demands it? a man who 'won't ſacrifice his life for his coun-'try, deſerves to be hanged, d—n me!' Which words he ſpoke with ſo violent a geſture, ſo loud a voice, ſo ſtrong an accent, and ſo fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of trained bands, at the head of his company; but Mr. Adams was not greatly ſubject to fear: he told him intrepidly, that he very much approved his virtue, but diſliked his ſwearing, and begged him not to addict himſelf to ſo bad a cuſtom; without which, he ſaid, he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed, he was charmed with this diſcourſe: he told the gentleman he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking: that if he pleaſed to ſit down, he ſhould be greatly delighted to commune with him; for though he was a clergyman, he would himſelf be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman ſat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a diſcourſe which we have placed by itſelf, as it is not only the moſt curious

rious in this, but, perhaps, in any other book.

## CHAP. VIII.

### A NOTABLE DISSERTATION BY MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS; WHEREIN THAT GENTLEMAN APPEARS IN A POLITICAL LIGHT.

'I Do assure you, Sir,' says he, taking the gentleman by the hand, 'I am heartily glad to meet with a man 'of your kidney; for though I am a 'poor parson, I will be bold to say, 'I am an honest man, and would not 'do an ill thing to be made a bishop: 'nay, though it hath not fallen in my 'way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I 'have not been without opportunities 'of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them: 'for I have had relations, though I say 'it, who made some figure in the world; 'particularly a nephew, who was a 'shopkeeper and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and 'was under my care when a boy, and 'I believe would do what I bade him 'to his dying day. Indeed, it looks 'like extreme vanity in me, to affect 'being a man of such consequence, as 'to have so great an interest in an 'alderman; but others have thought 'so too, as manifestly appeared by the 'rector, whose curate I formerly was, 'sending for me on the approach of an 'election, and telling me, if I expected to continue in my cure, that 'I must bring my nephew to vote for 'one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman 'whom I had never heard tidings of 'till that instant. I told the rector, 'I had no power over my nephew's 'vote, (God forgive me for such prevarication!) that I supposed he would 'give it according to his conscience; 'that I would by no means endeavour 'to influence him to give it otherwise. 'He told me it was in vain to equivocate: that he knew I had already 'spoke to him in favour of Esquire 'Fickle, my neighbour: and, indeed, 'it was true I had; for it was at a 'season when the *church was in danger*, 'and when all good men expected they 'knew not what would happen to us 'all. I then answered boldly, if he 'thought I had given my promise, he 'affronted me, in proposing any breach 'of it. Not to be too prolix: I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the 'esquire's interest, who was chosen chiefly through his means; and so I lost 'my curacy. Well, Sir, but do you 'think the esquire ever mentioned a 'word of the church? *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam*; within two years he 'got a place, and hath ever since lived 'in London; where I have been informed, (but God forbid I should 'believe that) that he never so much 'as goeth to church. I remained, Sir, 'a considerable time without any cure, 'and lived a full month on one funeral 'sermon, which I preached on the indisposition of a clergyman; but this 'by the bye. At last, when Mr. 'Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly 'stood again; and who should make 'interest for him but Mr. Fickle himself? that very identical Mr. Fickle, 'who had formerly told me the colonel was an enemy to both the church 'and state, had the confidence to solicit my nephew for him; and the 'colonel himself offered to make me a 'chaplain to his regiment, which I 'refused in favour of Sir Oliver 'Hearty, who told us, he would sacrifice every thing to his country: and 'I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that 'in five years together he went but 'twice up to parliament; and one of 'those times, I have been told, never 'was within sight of the house. However, he was a worthy man, and the 'best friend I ever had; for, by his 'interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me 'eight pounds out of his own pocket, 'to buy me a gown and cassock, and 'furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not 'many years. On his death, I had 'fresh applications made to me; for all 'the world knew the interest I had 'with my good nephew, who was 'now a leading man in the corporation; and Sir Thomas Booby buying the estate which had been Sir 'Oliver's, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels; 'and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs, which, for my 'part, I knew nothing of. If I had

'been

'been master of a thousand votes, he 'should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest; and 'he was elected, and a very fine parliament-man he was. They tell me 'he made speeches of an hour long; 'and I have been told very fine ones: 'but he could never persuade the parliament to be of his opinion.—*Non omnia possumus omnes.*—He promised me 'a living, poor man! and I believe I 'should have had it, but an accident 'happened; which was, that my lady 'had promised it before, unknown to 'him. This, indeed, I never heard 'till afterwards: for my nephew, who 'died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be 'assured of it. Since that time, Sir 'Thomas, poor man! had always so 'much business, that he never could 'find leisure to see me. I believe it 'was partly my lady's fault too, who 'did not think my dress good enough 'for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say, 'he never was ungrateful; and I have 'always found his kitchen, and his 'cellar too, open to me: many a time 'after service on a Sunday, for I preach 'at four churches, have I recruited my 'spirits with a glass of his ale. Since 'my nephew's death, the corporation 'is in other hands; and I am not a 'man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any 'talents to lay out in the service of my 'country; and to whom nothing is 'given, of him nothing can be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two 'into my sermons; which I have the 'pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to 'Sir Thomas, and the other honest 'gentlemen my neighbours, who have 'all promised me these five years to 'procure an ordination for a son of 'mine, who is now near thirty, hath 'an infinite stock of learning, and is, 'I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable 'life; though, as he was never at an 'university, the bishop refuses to ordain 'him. Too much care cannot indeed 'be taken in admitting any to the sacred office: though I hope he will 'never act so as to be a disgrace to any 'order; but will serve his God and his 'country to the utmost of his power, 'as I have endeavoured to do before 'him; nay, and will lay down his life 'whenever called to that purpose. I am 'sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my 'duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account. But I do 'not distrust him; for he is a good boy, 'and if Providence should throw it in 'his way to be of as much consequence 'in a publick light, as his father once 'was, I can answer for him, he will 'use his talents as honestly as I have 'done.'

## CHAP. IX.

### IN WHICH THE GENTLEMAN DESCANTS ON BRAVERY AND HEROICK VIRTUE, TILL AN UNLUCKY ACCIDENT PUTS AN END TO THE DISCOURSE.

THE gentleman highly commended Mr. Adams for his good resolutions; and told him, he hoped his son would tread in his steps; adding, that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. 'I'd 'make no more of shooting a man that 'would not die for his country, than—

'Sir,' said he, 'I have disinherited a 'nephew who is in the army, because 'he would not exchange his commission, 'and go to the West-Indies. I believe 'the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in love, forsooth. I would 'have all such fellows hanged, Sir; I 'would have them hanged.' Adams answered, that would be too severe: that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred: that reason and time might teach him to subdue it. He said, a man might be a coward at one time, and brave at another. 'Homer,' says he, 'who so well understood and co-'pied nature, hath taught us this lesson; 'for Paris fights, and Hector runs 'away; nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of later 'ages, no longer ago than the 705th 'year of Rome, when the great Pompey, who had won so many battles, 'and been honoured with so many

'triumphs, and of whoſe valour ſeveral 'authors, eſpecially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed ſuch eulogiums; 'this very Pompey left the battle of 'Pharſalia before he had loſt it, and 'retreated to his tent, where he ſat like 'the moſt puſillanimous raſcal in a fit 'of deſpair, and yielded a victory 'which was to determine the empire of 'the world to Cæſar. I am not much 'travelled in the hiſtory of modern 'times, that is to ſay, theſe laſt thou'ſand years: but thoſe who are, can, 'I make no queſtion, furniſh you with 'parallel inſtances.' He concluded, therefore, that had he taken any ſuch haſty reſolutions againſt his nephew, he hoped he would conſider better, and retract them. The gentleman anſwered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country; till perceiving it grew late, he aſked Adams what place he intended for that night. He told him, he waited there for the ſtage-coach. 'The ſtage-coach! Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'they are all paſſed by 'long ago. You may ſee the laſt your'ſelf almoſt three miles before us.'—'I proteſt and ſo they are!' cries Adams; 'then I muſt make haſte and 'follow them.' The gentleman told him, he would hardly be able to overtake them; and that if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of loſing himſelf on the downs; for it would be preſently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps find himſelf farther from his journey's end in the morning, than he was now. He adviſed him, therefore, to accompany him to his houſe, which was very little out of his way, aſſuring him, that he would find ſome country-fellow in his pariſh, who would conduct him for ſix-pence to the city where he was going. Adams accepted this propoſal, and on they travelled; the gentleman renewing his diſcourſe on courage, and the infamy of not being ready at all times to ſacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the ſame time as they arrived near ſome buſhes: whence, on a ſudden, they heard the moſt violent ſhrieks imaginable, in a female voice. Adams offered to ſnatch the gun out of his companion's hand. 'What are you doing?' ſaid he. 'Doing!' ſaid Adams: 'I am haſ'tening to the aſſiſtance of the poor 'creature, whom ſome villains are mur'dering.'—'You are not mad enough, 'I hope,' ſays the gentleman, trembling: 'Do you conſider this gun is 'only charged with ſhot, and that the 'robbers are moſt probably furniſhed 'with piſtols loaded with bullets? This 'is no buſineſs of ours; let us make as 'much haſte as poſſible out of the way, 'or we may fall into their hands our'ſelves.' The ſhrieks now increaſing, Adams made no anſwer, but ſnapped his fingers, and brandiſhing his crab-ſtick, made directly to the place whence the voice iſſued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he eſcaped in a very ſhort time, without once looking behind him: where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to cenſure the want of it in others; and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noiſe proceeded, found a woman ſtruggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almoſt overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr. Adams were not neceſſary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the firſt ſight. He did not, therefore, want the entreaties of the poor wretch to aſſiſt her; but lifting up his crab-ſtick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the raviſher's head, where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of ſome perſons are depoſited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not nature (who, as wiſe men have obſerved, equips all creatures with what is moſt expedient for them) taken a provident care (as ſhe always doth with thoſe ſhe intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as thoſe of ordinary men, who are deſigned to exerciſe talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom as brains are neceſſary, ſhe is obliged to leave ſome room for them in the cavity of the ſkull: whereas, thoſe ingredients being entirely uſeleſs to perſons of the heroick calling, ſhe hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, ſo as to make it leſs ſubject to any impreſſion, or liable to be cracked or broken; and, indeed, in ſome who are predeſtined to the command of armies and empires,

pires, ſhe is ſuppoſed ſometimes to make that part perfectly ſolid.

As a game-cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he ſpies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and oppoſes himſelf to his rival; ſo did the raviſher, on the information of the crabſtick, immediately leap from the woman, and haſten to aſſail the man. He had no weapons but what nature had furniſhed him with. However, he clenched his fiſt, and preſently darted it at that part of Adams's breaſt where the heart is lodged. Adams ſtaggered at the violence of the blow, when, throwing away his ſtaff, he likewiſe clenched that fiſt which we have before commemorated, and would have diſcharged it full in the breaſt of his antagoniſt, had he not dexterouſly caught it with his left-hand, at the ſame time darting his head, (which ſome modern heroes, of the lower claſs, uſe like the battering-ram of the ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reaſon to admire the cunningneſs of nature, in compoſing it of thoſe impenetrable materials:) darting his head, I ſay, into the ſtomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back; and not having any regard to the laws of heroiſm, which would have reſtrained him from any farther attack on his enemy, till he was again on his legs, he threw himſelf upon him, and laying hold on the ground with his left-hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed, till he concluded (to uſe the language of fighting) that he had done his buſineſs; or, in the language of poetry, that he had ſent him to the ſhades below; in plain Engliſh, that he was dead.

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the univerſe, lay ſtill only to watch his opportunity; and now perceiving his antagoniſt to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmoſt force at once, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that he overturned him, and became his ſuperior; when fixing one of his knees in his breaſt, he cried out in an exulting voice—'It is my 'turn now:' and after a few minutes conſtant application, he gave him ſo dexterous a blow juſt under his chin, that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had ſtruck him once too often; for he often aſſerted, he ſhould be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.

Adams got up, and called aloud to the young woman—'Be of good cheer, 'damſel,' ſaid he, 'you are no longer 'in danger of your raviſher, who, I 'am terribly afraid, lies dead at my 'feet; but God forgive me what I have 'done in defence of innocence.' The poor wretch, who had been ſome time in recovering ſtrength enough to riſe, and had afterwards, during the engagement, ſtood trembling, being diſabled by fear, even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehenſions even of her deliverer; which, however, ſhe was ſoon relieved from, by his courteous behaviour, and gentle words. They were both ſtanding by the body, which lay motionleſs on the ground, and which Adams wiſhed to ſee ſtir much more than the woman did, when he earneſtly begged her to tell him, by what misfortune ſhe came, at ſuch a time of night, in ſo lonely a place. She acquainted him, ſhe was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the perſon from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewiſe on his journey to the ſame place, and would keep her company: an offer which, ſuſpecting no harm, ſhe had accepted; that he told her, they were at a ſmall diſtance from an inn, where ſhe might take up her lodging that evening, and he would ſhew her a nearer way to it than by following the road. That if ſhe had ſuſpected him, (which ſhe did not, he ſpoke ſo kindly to her) being alone on theſe downs in the dark, ſhe had no human means to avoid him; that therefore ſhe put her whole truſt in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when on a ſudden, being come to thoſe buſhes, he deſired her to ſtop, and after ſome rude kiſſes, which ſhe reſiſted, and ſome intreaties which ſhe rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, ſhe thanked God, he timely came up, and prevented him. Adams encouraged her for ſaying ſhe had put her whole truſt in Providence,

vidence, and told her, he doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished, indeed, he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but—'God's 'will be done:' he said, he hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this. He was then silent; and began to consider with himself, whether it would be proper to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

## CHAP. X.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGE CATASTROPHE OF THE PRECEDING ADVENTURE, WHICH DREW POOR ADAMS INTO FRESH CALAMITIES; AND WHO THE WOMAN WAS WHO OWED THE PRESERVATION OF HER CHASTITY TO HIS VICTORIOUS ARM.

THE silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehensions into the poor woman's mind: she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer, as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country: and had rescued her out of the hands of one ruffler, in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence; but indeed they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally advisable, and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his da- at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution: at length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly addressed himself with—'Heus tu! traveller; 'heus tu!' he presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching towards him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollow, at which the woman testified some fear, (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself;) but Adams said, 'Be of good cheer, damsel, and re-'pose thy trust in the same Providence 'that has hitherto protected thee, and 'never will forsake the innocent.' These people who now approached were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call bird-batting. This, if you are ignorant of it, (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou mayest be) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the same time beating the bushes: for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest, or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what had happened, and desired them to hold the lantern to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had *smote* him fatally. But indeed his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his senses, and finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman: for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr. Adams, as they could have been by the young woman herself, had he obtained his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face, he leapt up, and laying hold on Adams, cried out—'No, 'villain, I am not dead, though you 'and your wicked whore might well 'think me so, after the barbarous cru-'elties you have exercised on me.—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are luck-

'ily

'ily come to the aſſiſtance of a poor 'traveller, who would otherwiſe have 'been robbed and murdered by this 'vile man and woman, who led me hi-'ther out of my way from the high 'road, and both falling on me, have 'uſed me as you ſee.' Adams was going to anſwer, when one of the young fellows cried—'D—n them, let's car-'ry them before the juſtice.' The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him, and one holding the lantern to his face, they all agreed he had the moſt villainous countenance they ever beheld: and an attorney's clerk, who was of the company, declared, he was ſure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was diſhevelled in the ſtruggle, and her noſe had bled, ſo that they could not perceive whether ſhe was handſome or ugly; but they ſaid her fright plainly diſcovered her guilt. And ſearching her pockets, as they did thoſe of Adams, for money which the fellow ſaid he had loſt, they found in her pocket a purſe, with ſome gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, eſpecially as the fellow offered to ſwear to it. Mr. Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This, the clerk ſaid, was a great preſumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman. To which all the reſt readily aſſented.

This accident promiſing them better ſport than what they had propoſed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimouſly reſolved to proceed to the juſtice with the offenders. Being informed what a deſperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and having hid their nets among the buſhes, and the lantern being carried before them, they placed the two priſoners in their front, and then began their march: Adams not only ſubmitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her ſufferings.

Whilſt they were on their way, the clerk informed the reſt, that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would be all entitled to their proportions of 80l. for apprehending the robbers. This occaſioned a contention concerning the parts which they had ſeverally borne in taking them; one inſiſting, he ought to have the greateſt ſhare, for he had firſt laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a ſuperior part, for having firſt held the lantern to the man's face on the ground, by which, he ſaid, the whole was diſcovered. The clerk claimed four-fifths of the reward, for having propoſed to ſearch the priſoners; and likewiſe the carrying them before the juſtice: he ſaid, indeed, in ſtrict juſtice he ought to have the whole. Theſe claims, however, they at laſt conſented to refer to a future deciſion, but ſeemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety. They then debated what money ſhould be allotted to the young fellow who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modeſtly ſaid, that he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his ſhare; but hoped they would allow him ſomething: he deſired them to conſider that they had aſſigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers; (for ſo theſe innocent people were called;) that if he had not occupied the nets, ſome other muſt; concluding, however, that he ſhould be contented with the ſmalleſt ſhare imaginable, and ſhould think that rather their bounty than his merit. But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly ſwearing, if they gave him a ſhilling, they might do what they pleaſed with the reſt, for he would not concern himſelf with the affair. This contention was ſo hot, and ſo totally engaged the attention of all parties, that a dexterous nimble thief, had he been in Mr. Adams's ſituation, would have taken care to have given the juſtice no trouble that evening. Indeed, it required not the art of a Shepherd to eſcape, eſpecially as the darkneſs of the night would have ſo much befriended him: but Adams truſted rather to his innocence than his heels, and without thinking of flight, which was eaſy, or reſiſtance, which was impoſſible, (as there were ſix luſty young fellows, beſides the villain himſelf, preſent) he walked with perfect reſignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams

Adams frequently vented himſelf in ejaculations during their journey; at laſt poor Joſeph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain ſighing forth his name; which being heard by his companion in affliction, ſhe cried, with ſome vehemence—'Sure I ſhould 'know that voice; you cannot certain-'ly, Sir, be Mr. Abraham Adams?'—'Indeed, damſel,' ſaid he, 'that is 'my name; there is ſomething alſo in 'your voice, which perſuades me I have 'heard it before.'—'La, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'don't you remember poor Fan-'ny?'—'How, Fanny!' anſwered Adams; 'indeed, I very well remem-'ber you; what can have brought you 'hither?'—'I have told you, Sir,' replied ſhe, 'I was travelling towards 'London: but I thought you men-'tioned Joſeph Andrews; pray what is 'become of him?'—'I left him, child, 'this afternoon,' ſaid Adams, 'in the 'ſtage-coach, in his way towards our 'pariſh, whither he is going to ſee 'you.'—'To ſee me! La, Sir,' anſwered Fanny, 'ſure you jeer me; what 'ſhould he be going to ſee me for?'—'Can you aſk that?' replied Adams. 'I hope, Fanny, you are not incon-'ſtant; I aſſure you he deſerves much 'better of you.'—'La, Mr. Adams,' ſaid ſhe, 'what is Mr. Joſeph to me? 'I am ſure I never had any thing to 'ſay to him, but as one fellow-ſervant 'might to another.'—'I am ſorry to hear 'this,' ſaid Adams; 'a virtuous paſ-'ſion for a young man is what no wo-'man need be aſhamed of. You either 'do not tell me truth, or you are falſe 'to a very worthy man.' Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which ſhe liſtened very attentively; and a ſigh often eſcaped from her, notwithſtanding her utmoſt endeavours to the contrary; nor could ſhe prevent herſelf from aſking a thouſand queſtions, which would have aſſured any one but Adams, who never ſaw farther into people than they deſired to let him, of the truth of a paſſion ſhe endeavoured to conceal. Indeed the fact was, that this poor girl, having heard of Joſeph's misfortune by ſome of the ſervants belonging to the coach, which we have formerly mentioned to have ſtopt at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that inſtant abandoned the cow ſhe was milking, and taking with her a little bundle of cloaths under her arm, and all the money ſhe was worth in her own purſe, without conſulting any one, immediately ſet forward, in purſuit of one whom, notwithſtanding her ſhyneſs to the parſon, ſhe loved with inexpreſſible violence, though with the pureſt and moſt delicate paſſion. This ſhyneſs, therefore, as we truſt it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly ſurprize ſuch of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other ſex, we ſhall not give ourſelves any trouble to vindicate.

## CHAP. XI.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM WHILE BEFORE THE JUSTICE. A CHAPTER VERY FULL OF LEARNING.

THEIR fellow-travellers were ſo engaged in the hot diſpute concerning the diviſion of the reward for apprehending theſe innocent people, that they attended very little to their diſcourſe. They were now arrived at the juſtice's houſe, and had ſent one of his ſervants in to acquaint his worſhip, that they had taken two robbers, and brought them before him. The juſtice, who was juſt returned from a fox-chace, and had not yet finiſhed his dinner, ordered them to carry the priſoners into the ſtable, whither they were attended by all the ſervants in the houſe, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to ſee them with as much curioſity as if there was ſomething uncommon to be ſeen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The juſtice being now in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himſelf of the priſoners; and telling his company he believed they ſhould have good ſport on their examination, he ordered them into his preſence. They had no ſooner entered the room, than he began to revile them; ſaying, that robberies on the highway were now grown ſo frequent, that people could not ſleep ſafely in their beds, and aſſured them they both ſhould be made examples of at the enſuing aſſizes. After he had gone on ſome time in this manner, he was reminded by

by his clerk, that it would be proper to take the depoſition of the witneſſes againſt them. Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the mean time. Whilſt the clerk was employed in writing down the depoſitions of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the juſtice employed himſelf in cracking jeſts on poor Fanny; in which he was ſeconded by all the company at table. One aſked, whether ſhe was to be indicted for a *highwayman?* Another whiſpered in her ear, if ſhe had not provided herſelf a great belly, he was at her ſervice. A third ſaid, he warranted ſhe was a relation of Turpin. To which one of the company, a great wit, ſhaking his head, and then his ſides, anſwered, he believed ſhe was nearer related to *turpis*; at which there was an univerſal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when ſomebody ſmoking the caſſock peeping forth under the great-coat of Adams, cried out—'What have we 'here? a parſon?'—'How, ſirrah,' ſays the juſtice, 'do you go a robbing 'in the dreſs of a clergyman? Let me 'tell you, your habit will not entitle 'you to the benefit of the clergy.'—'Yes,' ſaid the witty fellow, 'he will 'have one benefit of clergy, he will 'be exalted above the heads of the 'people!' At which there was a ſecond laugh. And now the witty ſpark, ſeeing his jokes take, began to riſe in ſpirits; and turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verſes, and provoking him by giving the firſt blow, he repeated—

'*Molle meum levibus cord; eſt villebile telis.*'

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, he deſerved ſcourging for his pronunciation. The witty fellow anſwered—'What do 'you deſerve, doctor, for not being able 'to anſwer the firſt time? Why, I'll give 'you one, you blockhead, with an S.

'*Si licet, in fulvum ſpectatur in ignibus 'baurum.*

'What, can'ſt not with an M neither? 'Thou art a pretty fellow for a par-'ſon. Why didſt not ſteal ſome of the 'parſon's Latin as well as his gown?' Another at the table then anſwered—'If he had, you would have been too 'hard for him. I remember you at the 'college a very devil at this ſport: I 'have ſeen you catch a freſh man; for 'nobody that knew you would engage with you.'—'I have forgot 'thoſe things now,' cried the wit. 'I believe I could have done pretty well 'formerly. Let's ſee, what did I end 'with—an M again—aye—

'*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

'I could have done it once.'—'Ah! 'evil betide you, and ſo you can now,' ſaid the other; 'nobody in this country 'will undertake you.' Adams could hold no longer—'Friend,' ſaid he, 'I 'have a boy not above eight years old, 'who would inſtruct thee, that the laſt 'verſe runs thus—

'*Ut ſunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, A-'pollo, virorum.*'

'I'll hold thee a guinea of that,' ſaid the wit, throwing the money on the table. 'And I'll go your halves,' cries the other. 'Done!' anſwered Adams; but, upon applying to his pocket, he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which ſet them all a laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adverſary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams he muſt go a little longer to ſchool, before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk having finiſhed the depoſitions, as well of the fellow himſelf, as of thoſe who apprehended the priſoners, delivered them to the juſtice; who having ſworn the ſeveral witneſſes, without reading a ſyllable, ordered his clerk to make the mittimus.

Adams then ſaid, he hoped he ſhould not be condemned unheard. 'No, 'no,' cries the juſtice, 'you will be 'aſked what you have to ſay for your-'ſelf, when you come on your trial: 'we are not trying you now; I ſhall 'only commit you to gaol; if you 'can prove your innocence at *aſſize*, 'you will be found *ignoramus*, and ſo 'no harm done.'—'Is it no puniſh-'ment, Sir, for an innocent man to 'lie ſeveral months in gaol?' cries Adams: 'I beg you would at leaſt

'hear me before you ſign the mittimus.' —'What ſignifies all you can ſay?' ſays the juſtice; 'is it not here in black and 'white againſt you? I muſt tell you, 'you are a very impertinent fellow, to 'take up ſo much of my time.—So make 'haſte with his mittimus.'

The clerk now acquainted the juſtice that, among other ſuſpicious things, as a penknife, &c. found in Adams's pocket, they had diſcovered a book written, as he apprehended, in cyphers; for no one could read a word in it. 'Aye,' ſays the juſtice, 'the fellow 'may be more than a common robber, 'he may be in a plot againſt the go-'vernment. Produce the book.' Upon which the poor manuſcript of Æſchylus, which Adams had tranſcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the juſtice looking at it, ſhook his head; and, turning to the priſoner, aſked the meaning of thoſe cyphers. 'Cyphers!' anſwered Adams, 'it is a manuſcript of Æſchylus!'—'Who? who?' ſaid the juſtice. Adams repeated—'Æſchylus.'—'That 'is an outlandiſh name,' cried the clerk. 'A fictitious name rather, I believe,' ſaid the juſtice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. 'Greek!' ſaid the juſtice, 'why 'tis all writing!'—'No,' ſays the other, 'I don't poſitively ſay it is ſo; 'for it is a very long time ſince I have 'ſeen any Greek. There's one,' ſays he, turning to the parſon of the pariſh, who was preſent, 'will tell us 'immediately.' The parſon taking up the book, and putting on his ſpectacles and gravity together, muttered ſome words to himſelf; and then pronounced aloud—'Aye, indeed, it is a Greek 'manuſcript, a very fine piece of an-'tiquity. I make no doubt but it was 'ſtolen from the ſame clergyman from 'whom the rogue took the caſſock.'—'What did the raſcal mean by his 'Æſchylus?' ſays the juſtice. 'Pooh!' anſwered the doctor, with a contemptuous grin, 'do you think that fellow 'knows any thing of this book? Æſ-'chylus! ho! ho! ho! I ſee now what 'it is: a manuſcript of one of the fa-'thers. I know a nobleman who would 'give a great deal of money for ſuch a 'piece of antiquity. Aye, aye, queſ-'tion and anſwer. The beginning is 'the catechiſm in Greek.—Aye, aye—'*Pollaki toi*. What's your name?'—'Aye, aye, what's your name?' ſays the juſtice to Adams; who anſwered—'It 'is Æſchylus, and I will maintain it.' —'O it is,' ſays the juſtice; 'make 'Mr. Æſchylus his mittimus. I will 'teach you to banter me with a falſe 'name.'

One of the company having looked ſtedfaſtly at Adams, aſked him, if he did not know Lady Booby. Upon which Adams preſently calling him to mind, anſwered in a rapture—'O Squire, are 'you there? I believe you will inform 'his worſhip I am innocent.'—'I can 'indeed ſay,' replied the ſquire, 'that 'I am very much ſurprized to ſee you 'in this ſituation;' and then addreſſing himſelf to the juſtice, he ſaid—'Sir, I 'aſſure you Mr. Adams is a clergyman 'as he appears, and a gentleman of 'a very good character. I wiſh you 'would enquire a little farther into this 'affair; for I am convinced of his in-'nocence.'—'Nay,' ſays the juſtice, 'if 'he is a gentleman, and you are ſure 'he is innocent, I don't deſire to com-'mit him, not I; I will commit the 'woman by herſelf, and take your bail 'for the gentleman. Look into the 'book, clerk, and ſee how it is to 'take bail; come—and make the mit-'timus for the *woman* as faſt as you 'can.'—'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I aſſure 'you ſhe is as innocent as myſelf.'—'Perhaps,' ſaid the ſquire, 'there may 'be ſome miſtake; pray let us hear 'Mr. Adams's relation.'—'With all 'my heart,' anſwered the juſtice; 'and 'give the gentleman a glaſs to whet his 'whiſtle before he begins. I know 'how to behave myſelf to a gentleman 'as well as another. Nobody can ſay 'I have committed a gentleman ſince I 'have been in the commiſſion.' Adams then began the narrative; in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unleſs by ſeveral *hums* and *ha's* of the juſtice, and his deſire to repeat thoſe parts that ſeemed to him moſt material. When he had finiſhed, the juſtice, who on what the ſquire had ſaid believed every ſyllable of his ſtory on his bare affirmation, notwithſtanding the depoſitions on oath to the contrary, began to let looſe ſeveral *rogues and raſcals* againſt the witneſs, whom he

he ordered to ſtand forth, but in vain; the ſaid witneſs, long ſince, finding what turn matters were like to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the iſſue. The juſtice now flew into a violent paſſion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows, who had been impoſed on as well as himſelf. He ſwore they had beſt find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour. They all promiſed to do their beſt endeavours to that purpoſe, and were diſmiſſed. Then the juſtice inſiſted, that Mr. Adams ſhould ſit down and take a glaſs with him; and the parſon of the pariſh delivered him back the manuſcript without ſaying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly diſcerned his ignorance, expoſe it. As for Fanny, ſhe was, at her own requeſt, recommended to the care of a maid-ſervant of the houſe, who helped her to new-dreſs and clean herſelf.

The company in the parlour had not been long ſeated, before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the perſons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny had been regaling, according to the cuſtom of the houſe, with the juſtice's ſtrong beer. Theſe were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The juſtice himſelf ſallied out, and with the dignity of his preſence ſoon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, that the occaſion of the quarrel was no other than a diſpute, to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater ſhare of the reward for apprehending him had belonged. All the company laughed at this, except Adams; who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and ſaid, he was concerned to ſee ſo litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a ſtory ſomething like it in one of the pariſhes where his cure lay. 'There was,' continued he, 'a competition between three young 'fellows for the place of the clerk, 'which I diſpoſed of, to the beſt of 'my abilities, according to merit: 'that is, I gave it to him who had 'the happieſt knack at ſetting a pſalm. 'The clerk was no ſooner eſtabliſhed 'in his place, than a contention be'gan between the two diſappointed 'candidates concerning their excel'lence, each contending, on whom, 'had they two been the only compe'titors, my election would have fal'len. This diſpute frequently diſ'turbed the congregation, and intro'duced a diſcord into the pſalmody, 'till I was forced to ſilence them both. 'But, alas! the litigious ſpirit could 'not be ſtifled; and, being no longer 'able to vent itſelf in ſinging, it now 'broke forth in fighting. It produced 'many battles, (for they were very 'near a match;) and, I believe, would 'have ended fatally, had not the death 'of the clerk given me an opportu'nity to promote one of them to his 'place; which preſently put an end 'to the diſpute, and entirely recon'ciled the contending parties.' Adams then proceeded to make ſome philoſophical obſervations on the folly of growing warm in diſputes in which neither party was intereſted. He then applied himſelf vigorouſly to ſmoaking; and a long ſilence enſued, which was at length broke by the juſtice; who began to ſing forth his own praiſes, and to value himſelf exceedingly on his nice diſcernment in the cauſe which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr. Adams, between whom and his worſhip a diſpute now aroſe, whether he ought not, in ſtrictneſs of law, to have committed him the ſaid Adams: in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the juſtice as vehemently held he ought not. This had moſt probably produced a quarrel, (for both were very violent and poſitive in their opinions) had not Fanny accidentally heard that a young fellow was going from the juſtice's houſe to the very inn where the ſtage-coach, in which Joſeph was, put up. Upon this news, ſhe immediately ſent for the parſon out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her reſolute to go, (though ſhe would not own the reaſon, but pretended ſhe could not bear to ſee the faces of thoſe who had ſuſpected her of ſuch a crime) was fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the juſtice and company, and ſo ended a diſpute, in which the

law ſeemed ſhamefully to intend to ſet a magiſtrate and a divine together by the ears.

## CHAP. XII.

### A VERY DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE, AS WELL TO THE PERSONS CONCERNED, AS TO THE GOOD-NATURED READER.

ADAMS, Fanny, and the guide, ſet out together, about one in the morning, the moon being then juſt riſen. They had not gone above a mile, before a moſt violent ſtorm of rain obliged them to take ſhelter in an inn, or rather alehouſe; where Adams immediately procured himſelf a good fire, a toaſt and ale, and a pipe, and began to ſmoke with great content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny ſat down likewiſe by the fire; but was much more impatient at the ſtorm. She preſently engaged the eyes of the hoſt, his wife, the maid of the houſe, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never ſeen any thing half ſo handſome: and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I adviſe thee to ſkip over the next paragraph; which, to render our hiſtory perfect, we are obliged to ſet down, humbly hoping, that we may eſcape the fate of Pygmalion: for if it ſhould happen to us or to thee to be ſtruck with this picture, we ſhould be, perhaps, in as helpleſs a condition as Narciſſus; and might ſay to ourſelves, *Quod petis eſt nuſquam*. Or if the fineſt features in it ſhould ſet Lady ———'s image before our eyes, we ſhould be ſtill in as bad a ſituation, and might ſay to our deſires, *Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; ſhe was tall, and delicately ſhaped; but not one of thoſe ſlender young women, who ſeem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomiſt, than for any other purpoſe. On the contrary, ſhe was ſo plump, that ſhe ſeemed burſting through her tight ſtays, eſpecially in the part which confined her ſwelling breaſts. Nor did her hips want the aſſiſtance of a hoop to extend them. The exact ſhape of her arms denoted the form of thoſe limbs which ſhe concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet if her ſleeve ſlipt above her elbow, or her handkerchief diſcovered any part of her neck, a whiteneſs appeared which the fineſt Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a cheſnut brown, and nature had been extremely laviſh to her of it, which ſhe had cut, and on Sundays uſed to curl down her neck in the modern faſhion. Her forehead was high, her eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwiſe. Her eyes black, and ſparkling; her noſe juſt inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moiſt; and her under lip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The ſmall-pox had left only one mark on her chin, which was ſo large, it might have been miſtaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one ſo near a neighbour to it, that the former ſerved only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the ſun, but overſpread with ſuch a bloom, that the fineſt ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to theſe a countenance, in which, though ſhe was extremely baſhful, a ſenſibility appeared almoſt incredible; and a ſweetneſs, whenever ſhe ſmiled, beyond either imitation or deſcription. To conclude all, ſhe had a natural gentility, ſuperior to the acquiſition of art, and which ſurprized all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was ſitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was ſuddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which ſung the following ſong—

### The SONG.

SAY, Chloe, where muſt the ſwain ſtray
Who is by thy beauties undone?
To waſh their remembrance away,
To what diſtant Lethe muſt run?
The wretch, who is ſentenc'd to die,
May eſcape, and leave juſtice behind:
From his country perhaps he may fly;
But O, can he fly from his mind!

O rapture unthought of before,
To be thus of Chloe poſſeſt!
Nor ſhe, nor no tyrant's hard pow'r,
Her image can tear from my breaſt.

But

But felt not Narciſſus more joy,
With his eyes he beheld his lov'd charms!
Yet what he beheld, the fond boy
More eagerly wiſh'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be,
Which fills thus my boſom with woe?
Can aught bear reſemblance to thee,
Which grief and not joy can beſtow?
This counterfeit ſnatch from my heart,
Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell ſmart,
I then ſhall find reſt in my grave.

Ah! ſee the dear nymph o'er the plain
Comes ſmiling and tripping along,
A thouſand loves dance in her train;
The Graces around her all throng.
To meet her ſoft Zephyrus flies,
And wafts all the ſweets from the flow'rs:
Ah, rogue! whilſt he kiſſes her eyes,
More ſweets from her breath he devours.

My ſoul, whilſt I gaze, is on fire;
But her looks were ſo tender and kind,
My hope almoſt reach'd my deſire,
And left lame deſpair far behind.
Tranſported with madneſs, I flew,
And eagerly ſeiz'd on my bliſs;
Her boſom but half ſhe withdrew,
But half ſhe refus'd my fond kiſs.

Advances like theſe made me bold;
I whiſpered her—Love, we're alone:
The reſt let immortals unfold,
No language can tell but their own.
Ah, Chloe! expiring, I cry'd,
How long I thy cruelty bore!
Ah, Strephon! ſhe bluſhing reply'd,
You ne'er was ſo preſſing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a paſſage in Æſchylus, without attending in the leaſt to the voice, though one of the moſt melodious that ever was heard; when caſting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out—'Bleſs us! you look extremely pale.'—'Pale, Mr. Adams!' ſaid ſhe; 'O Jeſus!' and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his Æſchylus into the fire, and fell a roaring to the people of the houſe for help. He ſoon ſummoned every one into the room, and the ſongſter among the reſt:—but, O reader, when this nightingale, who was no other than Joſeph Andrews himſelf, ſaw his beloved Fanny in the ſituation we have deſcribed her, canſt thou conceive the agitations of his mind? If thou canſt not, wave that meditation to behold his happineſs, when, claſping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks; when he ſaw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the ſofteſt accent whiſper—'Are you Joſeph Andrews?'—'Art thou my Fanny?' he anſwered eagerly, and pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberleſs kiſſes on her lips, without conſidering who were preſent.

If prudes are offended at the luſciouſneſs of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and ſurvey Parſon Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philoſophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happieſt of the three; for the goodneſs of his heart enjoyed the bleſſings which were exulting in the breaſts of both the other two, together with his own. But we ſhall leave ſuch diſquiſitions, as too deep for us, to thoſe who are building ſome favourite hypotheſis, which they will refuſe no metaphyſical rubbiſh to erect and ſupport: for our part, we give it clearly on the ſide of Joſeph, whoſe happineſs was not only greater than the parſon's, but of longer duration; for as ſoon as the firſt tumults of Adams's rapture were over, he caſt his eyes towards the fire, where Æſchylus lay expiring; and immediately reſcued the poor remains, to wit, the ſheep-ſkin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inſeparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no ſooner perfectly recovered herſelf, than ſhe began to reſtrain the impetuoſity of her tranſports; and reflecting on what ſhe had done and ſuffered in the preſence of ſo many, ſhe was immediately covered with confuſion; and puſhing Joſeph gently from her, ſhe begged him to be quiet: nor would admit of either kiſs or embrace any longer. Then ſeeing Mrs. Slipſlop, ſhe curtſied, and offered to advance to her: but that high woman would not return her curtſies; but caſting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering as ſhe went, ſhe wondered who the creature was.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

### A DISSERTATION CONCERNING HIGH PEOPLE AND LOW PEOPLE, WITH MRS. SLIPSLOP'S DEPARTURE IN NO VERY GOOD TEMPER OF MIND, AND THE EVIL PLIGHT IN WHICH SHE LEFT ADAMS AND HIS COMPANY.

IT will doubtleſs ſeem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs. Slipſlop, who had lived ſeveral years in the ſame houſe with Fanny, ſhould in a ſhort ſeparation utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that ſhe remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, have any thing unnatural appear in our hiſtory, we will endeavour to explain the reaſons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to ſatisfy the moſt curious reader, that Mrs. Slipſlop did not in the leaſt deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and indeed, had ſhe done otherwiſe, ſhe muſt have deſcended below herſelf, and would have very juſtly been liable to cenſure.

Be it known, then, that the human ſpecies are divided into two ſorts of people, to wit, *high* people, and *low* people. As by high people I would not be underſtood to mean perſons literally born higher in their dimenſions than the reſt of the ſpecies, nor metaphorically thoſe of exalted characters or abilities; ſo by low people I cannot be conſtrued to intend the reverſe. High people ſignify no other than people of faſhion, and low people thoſe of no faſhion. Now this word *faſhion* hath by long uſe loſt it's original meaning, from which at preſent it gives us a very different idea: for I am deceived, if by perſons of faſhion, we do not generally include a conception of birth and accompliſhments ſuperior to the herd of mankind; whereas in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a perſon of faſhion, than a perſon who dreſt himſelf in the faſhion of the times; and the word really and truly ſignifies no more at this day. Now the world being thus divided into people of faſhion, and people of no faſhion, a fierce contention aroſe between them; nor would thoſe of one party, to avoid ſuſpicion, be ſeen publickly to ſpeak to thoſe of the other, though they often held a very good correſpondence in private. In this contention, it is difficult to ſay what party ſucceeded: for whilſt the people of faſhion ſeized ſeveral places to their own uſe, ſuch as courts, aſſemblies, operas, balls, &c. the people of no faſhion, beſides one royal place, called his majeſty's bear-garden, have been in conſtant poſſeſſion of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the play-houſe; where they ſegregate themſelves from each other in a remarkable manner: for as the people of faſhion exalt themſelves at church over the heads of the people of no faſhion; ſo in the play-houſe they abaſe themſelves in the ſame degree under their feet. This diſtinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is ſufficient, that ſo far from looking on each other as brethren in the chriſtian language, they ſeem ſcarce to regard each other as of the ſame ſpecies. This the terms, *ſtrange perſons*, *people one does not know*, *the creature*, *wretches*, *beaſts*, *brutes*, and many other appellations, evidently demonſtrate; which Mrs. Slipſlop having often heard her miſtreſs uſe, thought ſhe had alſo a right to uſe in her turn: and perhaps ſhe was not miſtaken; for theſe two parties, eſpecially thoſe bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the loweſt of the high, and the higheſt of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for thoſe who are people of faſhion in one place, are often people of no faſhion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleaſant to ſurvey the picture of dependance like a kind of ladder: as for inſtance; early in the morning ariſes the poſtilion, or ſome other boy, which great families, no more than great ſhops, are without, and falls to bruſhing the clothes, and cleaning the ſhoes, of John the footman; who being dreſt himſelf, applies his hands to the ſame labours for Mr. Second hand, the ſquire's gentleman; the gentleman, in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the ſquire; the ſquire is no ſooner equipped, than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no ſooner over, than my lord himſelf is

ſeen at the levee of the favourite; who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himſelf to pay homage at the levee of his ſovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependance, any one ſtep at a greater diſtance from the other, than the firſt from the ſecond: ſo that to a philoſopher the queſtion might only ſeem, whether you would chuſe to be a great man at ſix in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are ſcarce two of theſe, who do not think the leaſt familiarity with the perſons below them a condeſcenſion, and if they were to go one ſtep farther, a degradation.

And now reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digreſſion, which ſeemed to me neceſſary to vindicate the great character of Mrs. Slipſlop, from what low people, who have never ſeen high people, might think an abſurdity: but we who know them, muſt have daily found very high perſons know us in one place and not in another; to-day, and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for, otherwiſe than I have here endeavoured. And perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of ſome, made men only to laugh at them; there is no part of our behaviour which anſwers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our hiſtory: Adams, who knew no more of this than the cat which ſat on the table, imagining Mrs. Slipſlop's memory had been much worſe than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out—'Madam Slipſlop, here is one of your old 'acquaintance: do but ſee what a fine 'woman ſhe is grown ſince ſhe left Lady 'Booby's ſervice.'—'I think I *reflect* 'ſomething of her,' anſwered ſhe with great dignity; 'but I can't remember 'all the inferior ſervants in our family.' She then proceeded to ſatisfy Adams's curioſity, by telling him, when ſhe arrived at the inn, ſhe found a chaiſe ready for her; that her lady being expected very ſhortly in the country, ſhe was obliged to make the utmoſt haſte, and in *commenſuration* of Joſeph's lameneſs, ſhe had taken him with her; and laſtly, that the exceſſive *virulence* of the ſtorm had driven them into the houſe where he found them. After which, ſhe acquainted Adams with his having left his horſe, and expreſt ſome wonder at his having ſtrayed ſo far out of his way, and at meeting him, as ſhe ſaid, in the company of that wench, who ſhe feared was no better than ſhe ſhould be.

The horſe was no ſooner put into Adams's head, but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He proteſted, he believed there was not a chaſter damſel in the univerſe. 'I heartily wiſh, I 'heartily wiſh,' cried he, (ſnapping his fingers) 'that all her betters were 'as good.' He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumſtance of delivering her from the rape, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought him properer for the army than the clergy: that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he ſhould have rather prayed that ſhe might be ſtrengthened. Adams ſaid, he was very far from being aſhamed of what he had done. She replied, want of ſhame was not the *currycurific* of a clergyman. This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joſeph opportunely entered the room, to aſk leave of Madam Slipſlop to introduce Fanny: but ſhe poſitively refuſed to admit any ſuch trollops; and told him, ſhe would have been burnt, before ſhe would have ſuffered him to get into the chaiſe with her, if ſhe had once *reſpected* him of having his ſluts way-laid on the road for him; adding, that Mr. Adams acted a very pretty part, and ſhe did not doubt but to ſee him a biſhop. He made the beſt bow he could, and cried out—'I thank you, Madam, for that 'right reverend appellation, which I 'ſhall take all honeſt means to deſerve.' —'Very honeſt means,' returned ſhe with a ſneer, 'to bring good people to-'gether.' At theſe words Adams took two or three ſtrides acroſs the room; when the coachman came to inform Mrs. Slipſlop, that the ſtorm was over, and the moon ſhone very bright. She then ſent for Joſeph, who was ſitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her: but he peremptorily refuſed to leave Fanny behind; which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She ſaid ſhe would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did

not

not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people; and concluded a long speech, full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy, not decent to repeat: at last, finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny; she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable Mr. Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny, assembled over the fire, where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing, that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, an happiness which none of my readers who have never been in love, are capable of the least conception of, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired, to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph, and almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer, and sweeter too, than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers—'O Joseph, you have won me; I will 'be yours for ever.' Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness, which she now almost returned, leapt up in a rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him, that he would that instant join their hands together. Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him, he would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the forms of the church; that he had no licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one. That the church had prescribed a form, namely, the publication of banns, with which all good christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befel great folks in marriage; concluding —'As many as are joined together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are 'not joined together by God, neither 'is their matrimony lawful.' Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph with a blush, she assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it. In which resolution she was comforted, and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which however he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprizingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum, if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr. Adams poured in. Indeed they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Adams and company dr. | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| In Mr. Adams's pocket - | 0 | 0 | 6½ |
| In Mr. Joseph's - - - | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| In Mrs. Fanny's - - - | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Balance - - - - | 0 | 6 | 5½ |

They stood silent for some minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess if there was no clergyman in that parish. She answered there was. 'Is he wealthy?' replied he; to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers, returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out—'*Heureka*; *heu-*

'*reka*;'

'*reka!*' which not being underſtood, he told them in plain Engliſh, they need give themſelves no trouble; for he had a brother in the pariſh, who would defray the reckoning, and that he would juſt ſtep to the houſe and fetch the money, and return to them inſtantly.

## CHAP. XIV.

### AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN PARSON ADAMS AND PARSON TRULLIBER.

PARSON Adams came to the houſe of Parſon Trulliber, whom he found ſtript into his waiſtcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, juſt come from ſerving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parſon on Sundays, but all the other ſix might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a ſmall piece of land of his own, beſides which he rented a conſiderable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, whom he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occaſion he was liable to many jokes, his own ſize being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beaſts he ſold. He was, indeed, one of the largeſt men you ſhould ſee, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falſtaff without ſtuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was conſiderably increaſed by the ſhortneſs of his ſtature, his ſhadow aſcending very near as far in height when he lay on his back as when he ſtood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarſe, and his accent extremely broad; to compleat the whole, he had a ſtatelineſs in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a gooſe, only he ſtalked ſlower.

Mr. Trulliber being informed that ſomebody wanted to ſpeak with him, immediately ſlipt off his apron, and clothed himſelf in an old night-gown, being the dreſs in which he always ſaw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams's arrival, had made a ſmall miſtake; for ſhe had told her huſband, ſhe believed there was a man come for ſome of his hogs. This ſuppoſition made Mr. Trulliber haſten with the utmoſt expedition to attend his gueſt. He no ſooner ſaw Adams, than not in the leaſt doubting the cauſe of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon; and added, they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty ſcore apiece. Adams anſwered, he believed he did not know him. 'Yes, yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have ſeen you often at '*fair*; why, we have dealt before now, 'mun, I warrant you! Yes, yes,' cries he, 'I remember thy face very 'well; but won't mention a word more 'till you have ſeen them, though I 'have never ſold thee a flitch of ſuch 'bacon as is now in the ſtye.' Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-ſtye, which was, indeed, but two ſteps from his parlour window. They were no ſooner arrived there, than he cried out—'Do but handle them: ſtep in, friend; 'art welcome to handle them, whether 'doſt buy or no.' At which words, opening the gate, he puſhed Adams into the pig-ſtye, inſiſting on it, that he ſhould handle them, before he would talk one word with him. Adams, whoſe natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was ſuffered to explain himſelf; and laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beaſt gave ſuch a ſudden ſpring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, inſtead of aſſiſting to get him up, burſt into a laughter, and entering the ſtye, ſaid to Adams with ſome contempt—'Why, doſt not know how to handle a 'hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himſelf; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no ſooner on his legs, than he eſcaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out—'*Nihil habeo cum* 'porcis; I am a clergyman, Sir, and am 'not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber anſwered, he was ſorry for the miſtake; but that he muſt blame his wife; adding, ſhe was a fool, and always committed blunders. He then deſired him to walk in and clean himſelf; that he would only faſten up the ſtye and follow him. Adams deſired leave to dry his great-coat, wig, and hat, by the fire, which

Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a baſon of water to waſh his face, but her huſband bid her be quiet like a fool as ſhe was, or ſhe would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber conceiving no great reſpect for the appearance of his gueſt, faſtened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him, he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whiſpered his wife to draw a little of the worſt ale. After a ſhort ſilence, Adams ſaid, 'I 'fancy, Sir, you already perceive me 'to be a clergyman.'—'Aye, aye,' cries Trulliber, grinning, 'I perceive 'you have ſome caſſock; I will not ven'ture to *caale* it a whole one.' Adams anſwered, it was, indeed, none of the beſt; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago, in paſſing over a ſtile. Mrs. Trulliber returning with the drink, told her huſband, ſhe fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit. Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and aſked her, if parſons uſed to travel without horſes; adding, he ſuppoſed the gentleman had none, by his having no boots on. 'Yes, Sir, 'yes,' ſays Adams, 'I have a horſe, 'but I have left him behind me.'—'I am glad to hear you have one,' ſays Trulliber; 'for I aſſure you, I don't 'love to ſee clergymen on foot; it is 'not ſeemly, nor ſuiting the dignity 'of the cloth.' Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had ſpread the table, and ſet a meſs of porridge on it for his breakfaſt. He then ſaid to Adams—'I don't know, friend, how 'you came to *caale* on me; however, 'as you are here, if you think proper 'to eat a morſel, you may.' Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parſons ſat down together, Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her huſband's chair, as was, it ſeems, her cuſtom. Trulliber eat heartily, but ſcarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed, ſhe was ſo abſolute an admirer of her huſband's greatneſs and importance, of which ſhe had frequent hints from his own mouth, that ſhe almoſt carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To ſay the truth, the parſon had exerciſed her more ways than one; and the pious woman had ſo well edified by her huſband's ſermons, that ſhe had reſolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She had, indeed, been at firſt a little contentious; but he had long ſince got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear for *that*, partly by her religion, partly by the reſpect he paid himſelf, and partly by that which he received from the pariſh: ſhe ad, in ſhort, abſolutely ſubmitted, and now worſhipped her huſband as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord, but) maſter. Whilſt they were at table, her huſband gave her a freſh example of his greatneſs; for as ſhe had juſt delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he ſnatched it out of his hand, and crying out—'I *caal'd* '*vurſt*,' ſwallowed down the ale. Adams denied it: it was referred to the wife; who, though her conſcience was on the ſide of Adams, durſt not give it againſt her huſband. Upon which he ſaid—'No, Sir, no; I ſhould not have 'been ſo rude to have taken it from you, 'if you had *caal'd vurſt*; but I'd have 'you know I'm a better man than to 'ſuffer the beſt he in the kingdom to 'drink before me in my own houſe, 'when I *caale vurſt*.'

As ſoon as their breakfaſt was ended, Adams began in the following manner—'I think, Sir, it is high time to inform 'you of the buſineſs of my embaſſy. 'I am a traveller, and am paſſing this 'way in company with two young peo'ple, a lad and a damſel, my pariſhion'ers, towards my own cure: we ſtopped 'at a houſe of hoſpitality in the pariſh, 'where they directed me to you as hav'ing the cure.'—'Though I am but 'a curate,' ſays Trulliber, 'I believe 'I am as warm as the vicar himſelf, 'or perhaps the rector of the next pa'riſh too; I believe I could buy them 'both.'—'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I re'joice thereat. Now, Sir, my buſi'neſs is, that we are by various acci'dents ſtripped of our money, and are 'not able to pay our reckoning, be'ing ſeven ſhillings. I therefore re'queſt you to aſſiſt me with the loan

'of

'of thoſe ſeven ſhillings, and alſo ſeven 'ſhillings more, which, peradventure, 'I ſhall return to you; but if not, I am 'convinced you will joyfully embrace 'ſuch an opportunity of laying up trea-'ſure in a better place than any this 'world affords.'

Suppoſe a ſtranger, who entered the chamber of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was prepar-ing his palm for the fee, ſhould pull out a writ againſt him. Suppoſe an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing ſome great doctor of emi-nent ſkill, ſhould, inſtead of directions to a patient, preſent him with a potion for himſelf. Suppoſe a miniſter ſhould, inſtead of a good round ſum, treat my Lord ——, or Sir ——, or Eſq. ——, with a good broomſtick. Suppoſe a civil companion, or a led captain, ſhould, inſtead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and uglineſs and folly, and contempt, in his pa-tron's ears. Suppoſe when a tradeſman firſt carries in his bill, the man of faſhion ſhould pay it; or ſuppoſe, if he did ſo, the tradeſman ſhould abate what he had overcharged on the ſup-poſition of waiting. In ſhort, ſuppoſe what you will, you never can nor will ſuppoſe any thing equal to the aſtoniſh-ment which ſeized on Trulliber, as ſoon as Adams had ended his ſpeech. Awhile he rolled his eyes in ſilence, ſometimes ſurveying Adams, then his wife, then caſting them on the ground, then lifting them up to Heaven. At laſt, he burſt forth in the following accents—'Sir, 'I believe I know where to lay up my 'little treaſure as well as another. I 'thank God, if I am not ſo warm as 'ſome, I am content: that is a bleſ-'ſing greater than riches; and he to 'whom that is given, need aſk no more. 'To be content with a little is greater 'than to poſſeſs the world, which a 'man may poſſeſs without being ſo. 'Lay up my treaſure! what matters 'where a man's treaſure is, whoſe 'heart is in the ſcriptures? there is 'the treaſure of a chriſtian.' At theſe words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture—'Brother,' ſays he, 'Heavens bleſs the accident by which 'I came to ſee you; I would have 'walked many a mile to have com-'muned with you; and, believe me, 'I will ſhortly pay you a ſecond viſit: 'but my friends, I fancy, by this 'time, wonder at my ſtay; ſo let me 'have the money immediately.' Trul-liber then put on a ſtern look, and cried out—'Thou doſt not intend to rob 'me!' At which the wife, burſting into tears, fell on her knees, and roar-ed out—'O dear Sir, for Heaven's ſake 'don't rob my maſter; we are but poor 'people.'—'Get up for a fool as thou 'art, and go about thy buſineſs,' ſaid Trulliber; 'doſt think the man will 'venture his life? he is a beggar, and 'no robber.'—'Very true, indeed,' anſwered Adams. 'I wiſh, with all 'my heart, the tything man was here,' cries Trulliber, 'I would have thee 'puniſhed as a vagabond for thy im-'pudence. Fourteen ſhillings, in-'deed! I won't give thee a farthing. 'I believe thou art no more a clergy-'man than the woman there,' (point-ing to his wife:) 'but if thou art, doſt 'deſerve to have thy gown ſtripped 'over thy ſhoulders, for running about 'the country in ſuch a manner.'—'I 'forgive your ſuſpicions,' ſays Adams; 'but ſuppoſe I am not a clergyman, 'I am nevertheleſs thy brother; and 'thou, as a chriſtian, much more as 'a clergyman, art obliged to relieve 'my diſtreſs.'—'Doſt preach to me?' replied Trulliber; 'doſt pretend to 'inſtruct me in my duty?'—'Ifacks, 'a good ſtory,' cries Mrs. Trulliber, 'to preach to my maſter.'—'Silence, 'woman,' cries Trulliber. 'I would 'have thee know, friend,' addreſſing himſelf to Adams, 'I ſhall not learn 'my duty from ſuch as thee; I know 'what charity is, better than to give 'to vagabonds.'—'Beſides, if we were 'inclined, the poor's rate obliges us 'to give ſo much charity,' cries the wife.'—'Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's 'reate! hold thy nonſenſe,' anſwered Trulliber: and then, turning to A-dams, he told him, he would give him nothing. 'I am ſorry,' anſwer-ed Adams, 'that you do know what 'charity is, ſince you practiſe it no 'better; I muſt tell you, if you truſt 'to your knowledge for your juſtifica-'tion, you will find yourſelf deceived, 'though you ſhould add faith to it, 'without good works.'—'Fellow,' cries Trulliber, 'doſt thou ſpeak a-

'gainſt faith in my houſe! Get out of 'my doors, I will no longer remain 'under the ſame roof with a wretch 'who ſpeaks wantonly of faith and the 'ſcriptures.'—'Name not the ſcriptures,' ſays Adams. 'How, not 'name the ſcriptures! Do you diſbelieve the ſcriptures?' cries Trulliber. 'No; but you do,' anſwered Adams, 'if I may reaſon from your practice: 'for their commands are ſo explicit, 'and their rewards and puniſhments 'ſo immenſe, that it is impoſſible a 'man ſhould ſtedfaſtly believe without obeying. Now, there is no com'mand more expreſs, no duty more 'frequently enjoined, than charity: 'whoever therefore is void of charity, 'I make no ſcruple of pronouncing 'that he is no chriſtian.'—'I would 'not adviſe thee,' ſays Trulliber, 'to 'ſay that I am no chriſtian; I won't 'take it of you: for I believe I am as 'good a man as thyſelf;' (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exerciſes, he had in his youth been one of the beſt boxers and cudgel-players in the county.) His wife, ſeeing him clench his fiſt, interpoſed, and begged him not to fight, but ſhew himſelf a true chriſtian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to ſtrike, but an abſolute aſſault on himſelf or his friend, he ſmiled at the angry look and geſtures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was ſorry to ſee ſuch men in orders, departed without farther ceremony.

## CHAP. XV.

### AN ADVENTURE, THE CONSEQUENCE OF A NEW INSTANCE WHICH PARSON ADAMS GAVE OF HIS FORGETFULNESS.

WHEN he came back to the inn, he found Joſeph and Fanny ſitting together. They were ſo far from thinking his abſence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once miſſed or thought of him. Indeed I have been often aſſured by both, that they ſpent theſe hours in a moſt delightful converſation: but as I never could prevail on either to relate it, ſo I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill ſucceſs of his enterprize. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propoſe any method of departing, till Joſeph at laſt adviſed calling in the hoſteſs, and deſiring her to truſt them; which Fanny ſaid ſhe deſpaired of her doing, as ſhe was one of the ſoureſt-faced women ſhe had ever beheld.

But ſhe was agreeably diſappointed; for the hoſteſs was no ſooner aſked the queſtion than ſhe readily agreed; and with a curtſey and ſmile, wiſhed them a good journey. However, leſt Fanny's ſkill in phyſiognomy ſhould be called in queſtion, we will venture to aſſign one reaſon, which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams ſaid he was going to viſit his brother, he had unwittingly impoſed on Joſeph and Fanny; who both believed he had meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity; and had ſo informed the hoſteſs on her enquiry after him. Now Mr. Trulliber had, by his profeſſions of piety, by his gravity, auſterity, reſerve, and the opinion of his great wealth, ſo great an authority in his pariſh, that they all lived in the utmoſt fear and apprehenſion of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hoſteſs, who knew it was in his option, whether ſhe ſhould ever ſell another mug of drink, did not dare to affront his ſuppoſed brother by denying him credit.

They were now juſt on their departure, when Adams recollected he had left his great coat and hat at Mr. Trulliber's. As he was not deſirous of renewing his viſit, the hoſteſs herſelf, having no ſervant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate expedient: for the hoſteſs was ſoon undeceived in the opinion ſhe had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abuſed in the groſſeſt terms, eſpecially when he heard he had had the aſſurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return, therefore, ſhe entirely changed her note. She ſaid, folks might be aſhamed of travelling about, and pretending to be what they were not. That taxes were high, and for her part ſhe was obliged to pay for what ſhe had; ſhe could not therefore poſſibly, nor would ſhe, truſt any body,

body, no, not her own father. That money was never ſcarcer, and ſhe wanted to make up a ſum. That ſhe expected therefore they ſhould pay their reckoning before they left the houſe.

Adams was now greatly perplexed: but as he knew that he could eaſily have borrowed ſuch a ſum in his own pariſh, and as he knew he would have lent it himſelf to any mortal in diſtreſs; ſo he took freſh courage, and ſallied out all round the pariſh: but to no purpoſe; he returned as pennyleſs as he went, groaning, and lamenting, that it was poſſible, in a country profeſſing chriſtianity, for a wretch to ſtarve in the midſt of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilſt he was gone, the hoſteſs, who ſtaid as a ſort of guard with Joſeph and Fanny, entertained them with the goodneſs of parſon Trulliber. And indeed he had not only a very good character, as to other qualities, in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity: for though he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no ſooner returned the ſecond time, than the ſtorm grew exceedingly high, the hoſteſs declaring among other things, that if they offered to ſtir without paying her, ſhe would ſoon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato and Ariſtotle, or ſomebody elſe, hath ſaid, 'That when the moſt exquiſite cunning fails, chance often hits the mark, and that by means the leaſt expected.' Virgil expreſſes this very boldly:

*Turne, quod optanti divûm promittere nemo*
*Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultra.*

I would quote more great men if I could; but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify theſe obſervations by the following inſtance.

There chanced (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the alehouſe, a fellow, who had been formerly a drummer in an Iriſh regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man having attentively liſtened to the diſcourſe of the hoſteſs, at laſt took Adams aſide, and aſked him what the ſum was for which they were detained. As ſoon as he was informed, he ſighed, and ſaid, he was ſorry it was ſo much: for that he had no more than ſix ſhillings and ſixpence in his pocket, which he would lend him with all his heart. Adams gave a caper, and cried out, it would do: for that he had ſixpence himſelf. And thus theſe poor people, who could not engage the compaſſion of riches and piety, were at length delivered out of their diſtreſs by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I ſhall refer it to my reader to make what obſervations he pleaſes on this incident: it is ſufficient for me to inform him, that after Adams and his companions had returned him a thouſand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all ſallied out of the houſe without any compliments from their hoſteſs, or indeed without paying her any; Adams declaring, he would take particular care never to call there again; and ſhe on her ſide aſſuring them, ſhe wanted no ſuch gueſts.

## CHAP. XVI.

A VERY CURIOUS ADVENTURE, IN WHICH MR. ADAMS GAVE A MUCH GREATER INSTANCE OF THE HONEST SIMPLICITY OF HIS HEART THAN OF HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE WAYS OF THIS WORLD.

OUR travellers had walked about two miles from that inn, which they had more reaſon to have n iſtaken for a caſtle, than Don Quix ote ever had any of thoſe in which he ſojourned: ſeeing they had met w ith ſuch difficulty in eſcaping out of i 's walls; when they came to a pariſh, and beheld a ſign of invitation bar ging out. A gentleman ſat ſmoking a pipe at the door; of whom Adams en quired the road, and received ſo cou teous and obliging an anſwer, accomp anied with ſo ſmiling a countenance, that the good parſon, whoſe heart w s naturally diſpoſed to love and affectio , began to aſk ſeveral other queſtion s; particularly the name of the pariſh, and who was the owner of a large houſe whoſe front they then had in proſpect. The gentleman anſwered obligingly as

as before; and as to the house, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner—'Sir, I presume by your habit you are 'a clergyman: and as you are travelling on foot, I suppose a glass of 'good beer will not be disagreeable to 'you; and I can recommend my landlord's within, as some of the best in 'all this country. What say you, will 'you halt a little and let us take a pipe 'together? there is no better tobacco in 'the kingdom.' This proposal was not displeasing to Adams, who had allayed his thirst that day with no better liquor than what Mrs. Trulliber's cellar had produced, and which was indeed little superior, either in richness or flavour, to that which distilled from those grains her generous husband bestowed on his hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the gentleman for his kind invitation, and bid Joseph and Fanny follow him, he entered the alehouse, where a large loaf and cheese, and a pitcher of beer, which truly answered the character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating with appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite eating-houses in the parish of St. James's.

The gentleman expressed great delight in the hearty and chearful behaviour of Adams; and particularly in the familiarity with which he conversed with Joseph and Fanny, whom he often called his children, a term he explained to mean no more than his parishioners; saying, he looked on all those whom God had entrusted to his cure, to stand to him in that relation. The gentleman, shaking him by the hand, highly applauded those sentiments. 'They are, indeed,' says he, 'the 'true principles of a christian divine; 'and I heartily wish they were universal: but, on the contrary, I am sorry 'to say, the parson of our parish, instead 'of esteeming his poor parishioners as 'a part of his family, seems rather to 'consider them as not of the same species with himself. He seldom speaks 'to any, unless some few of the richest 'of us; nay, indeed, he will not move his hat to the others. I often laugh, 'when I behold him on Sundays strutting along the church-yard like a 'turkey-cock, through rows of his 'parishioners; who bow to him with as 'much submission, and are as unregarded, as a set of servile courtiers by 'the proudest prince in Christendom. 'But if such temporal pride is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and 'detestable: if such a puffed-up empty 'human bladder, strutting in princely 'robes, justly moves one's derision; 'surely in the habit of a priest it must 'raise our scorn.'

'Doubtless,' answered Adams, 'your 'opinion is right: but I hope such examples are rare. The clergy whom I 'have the honour to know, maintain a 'different behaviour; and you will allow me, Sir, that the readiness which 'too many of the laity shew to contemn 'the order, may be one reason of their 'avoiding too much humility.'—'Very 'true, indeed,' says the gentleman; 'I 'find, Sir, you are a man of excellent 'sense, and am happy in this opportunity of knowing you: perhaps our 'accidental meeting may not be disadvantageous to you neither. At present, I shall only say to you, that the 'incumbent of this living is old and 'infirm; and that it is in my gift. 'Doctor, give me your hand, and assure yourself of it at his decease.' Adams told him, he was never more confounded in his life, than at his utter incapacity to make any return to such noble and unmerited generosity. 'A 'mere trifle, Sir,' cries the gentleman, 'scarce worth your acceptance; a little 'more than three hundred a year. I 'wish it was double the value, for your 'sake.' Adams bowed, and cried from the emotions of his gratitude; when the other asked him, if he was married, or had any children besides those in the spiritual sense he had mentioned. 'Sir,' replied the parson, 'I have a wife and 'six at your service.'—'That is unlucky,' says the gentleman; for I 'would otherwise have taken you into 'my own house as my chaplain; however, I have another in the parish, (for 'the parsonage house is not good 'enough) which I will furnish for you. 'Pray, does your wife understand a 'dairy?'—'I can't profess she does,' says Adams. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth the gentleman; 'I would have given you 'half a dozen cows, and very good

'grounds

'grounds to have maintained them.'—'Sir,' says Adams in an extasy, 'you 'are too liberal, indeed you are!'—'Not 'at all,' cries the gentleman; 'I esteem 'riches only as they give me an oppor-'tunity of doing good; and I never 'saw one whom I had a greater incli-'nation to serve.' At which words he shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he had sufficient room in his house to entertain him and his friends. Adams begged he might give him no such trouble; that they could be very well accommodated in the house where they were; forgetting they had not a sixpenny piece among them. The gentleman would not be denied; and informing himself how far they were travelling, he said it was too long a journey to take on foot, and begged that they would favour him, by suffering him to lend them a servant and horses; adding withal, that if they would do him the pleasure of their company only two days, he would furnish them with his coach and six. Adams turning to Joseph, said—'How lucky 'is this gentleman's goodness to you, 'who, I am afraid, would scarce be 'able to hold out on your lame leg!' and then addressing the person who made him these liberal promises, after much bowing, he cried out—'Blessed 'be the hour which first introduced me 'to a man of your charity: you are in-'deed a christian of the true primitive 'kind, and an honour to the country 'wherein you live. I would willingly 'have taken a pilgrimage to the holy 'land to have beheld you: for the ad-'vantages which we draw from your 'goodness, give me little pleasure in 'comparison of what I enjoy for your 'own sake; when I consider the trea-'sures you are by these means laying 'up for yourself in a country that pas-'seth not away. We will therefore, 'most generous Sir, accept your good-'ness, as well the entertainment you 'have so kindly offered us at your 'house this evening, as the accommo-'dation of your horses to morrow 'morning.' He then began to search for his hat, as did Joseph for his; and both they and Fanny were in order of departure, when the gentleman stopping short, and seeming to meditate by himself for the space of about a minute, exclaimed thus—'Sure never any thing 'was so unlucky; I had forgot that 'my housekeeper was gone abroad, 'and hath locked up all my rooms; 'indeed I would break them open for 'you, but shall not be able to furnish 'you with a bed; for she has likewise 'put away all my linen. I am glad it 'entered into my head, before I had 'given you the trouble of walking 'there: besides, I believe you will find 'better accommodation here than you 'expected.—Landlord, you can pro-'vide good beds for these people, can't 'you?'—'Yes, and please your wor-'ship,' cries the host, 'and such as no 'lord or justice of the peace in the 'kingdom need be ashamed to lie in.'—'I am heartily sorry,' says the gentleman, 'for this disappointment. I 'am resolved I will never suffer her to 'carry away the keys again.'—'Pray, 'Sir, let it not make you uneasy,' cries Adams, 'we shall do very well here; 'and the loan of your horses is a fa-'vour we shall be incapable of making 'any return to.'—'Aye!' said the squire, 'the horses shall attend you 'here, at what hour in the morning 'you please.' And now, after many civilities too tedious to enumerate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affectionate looks and smiles at each other, and after appointing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentleman took his leave of them, and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoaked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

Mr. Adams rose very early, and called Joseph out of his bed, between whom a very fierce dispute ensued, whether Fanny should ride behind Joseph, or behind the gentleman's servant; Joseph insisting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of Fanny as any other person could be. But Adams would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This dispute continued a long time, and had began to be very hot, when a servant arrived from their good friend, to acquaint them, that he was unfortunately prevented from lending them any horses; for that his groom had, unknown to him, put his whole stable under a course of physick.

This

This advice presently struck the two disputants dumb: Adams cried out—'Was ever any thing so unlucky as 'this poor gentleman! I protest I am 'more sorry on his account than my 'own. You see, Joseph, how this 'good-natured man is treated by his 'servants; one locks up his linen, an-'other physicks his horses; and I sup-'pose, by his being at this house last 'night, the butler had locked up his 'cellar. Bless us! how good-nature 'is used in this world! I protest I am 'more concerned on his account than 'my own.'—'So am not I,' cries Joseph: 'not that I am much troubled 'about walking on foot; all my con-'cern is, how we shall get out of this 'house, unless God sends another ped-'lar to redeem us. But certainly this 'gentleman has such an affection for 'you, that he would lend you a larger 'sum than we owe here!'—'Very true, 'child,' answered Adams: 'I will 'write a letter to him, and will even 'venture to solicit him for three half-'crowns: there will be no harm in 'having two or three shillings in our 'pockets; as we have full forty miles 'to travel, we may possibly have occa-'sion for them.'

Fanny having now risen, Joseph paid her a visit, and left Adams to write his letter; which having finished, he dispatched a boy with it to the gentleman, and then seated himself by the door, lighted his pipe, and betook himself to meditation.

The boy staying longer than seemed to be necessary, Joseph, who with Fanny, was now returned to the parson, expressed some apprehensions, that the gentleman's steward had locked up his purse too. To which Adams answered, it might very possibly be; and he should wonder at no liberties, which the devil might put into the head of a wicked servant to take with so worthy a master: but added, that as the sum was so small, so noble a gentleman would be easily able to procure it in the parish, though he had it not in his own pocket. 'In-'deed,' says he, 'if it was four or five 'guineas, or any such large quantity 'of money, it might be a different 'matter.'

They were now sat down to breakfast over some toast and ale, when the boy returned, and informed them that the gentleman was not at home. 'Very 'well!' cries Adams; 'but why, 'child, did not you stay till his re-'turn? Go back again, my good boy, 'and wait for his coming home: he 'cannot be gone far, as his horses are 'all sick; and besides, he had no in-'tention to go abroad; for he invited 'us to spend this day and to-morrow 'at his house. Therefore go back, 'child, and tarry till his return home.' The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition; bringing an account, that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words Adams seemed greatly confound-ed, saying, 'This must be a sudden ac-'cident, as the sickess or death of a re-'lation, or some such unforeseen mis-'fortune;' and then turning to Joseph, cried—'I wish you had reminded me to 'have borrowed this money last night.' Joseph smiling, answered, he was very much deceived, if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it. 'I own,' says he, 'I was 'never much pleased with his profes-'sing so much kindness for you at first 'sight; for I have heard the gentlemen 'of our cloth, in London, tell many such 'stories of their masters. But when 'the boy brought the message back of 'his not being at home, I presently 'knew what would follow: for when-'ever a man of fashion does not care to 'fulfil his promises, the custom is, to 'order his servants that he will never 'be at home to the person so promised. 'In London they call it *denying him*. 'I have myself denied Sir Thomas 'Booby above an hundred times; and 'when the man hath danced attendance 'for about a month, or sometimes 'longer, he is acquainted in the end, 'that the gentleman is gone out of town, 'and could do nothing in the business.' —'Good Lord!' says Adams, 'what 'wickedness is there in the christian 'world! I profess almost equal to 'what I have read of the heathens. 'But surely, Joseph, your suspicions 'of this gentleman must be unjust; 'for, what a silly fellow must he be, 'who would do the devil's work for 'nothing! and canst thou tell me any 'interest he could possibly propose to 'himself by deceiving us in his profes-'sions?'—'It is not for me,' answered

Joseph,

Joſeph, 'to give reaſons for what men 'do, to a gentleman of your learning.' —'You ſay right,' quoth Adams; 'knowledge of men is only to be learnt 'from books; Plato and Seneca for 'that; and thoſe are authors, I am 'afraid, child, you have never read.'— 'Not I, Sir, truly,' anſwered Joſeph; 'all I know is, it is a maxim among 'the gentlemen of our cloth, that thoſe 'maſters who promiſe the moſt, perform 'the leaſt; and I have often heard them 'ſay, they have found the largeſt vails 'in thoſe families where they were not 'promiſed any. But, Sir, inſtead of 'conſidering any farther theſe matters, 'it would be our wiſeſt way to contrive 'ſome method of getting out of this 'houſe: for the generous gentleman, 'inſtead of doing us any ſervice, has 'left us the whole reckoning to pay.' Adams was going to anſwer, when their hoſt came in; and, with a kind of jeering ſmile, ſaid—'Well, maſters! the 'ſquire hath not ſent his horſes for you 'yet. Laud help me! how eaſily ſome 'folks make promiſes!'—'How!' ſaid Adams, 'have you ever known him do 'any thing of this kind before?'— 'Aye, marry have I,' anſwered the hoſt; 'it is no buſineſs of mine, you know, 'Sir, to ſay any thing to a gentleman 'to his face: but now he is not here, I 'will aſſure you, he hath not his fellow 'within the three next market-towns. 'I own I could not help laughing, 'when I heard him offer you the living; 'thereby hangs a good jeſt. I thought 'he would have offered you my houſe 'next; for one is no more his to diſ-'poſe of than the other.' At theſe words, Adams bleſſing himſelf, declared, he had never read of ſuch a monſter—'But what vexes me moſt,' ſays he, 'is, that he hath decoyed us 'into running up a long debt with you, 'which we are not able to pay: for we 'have no money about us; and, what is 'worſe, live at ſuch a diſtance, that if 'you ſhould truſt us, I am afraid you 'would loſe your money, for want of 'our finding any conveniency of ſend-'ing it.'—'Truſt you, maſter!' ſays the hoſt, 'that I will with all my heart; 'I honour the clergy too much to deny 'truſting one of them for ſuch a trifle; 'beſides, I like your fear of never pay-'ing me. I have loſt many a debt in 'my life-time; but was promiſed to be 'paid them all in a very ſhort time. I 'will ſcore this reckoning for the no-'velty of it. It is the firſt, I do aſſure 'you, of it's kind. But what ſay you, 'maſter, ſhall we have t'other pot be-'fore we part? It will waſte but a lit-'tle chalk more; and if you never pay 'me a ſhilling, the loſs will not ruin 'me.' Adams liked the invitation very well; eſpecially as it was delivered with ſo hearty an accent. He ſhook his hoſt by the hand, and thanking him, ſaid, he would tarry another pot, rather for the pleaſure of ſuch worthy company, than for the liquor; adding, he was glad to find ſome chriſtians left in the kingdom; for that he almoſt began to ſuſ-pect that he was ſojourning in a country inhabited only by Jews and Turks.

The kind hoſt produced the liquor, and Joſeph with Fanny retired into the garden; where while they ſolaced them-ſelves with amorous diſcourſe, Adams ſat down with his hoſt; and both filling their glaſſes, and lighting their pipes, they began that dialogue which the reader will find in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XVII.

### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS AND HIS HOST, WHICH, BY THE DISAGREEMENT IN THEIR OPINIONS, SEEMED TO THREATEN AN UNLUCKY CATASTROPHE, HAD IT NOT BEEN TIMELY PREVENTED BY THE RETURN OF THE LOVERS.

'SIR,' ſaid the hoſt, 'I aſſure you, 'you are not the firſt to whom 'our ſquire hath promiſed more than he 'hath performed. He is ſo famous for 'this practice, that his word will not be 'taken for much by thoſe who know 'him. I remember a young fellow 'whom he promiſed his parents to make 'an exciſeman. The poor people, who 'could ill afford it, bred their ſon to wri-'ting and accounts, and other learning, 'to qualify him for the place; and the 'boy held up his head above his condi-'tion with theſe hopes; nor would he 'go to plough, nor to any other kind of

'work: but went conſtantly dreſt as fine 'as could be, with two clean Holland 'ſhirts a week, and this for ſeveral years; 'till at laſt he followed the ſquire up to 'London, thinking there to mind him 'of his promiſes: but he could never get 'ſight of him. So that being out of 'money and buſineſs, he fell into evil 'company, and wicked courſes; and in 'the end came to a ſentence of tranſpor-'tation, the news of which broke the 'mother's heart. I will tell you an-'other true ſtory of him: there was a 'neighbour of mine, a farmer, who had 'two ſons, whom he bred up to the bu-'ſineſs; pretty lads they were! nothing 'would ſerve the ſquire, but that the 'youngeſt muſt be made a parſon. 'Upon which he perſuaded the father to 'ſend him to ſchool, promiſing, that he 'would afterwards maintain him at the 'univerſity, and when he was of a pro-'per age, give him a living. But after 'the lad had been ſeven years at ſchool, 'and his father brought him to the 'ſquire, with a letter from his maſter, 'that he was fit for the univerſity; the 'ſquire, inſtead of performing his pro-'miſe, or ſending him thither at his ex-'pence, only told his father, that the 'young man was a fine ſcholar; and it 'was pity he could not afford to keep 'him at Oxford for four or five years 'more, by which time, if he cou'd get 'him a curacy, he might have him or-'dained. The farmer ſaid, he was not 'a man ſufficient to do any ſuch thing. "Why then," anſwered the ſquire, "I "am very ſorry you have given him ſo "much learning; for if he cannot get "his living by that, it will rather ſpoil "him for any thing elſe; and your "other ſon, who can hardly write his "name, will do more at ploughing and "ſowing, and is in a better condition "than he." And indeed ſo it proved; 'for the poor lad, not finding friends to 'maintain him in his learning as he had 'expected, and being unwilling to work, 'fell to drinking, though he was a very 'ſober lad before; and in a ſhort time, 'partly with grief, and partly with 'good liquor, fell into a conſumption, 'and died. Nay, I can tell you more 'ſtill: there was another, a young wo-'man, and the handſomeſt in all this 'neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to 'London, promiſing to make her a gen-'tlewoman to one of your women of 'quality; but inſtead of keeping his 'word, we have ſince heard, after hav-'ing a child by her himſelf, ſhe became 'a common whore; then kept a coffee-'houſe in Covent Garden, and a little 'after died of the French diſtemper in 'a gaol. I could tell you many more 'ſtories: but how do you imagine he 'ſerved me myſelf! You muſt know, 'Sir, I was bred a ſea-faring man, and 'have been many voyages; till at laſt I 'came to be maſter of a ſhip myſelf, 'and was in a fair way of making a 'fortune, when I was attacked by one 'of thoſe curſed guarda-coſtas, who 'took our ſhips before the beginning of 'the war; and after a fight, wherein I 'loſt the greater part of my crew, my 'rigging being all demoliſhed, and two 'ſhots received between wind and wa-'ter, I was forced to ſtrike. The vil-'lains carried off my ſhip, a brigantine 'of 150 tons; a pretty creature ſhe was! 'and put me, a man, and a boy, into a 'little bad pink, in which, with much 'ado, we at laſt made Falmouth; though 'I believe the Spaniards did not ima-'gine ſhe could poſſibly live a day at 'ſea. Upon my return hither, where 'my wife, who was of this country, 'then lived, the ſquire told me, he was 'ſo pleaſed with the defence I had made 'againſt the enemy, that he did not fear 'getting me promoted to a lieutenancy 'of a man of war, if I would accept of 'it; which I thankfully aſſured him I 'would. Well, Sir, two or three 'years paſt, during which I had many 'repeated promiſes, not only from the 'ſquire, but (as he told me) from the 'lords of the admiralty. He never 'returned from London, but I was 'aſſured I might be ſatisfi' now, for 'I was certain of the firſ' vacancy; 'and what ſurprizes me ſtill, when I 'reflect on it, theſe aſſurances were 'given me with no leſs confidence, 'after ſo many diſappointments, than 'at firſt. At laſt, Sir, growing wea-'ry, and ſomewhat ſuſpicious, after 'ſo much delay, I wrote to a friend 'in London, who I knew had ſome 'acquaintance at the beſt houſe in the 'admiralty, and deſired him to back 'the ſquire's intereſt: for indeed I

'feared

'feared he had ſolicited the affair with 'more coldneſs than he pretended. 'And what anſwer do you think my 'friend ſent me? Truly, Sir, he ac-'quainted me, that the ſquire had never 'mentioned my name at the admiralty 'in his life; and unleſs I had much 'faithfuller intereſt, adviſed me to give 'over my pretenſions: which I imme-'diately did; and, with the concur-'rence of my wife, reſolved to ſet up 'an alehouſe, where you are heartily 'welcome; and ſo my ſervice to you; 'and may the ſquire, and all ſuch 'ſneaking raſcals, go to the devil toge-'ther.'—'Oh, fie!' ſays Adams; 'Oh, fie! he is indeed a wicked man; 'but God will, I hope, turn his heart 'to repentance. Nay, if he could but 'once ſee the meanneſs of this deteſtable 'vice; would he but once reflect that 'he is one of the moſt ſcandalous as 'well as pernicious liars; ſure he muſt 'deſpiſe himſelf to ſo intolerable a de-'gree, that it would be impoſſible for 'him to continue a moment in ſuch a 'courſe. And, to confeſs the truth, 'notwithſtanding the baſeneſs of this 'character, which he hath too well de-'ſerved, he hath in his countenance ſuf-'ficient ſymptoms of that *bona indoles*, 'that ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which 'furniſhes out a good chriſtian.'—'Ah! 'maſter, maſter,' ſays the hoſt, 'if 'you had travelled as far as I have, 'and converſed with the many nations 'where I have traded, you would not 'give any credit to a man's counte-'nance. Symptoms in his counte-'nance, quotha! I would look there 'perhaps to ſee whether a man has had 'the ſmall-pox, but for nothing elſe!' He ſpoke this with ſo little regard to the parſon's obſervation, that it a good deal nettled him; and taking the pipe haſ-tily from his mouth, he thus anſwered —'Maſter of mine, perhaps I have 'travelled a great deal farther than 'you, without the aſſiſtance of a 'ſhip. Do you imagine ſailing by 'different cities or countries is travel-'ling? No.

'*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare* '*currunt.*

'I can go farther in an afternoon than 'you in a twelve-month. What, I 'ſuppoſe you have ſeen the pillars of 'Hercules, and perhaps the walls of 'Carthage. Nay, you may have heard 'Scylla, and ſeen Charybdis; you may 'have entered the cloſet where Archi-'medes was found at the taking Syra-'cuſe. I ſuppoſe you have ſailed among 'the Cyclades, and paſſed the famous 'ſtreights which take their name from 'the unfortunate Helle, whoſe fate is 'ſweetly deſcribed by Apollonius Rho-'dius; you have paſſed the very ſpot, I 'conceive, where Dædalus fell into 'the ſea, his waxen wings being melted 'by the ſun; you have traverſed the 'Euxine Sea, I make no doubt; nay, 'you may have been on the banks of 'the Caſpian, and called at Colchis, to 'ſee if there is ever another golden 'fleece.'—'Not I truly, maſter,' an-ſwered the hoſt; 'I never touched at 'any of theſe places.'—'But I have 'been at all theſe,' replied Adams. 'Then I ſuppoſe,' cries the hoſt, 'you 'have been at the Eaſt Indies; for 'there are no ſuch, I will be ſworn, 'either in the Weſt, or the Levant.'— 'Pray, where's the Levant?' quoth Adams; 'that ſhould be in the Eaſt 'Indies, by right.'—'O ho! you are a 'pretty traveller,' cries the hoſt, 'and 'not know the Levant. My ſervice to 'you, maſter; you muſt not talk of 'theſe things with me; you muſt not 'tip us the traveller; it won't go here.' —'Since thou art ſo dull to miſunder-'ſtand me ſtill,' quoth Adams, 'I will 'inform thee, the travelling I mean is 'in books; the only way of travelling 'by which any knowledge is to be ac-'quired. From them I learn what I 'aſſerted juſt now, that nature gene-'rally imprints ſuch a portraiture of 'the mind in the countenance, that a 'ſkilful phyſiognomiſt will rarely be 'deceived. I preſume you have never 'read the ſtory of Socrates to this pur-'poſe, and therefore I will tell it you. 'A certain phyſiognomiſt aſſerted of 'Socrates, that he plainly diſcovered by 'his features that he was a rogue in his 'nature: a character ſo contrary to the 'tenour of all this great man's actions, 'and the generally received opinion 'concerning him, incenſed the boys of 'Athens ſo, that they threw ſtones 'at the phyſiognomiſt, and would 'have demoliſhed him for his igno-

'rance, had not Socrates himſelf prevented them, by confeſſing the truth of his obſervations, and acknowledging, that though he corrected his diſpoſition by philoſophy, he was indeed naturally as inclined to vice as had been predicted of him. Now, pray reſolve me—how ſhould a man know this ſtory, if he had not read it?'—'Well, maſter,' ſaid the hoſt, 'and what ſignifies it whether a man knows it or no? He who goes abroad, as I have done, will always have opportunities enough of knowing the world, without troubling his head with Socrates, or any ſuch fellows.'—'Friend,' cries Adams, 'if a man ſhould ſail round the world, and anchor in every harbour of it, without learning, he would return home as ignorant as he went out.'—'Lord help you,' anſwered the hoſt, 'there was my boatſwain, poor fellow! he could ſcarce either write or read, and yet he could navigate a ſhip with any maſter of a man of war; and a very pretty knowledge of trade he had too.'—'Trade,' anſwered Adams, 'as Ariſtotle proves in his firſt chapter of politicks, is below a philoſopher, and unnatural as it is managed now.' The hoſt looked ſtedfaſtly at Adams, and after a minute's ſilence, aſked him if he was one of the writers of the Gazetteers; 'for I have heard,' ſays he, 'they are writ by parſons.'—'Gazetteers!' anſwered Adams; 'what is that?'—'It is a dirty newſpaper,' replied the hoſt, 'which hath been given away all over the nation for theſe many years, to abuſe trade and honeſt men; which I would not ſuffer to lie upon my table, though it hath been offered me for nothing.'—'Not I, truly,' ſaid Adams, 'I never write any thing but ſermons; and I aſſure you I am no enemy to trade, whilſt it is conſiſtent with honeſty; nay, I have always looked on the tradeſman as a very valuable member of ſociety, and, perhaps, inferior to none but the man of learning.'—'No, I believe he is not, nor to him neither,' anſwered the hoſt. 'Of what uſe would learning be in a country without trade? What would all you parſons do to clothe your backs, and feed your bellies? Who fetches you your ſilks, and your linens, and your wines, and all the other neceſſaries of life? I ſpeak chiefly with regard to the ſailors.'—'You ſhould ſay, the extravagancies of life,' replied the parſon: 'but admit they were the neceſſaries, there is ſomething more neceſſary than life itſelf, which is provided by learning; I mean the learning of the clergy. Who clothes you with piety, meekneſs, humility, charity, patience, and all the other chriſtian virtues? Who feeds your ſouls with the milk of brotherly love, and diets them with all the dainty food of holineſs, which at once cleanſes them of all impure, carnal affections, and fattens them with the truly rich ſpirit of grace? Who doth this?'—'Aye, who indeed?' cries the hoſt; 'for I do not remember ever to have ſeen any ſuch cloathing, or ſuch feeding. And ſo in the mean time, maſter, my ſervice to you.' Adams was going to anſwer with ſome ſeverity, when Joſeph and Fanny returned, and preſſed his departure ſo eagerly, that he would not refuſe them; and ſo graſping his crab-ſtick, he took leave of his hoſt, (neither of them being ſo well pleaſed with each other as they had been at their firſt ſitting down together) and with Joſeph and Fanny, who both expreſſed ſo much impatience, departed, and now all together renewed their journey.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.